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ENGLAND, RUSSIA, AND TURKEY.

ONE of the peculiarities of the insular position of England is, that she is compelled to feel a direct and immediate interest in every other country. The very separation from continental Europe is thus the actual source of her more intimate connexion; and instead of being, like Portugal, or Belgium, vitally anxious only about her relations with the adjoining dominion, she is under the political bond of looking to the changes and designs of all. This is the work of the element by which she is surrounded. The Ocean, separating her for defence, approximates her for intercourse; every quarter of the world is as the gates of her dock-yards; wherever a British ship can touch, there exists a British interest, and the truest and most essential British interest; one which must be fostered, protected, and propagated. A tumult in China is felt in London with scarcely less vividness than in Canton. The rise or fall of a South-American party awakes a keener sensation among us than within the next province; and the late abstraction of Persian territory, by its encroaching and ambitious enemy, has turned as many English eyes to the Russian march, as ever watched it from the towers of Erivan.

It is this strong and general susceptibility to the changes of dominion among the remotest sovereignties, that gives the war of the Turks and Russians the powerful interest which, even in its commencement, it has already exerted upon the councils of England. The Baltic, and the Dardanelles, are British highways, and whatever event is likely to shut up those roads of our universal enterprize, becomes, to us, a matter of the first national importance.

There is a madness of thrones, and it is the madness of perpetual desire—the madness of avarice and accumulation. No extent of dominion can satisfy it; the utter worthlessness of the object cannot restrain it; desert is added to desert, marsh to marsh, a sickly and beggared population is gathered to the crowd that are already perishing in the midst of their uncultured fields; yet the passion is still keen, and thousands of lives are sacrificed, years of desperate hazard are encountered, and wealth, that might have transformed the wilderness into a garden, is flung away, for the possession of some leagues of territory, fit only to make the grave of its invaders. Austria, at this hour the mistress of a prodigious empire, one half of which is forest, heath, or mountain, unpeopled, or only peopled by barbarians—Austria, the mistress of Croatia, the Bannat, and Transylvania, is longing for Albania, a country of barren mountain and swampy valley, with a population of robbers. Russia, with a territory almost the third of the old world,

stretching from the Black Sea to the Pole, and from Finland to the wall of China, is longing for the fatal marshes of Wallachia and Moldavia; for the deserts of Romelia, and the sovereignty of the fiercest race of barbarians on earth, alien by their creed, alien by their habits, and cursing the ground that has been defiled by the tread of a Russian. With two capitals already hostile to each other, she is struggling for a third, incurably and furiously hostile to both. With an extent of dominion that no single sceptre can adequately rule, and which a few years will see either torn asunder by the violence of rebellion, or falling in pieces by the natural changes of overgrown territory, she is at this hour marshalling her utmost strength, and laying up debility for many a year, in the frantic eagerness to add the Turkish empire to the Muscovite, the Siberian, and the Tartar.

And in this tremendous chase of power, what is to be trampled under the foot of the furious and guilty pursuer! The heart sickens at the reckless waste of life and the means of life, the myriads that must perish in the field, the more miserable myriads that must perish of disease, famine, and the elements let loose upon their naked heads; the still deeper wretchedness of those lonely and deserted multitudes, whose havoc makes no display in bulletins and gazettes, but whose history is registered where the eternal eye of justice and vengeance alone reads—the innumerable host of the widow and the orphan. Yet this weight of calamity is let fall upon mankind at the word of a single individual:—often the most worthless of human beings, an empty, gaudy, ignorant slave of alternate indolence and sensuality; trained by the habitual life of foreign courts to the perpetual indulgence of personal excess, and differing from the contemptible race generated by the habits of foreign life, only by his being the more open dupe of sycophancy, the more prominent object of public alarm, and the more unbridled example of every profligacy that can debase the individual, or demoralize the nation. Such are the mysteries of Providence—such is the unaccountable system on which the fates of millions are given into the hands of incapacity, vanity, and corruption!

In this merciless and guilty spirit of accumulation, Russia has been, for the last fifty years, the great criminal of Europe. Other powers have been forced into war by situation; and success has almost compelled them to an increase of territory. Revolutionary France was mad, and its violence was no more to be reasoned upon than the paroxysm of madness. Imperial France was forced, by the character of the fierce and extraordinary being on her throne and the fantastic restlessness of her own nature, into conquest; but the conquest was unsubstantial—the dominion of the ancient sovereigns was but slightly shaken, and the first ebb of French victory disclosed the land again with all its native thrones emerging on the spot where they had been so lately covered by that furious tide. The closest resemblance to the perpetual covetousness of Russia was the policy of Frederick II., of Prussia; an able, heartless, and unprincipled soldier, a scoffer at religion, a despiser of all principle, a tyrant, and a profligate: but fit for his purpose, which was to scourge the venality, the tyranny, and the superstition of Austria! The partition of Poland, planned under the eye of this most crafty of politicians, was the first open act of that course of perfidy and blood, which was so soon to overwhelm his own kingdom in the common ruin of the continent. Frederick, Joseph, and Catherine, were the three grand conspirators against the Law of Nations—the three impugnors of that Justice which

is the supreme Law of God among empires, and the three creators of the French revolution. Dearly and deservedly they all paid for their crime. Before the lapse of a few years, they were all broken to the ground by the trampling of hostile armies; the French soldiers rioted in their palaces; their military name was degraded, and Vienna, Berlin, and Moscow, were in the possession of the most insolent and merciless of victors. But the wisdom of Adversity has, with the suffering, passed away, and Europe is again threatened with universal hostilities by the passion of the Czar to be master of Constantinople.

The nominal cause of the war with Turkey is the removal of the hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia by the Porte. A treaty in 1804 had established that those governors of the provinces should be removed only at the end of every seven years; a period fixed by the customary cunning of the Russian cabinet, as one in which the hospodars, thus rendered secure from the bow-string, might connect themselves more effectually with Russia. The hospodars were Greeks, and their national prejudices allied them to their new protectors; they were like all the Greeks of the Fanar—ambitious, corrupt, and crafty; and the gold of Russia was the virtual sceptre of the hospodariates.

In the French war, Sebastiani was sent to the Porte with proofs that those Greeks were in actual correspondence with St. Petersburg; and they were dismissed. The Russian minister declaimed against this dismissal, as a breach of treaty. The Turks gave way, replaced the hospodars, and the first intelligence that followed their submission, was of the march of a Russian army over the border! But a more powerful influence, that was seldom employed to prevent the shedding of blood, forbade the impending devastation of the provinces. Napoleon commanded the invaders to retire, and the treaty of Tilsit tied the hands of Alexander. But Napoleon himself was only a murderer on a larger scale; and Spain was given over to his love of carnage. There retribution awaited him, like a vulture on the wing above the corpse: the mountain and the desert, the barren sand, and the scorching sun, warred against the man of ambition; "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera," and there was the first blow given to a diadem loaded with the double guilt of revolutionary and imperial ambition. The tiger was entangled in the net, and then the jackal went forth to prey; a Russian army instantly spread itself along the Danube. The Turks were taken by surprise; and a succession of towns on the Bulgarian bank rapidly surrendered. But winter is not to be defied in those climates; and the invaders, repulsed by the swellings of the Danube and the severity of the storms, were driven into winter quarters. In the next year the invasion was renewed; but the Turks defended themselves with their national intrepidity. The success was alternate and ruinous; and, at the close of a campaign of perpetual fighting, the invaders had not advanced beyond the Danube. In the memorable year of 1812 Napoleon again interposed, but no longer as the master of the Russian councils. He was now overwhelming the empire with that mighty chivalry which had crushed the power of the continent, and saw before it but one magnificent and secure victory over the barbarian levies and helpless irresolution of the Czar. In this crisis of imperial fate, the whole strength of Russia was essential to her resistance, and the army acting against Turkey was recalled. A treaty was made with the Porte; the conquests of Kaminsky and Kutusoff were abandoned, and, by the mediation of England, Alexander saw himself at once relieved from an unprosperous war, and strength-

ened by a powerful and practised force. We are no panegyrist of Alexander; but he had merits that ought to distinguish his memory. His early life was that of a Russian noble, and was deeply stained by the excesses of a court, over which reigned the most profligate sovereign of the age. But time, the vicissitudes of a life of great public anxiety, and perhaps feelings, born of a higher source, gradually purified and elevated his character. To the proposals for renewed hostilities with the Porte he turned an unwilling ear; he resisted the popular outcry with a fortitude which had often been found fatal to Russian princes; he cultivated peace with Europe; he made no aggression on his neighbours, and his death displayed the calmness and the hope of more than the feeble and failing philosophy of this world.

The new reign began ominously; for it was signalized by the most extended and extraordinary conspiracy that had ever been formed even in Russia, the country of conspiracy. A sudden zeal of revolution had seized the army, and Nicholas found that his first step to the throne must be over the bodies of his soldiers. A list of upwards of a thousand officers, of every rank, showed at once the peril of the monarch, and the strange and desperate spirit that rises from despotism, like the pestilence from the swamp. Scaffolds and military massacres tamed the insurrection for the time: but the despot's fate is to sleep on an uneasy pillow, and with the form of conspiracy haunting his dreams. While Europe looked with surprise and repugnance on this frightful scene of fierce enthusiasm crushed by savage justice, it was startled by the sound of war on the devoted frontier of Wallachia.

A new pretext had been easily found in the shape of the old, exaggerated by the proverbial artifice of Russia. The removal of the Hospodars, who had been again found in close connexion with Russia, the pacification of Greece, and the navigation of the Dardanelles, furnished grounds sufficient for the flourish of a manifesto; and the young Czar plunged into hostilities, with the lofty determination of planting his standard on the walls of Constantinople before the close of the campaign.

Nothing in this whole tissue of rashness and perfidy was more singular than the part which England suffered herself to play. Her policy is on principle peaceful; for every shot fired in Europe either kills a purchaser of her manufactures, or wastes the money that was to purchase them. Burke, in his pithy style, describes an English war, even for English objects, as one in which we buy ten thousand hogsheads of sugar at ten thousand times their value. But the hostilities of Europe break up the highways of British commerce, crush it by embargoes and blockades, exhaust the means of the population, and dispirit the whole frame of commercial intercourse. War is fatal to trade, and trade is the sinew of the strength of England. But her old alliances were sworn with Turkey; her recognized policy for centuries was the protection of Turkey; her commercial prosperity was incompatible with the possession of the Turkish capital by the same power which already domineered over the Baltic; and yet, in the face of all those important considerations, England struck the most formidable blow against the Porte that it has received since the days of Sobieski. For the misfortune of her ally, and the disgrace of her own wisdom, Mr. Canning had suddenly been placed at the head of her councils. His elevation only shewed the infinite difference between the distinctions of a popular assembly, and of a cabinet. He was a wit, a man of taste, and a fluent orator. He captivated the House of Commons; and he forgot that

epigrams and metaphors, the happy sneer that makes an opponent ridiculous, and the ready retort that keeps the dull in distant awe, were not the true means of guiding the career of a mighty empire. He was always busy, and always unfortunate. He made shewy speeches, and worthless treaties: he alienated the continental cabinets by feeble menaces, and made Ireland a rebel by idle conciliation. He struggled to make friends for the throne, and he made it pre-eminently unpopular; he struggled to make a firm ministry, and he filled it with contradiction; he struggled to place England at the head of Europe, and he laid the foundations of a rebel violence which will yet shake every throne into dust. Proclaiming universal peace, he urged England into hostilities with Spain to protect Portugal; and invaded Portugal, to gratify Brazil. Professing a hatred of revolution, he unfurled the English banner as a rallying point for the revolutionists of all countries, and boasted of wielding the power of conspiracy. Loud in his abhorrence of British faction, he canvassed every faction of the legislature, recruited his parliamentary ranks from the men whom he hated, and by whom he was hated in return: pledged himself to the most determined defence of the constitution, and dug its grave.

At once to fulfil the views of Russia, and sustain the policy of England was impossible, and he therefore tasked himself to combine them. He remonstrated loftily, and he yielded weakly. He formed a compact with Russia, by which she was at liberty to send a powerful fleet into the Mediterranean, but she was not to fire a gun. The Russians dispatched a fleet of twice the permitted force; he indignantly sent them back; and yet, uniting a British fleet with the remainder, he attacked the Turkish squadron, and extinguished at a blow the naval resistance of the Ottoman.

He died, fortunate only in having anticipated, by a single month, the fall of the miscellaneous government that he had collected with such worthless toil. His successors disclaimed the victory of Navarino, and yet paid public honours to the victors; cleared their consciences by harangues on the impolicy of the attack, and indulged their patriotism by the triumphant declaration, that Britons had not lost the art of conquest, though they might blunder into beating their friends for the sake of their enemies.

The treaty of London was now brought into force, and diplomacy has never furnished a finer instance of the genuine enigma. In the same page it denied the right of European powers to interfere with the quarrel of Turkish subjects, and demanded the liberty of Greece. It denied the right of Russia, as a neutral, to attack the Ottoman empire, and it suffered her to throw off the neutral character at her first convenience, and begin the work of fire and sword. The result of this dextrous policy is, that Russia is now blockading the Dardanelles, that Turkey is without a ship to oppose her attempt to storm the capital, that France has possession of the fortresses of Greece, and that English diplomacy is in possession of nothing but the general ridicule of mankind.

The determination of Russia to seize upon the European dominions of the Sultan, was at length practically exhibited by the march of her troops, under Wittgenstein, to the Danube. The Turks, after some affairs of posts, retreated before the powerful army which now rushed down from Podolia and Moscow on their scattered parties; and the three sieges of Shumla, Silistria, and Varna, were immediately and rashly undertaken. Of those places, the first is, beyond all comparison, the most important,

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from its being the gate of the grand pass of the Balkan. The city also stands at the central point of the roads from almost the whole of the fortresses of the Danube, and has the power of protecting, or intercepting their connexion with the capital. But the position of this important city gives it great defensive advantages. It is nearly encircled with a range of the mountains, which serve as an outwork, and those hills are covered with thickets, which incomparably suit the species of service to which the Turkish troops are most accustomed. The inhabitants of Shumla are about 30,000, and are, of course, to a certain degree available for the defence. The size of the city is advantageous, from its allowing quarters to the chief divisions that might be left to protect not merely Shumla, but the pass of the mountains. It is nearly three English miles long, by a mile and a half in breadth. The fortifications are rude, and of the class of the Lower Empire—walls with occasional towers; but the true strength of the place is in its locality; the range of hills round it forming the true rampart of the city, and the whole being a large entrenched camp, with thickets, precipices, and ravines for its fortifications.

The result of the campaign undoubtedly disappointed, to a great extent, the expectations formed of the Russian arms. The Turks were often the assailants even upon level ground, and were not unfrequently left masters of the field. Some of their incursions into Wallachia put the Russian corps into such imminent hazard, that they were saved only by an instant retreat: large convoys were intercepted by the Turkish cavalry, and the campaign was speedily discovered to be only the beginning of a dubious and protracted struggle. The assaults on the Turkish posts were generally repulsed with heavy loss; and, of the three great sieges, but one offered the slightest hope of success. Shumla, the grand object of the campaign, was early found to be totally impracticable: Silistria was nearly despaired of, and finally was abandoned by a disorderly and ruinous flight: Varna alone gave way, after a long succession of attacks; and, from the singular circumstances of its surrender, is still said to have been bought from the Governor, Yussuf Pacha, a Greek renegade. One of the most extraordinary features of the whole campaign, is the small force on both sides. The Russian gazettes state the number of their army that crossed the Pruth at little more than eighty thousand. Yet this service was of the most popular kind with the court and people. The nature of the enemy was perfectly known from long warfare; the difficulties and losses which belong to Turkish war must have been clearly anticipated; and yet the whole Russian empire, setting forth on the conquest of an empire, which had been the object of its ambition from the days of Peter the Great, was not able to send one hundred thousand men across the border. The sultan, commanding a population of twenty millions, had probably not forty thousand in arms, from Constantinople to the Danube. So much does military strength depend on public wealth, and so impotent is the mere power of population in the struggles of European war. But the difficulty of arming the troops, and supplying the artillery and provisions for large bodies of men, are the great drawbacks on mutual aggression: and, by a curious and effective chain of consequences, nations are compelled to find, in the activity of commerce, the sinews of war.

The campaign was urged into the depths of winter, and the weather was remarkably inclement; the Turks were elated by success, and their attacks kept the enemy perpetually on the alert; the walls of the great

towns would not give way ; the villages were burnt, and could give shelter no longer ; and, as the general result, the Russian army were ordered to retreat from the Danube. The retreat was a second march from Moscow. Every thing was lost, buried, or taken. The horses of the cavalry and artillery were totally destroyed, the greater part of the artillery was hidden in the ground, or captured, and the flying army, naked, dismantled, and undisciplined, was rejoiced to find itself once more in the provinces from which it had poured forth but a few months before, to plant its standards on the seraglio.

This was defeat and disgrace, and every man who hates aggression, exulted in the shame of the invader. But in this exultation we must not forget the actual conclusions that force themselves on the understanding from a general view of the campaign. Russia, beaten as she has been, has yet showed that she is too strong for the Turk ; she has mastered Varna, a situation of high importance to her further movements, and she has been able to baffle every exertion to wrest it out of her hands. She has seized some minor fortresses, and in every instance she has been equally able to repel the efforts of the enemy. She has also conquered a city between the Balkan and Constantinople, which, if she shall pass the mountains, will be a place of arms for her troops, and a formidable obstacle on the flank of the Turkish army. In Asia, her successes have been regular and progressive. Paskevitch has advanced with the troops which beat the Persians, has taken some of the strongest places on the south of the Black Sea, and what he has once taken, no Turkish effort has been able to retake. The southern shore of the Black Sea, in its whole length, is open to Russian disembarkation ; and an army of fifty thousand men marched down to Odessa, would keep the entire coast in a state of agitation, probably give an opportunity to the rebellious pachas of Asia to rise, and would, unquestionably, by their landing, make a most formidable addition to the perplexities of the Sultan. The system of the Russian discipline, finance, and influence over the population of the North, is so immeasurably superior to the broken and disorderly polity of the Turk, that if the war be a work of time, victory must fall to the Czar. On the other hand we must remember the daring and sagacious spirit of the Sultan, the fierce bravery of his people, the power of the most warlike superstition on earth, the national abhorrence of the Muscovite, and even the new intrepidity of recent success. A still more powerful element of defence remains, the jealousy or prudence of the great European kingdoms. The possession of Constantinople, by the masters of Moscow and St. Petersburg, would shake the whole European system, by giving, for the time, at least, an exorbitant influence to Russia. England would see in it the threatened conquest of India : France, the complete supremacy of the Levant, and the exposure of her own shores to a Russian fleet on the first hostilities. Spain, though fallen in the scale, must still resist a measure which would lay open her immense sea-line from Barcelona to Cadiz. Austria, alone, might look upon it with some complacency, if she were bribed by the possession of Albania, or the prospect of planting her banners in the Morea. But the aggrandizement of Austria would be resisted by Prussia, and then the whole continent must hear the Russian trumpets as a summons to prepare for universal war.

The possession of Constantinople would be, not merely the mastery of the emporium of Asiatic trade, nor of a great fortress from

which Asia and the East of Europe might be awed ; but it would be an immediate and tremendous instrument of European disturbance by its perpetual transmission of the whole naval strength of Russia into the centre of Europe. The Russian fleet is unimportant, while it is liable to be locked up for half the year in the ice of the North ; or while, to reach the Mediterranean, it must make the circuit of Europe. But if the passage of the Dardanelles were once her own, there is no limit to the force which she might form in the Black Sea, and pour down direct into the Levant. There can be no doubt, that with this occasion for the employment of a naval force, Russia would throw a vast portion of her strength into a naval shape ; and that while the Circassian forests furnished a tree, or the plains, from the Ukraine to Archangel, supplied hemp and tar, fleet upon fleet would be created in the dock-yards of the Crimea, and be poured down in overwhelming numbers into the Mediterranean.

Thus it is impossible that the Czar shall attack Constantinople without involving the world in war, and in that war England must be a principal. The premier's opinion has been distinctly stated on this subject, and so far as we can rely on the fluctuating wisdom of cabinets, it coincides with that of France and Prussia. To arrange more systematically the resistance to the ruin of Turkey, the Duke of Wellington is said to be on the eve of an extensive European tour, in which he will ascertain the dependence to be placed upon the courts, and discover how far the Czar may have learned moderation from his last campaign. But the world is in a feverish state: ambition is reviving ; conspiracy is gathering on the Continent, and the first hour that sees the Russian superiority in the field decisive, will see the great sovereignties remonstrating, arming, and finally rushing, as to a new crusade, but with the sword unsheathed, not for the fall, but for the defence of the turban !

That this will be the ultimate consequence we have no doubt. But the time may not be immediate. We are inclined to think that the French war has not yet been sufficiently forgotten by the states of central Europe to suffer them to run the hazards of collision without the most anxious efforts for its avoidance. There is a general deficiency of money. All the great powers are actually, at this hour, living on *loans*. There is no power in Europe whose revenue is enough for its expenditure. Even here we are borrowing. Our three millions of exchequer bills, issued in the fifteenth year of peace, shows us how little the finance system has sustained our expectations. A war, even for a year, would double our expenditure. On the continent, Rothschild is the true monarch. Every state is in his books, and what must be the confusion, the beggary, and the ultimate bankruptcy of hostilities. The fall of every throne must follow the bankruptcy of every exchequer, and the whole social system be broken up amid revolutionary havoc and individual misery. We believe that the four great powers are so fully convinced of the evil of this tremendous hazard, that they are struggling in every shape of diplomacy to avert the continuance of a war between Turkey and Russia. If they succeed, peace will, in all probability, continue for a few years more ; if they fail, Europe must instantly arm, and a scene of warfare be roused, to which there has been no equal since the fall of the Roman Empire. But no skill of diplomacy, no terror of thrones, and no poverty of nations, can avert the evil beyond a certain time. War will come. We are now treading on the fuel that will be kindled into an irresistible blaze ; empires will be consumed, and the old and accumulated guilt of mankind will be at length revenged !

THE FORTUNE-HUNTERS: A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

In the stable-yard of the inn, called the Little Windmill, that we find, on the road leading from Castello to Andalusia, on the confines of the famous country of Alcudia, on a certain day, the hottest of the summer, there encountered, by chance, two youths of from fourteen to fifteen years of age; of a certainty the elder could not be more than seventeen. They were both well-looking, though in a pitiable state. Their habits ragged—broken—torn—and falling in rags. As to cloaks, there was no question of them at all. Their breeches were but coarse canvas; and the skin of their legs served in place of stockings. However, in revenge for that they had shoes—those of the one were of wood, such as are commonly named alpagates, and as much worn by dragging as by walking. Those of the other, pierced with a hundred holes, and without soles, appeared less for use than ornament. One wore a tattered green cap, after the hunting fashion—the other, a flat crown with a tremendous brim. The one, who wore a shoulder-belt, had a shirt, the colour of yellow chamois, folded up and thrust into his sleeve. The other came lightly along without any burthen, except that the eye could detect something that swelled out the bosom of the shirt, and afterwards proved a pack of cards wrapped in an old rag. Their faces were burned brown by the sun—their nails long and black—and their hands no whiter. One had a short sword—the other a *couteau de chasse*, with a yellow handle. Both having entered at the same instant to repose under at least a roof that shut out the sunbeams, they sat themselves down on two benches directly opposite to each. The elder began by saying, "May one ask your country, my lad, and what road you travel?"—"I have no country, *Senor Cavalier*," replied the other; "and I know no more of the road I travel."—"But, in good truth," said the first, "you do not look as if you fell from the clouds; and it being an impossibility that you should remain where you are, you must perforce go somewhere else."—"You are right," returned the second. "However, I have told you nothing but what is; because the place I come from is not mine. I have only a father there who does not acknowledge me for his son, and a step-mother who treats me as a step-child. The road I travel depends on chance; and it will finish wherever I find the necessaries for my existence."—"Have you any particular talents?" demanded the elder. "None other," replied the younger, "than to run like a hare, to leap like a doe, and to use the scissors with some dexterity."—"All very good, useful, and advantageous," said the first; "for you will easily find some sacristan to make you an offering, on All Saints' Day, that you may cut him paper ornaments on Holy Thursday."—"It is not in that way I make use of scissors," replied the second. "You must know, that by Heaven's grace, my father being a tailor and gaiter-maker, he taught me to cut out these latter, which, as you know, are but half stockings, with a foot-piece that we call *palaynas*; and so able am I at them, that I might pass for master, but that my evil destiny, which persecutes me unceasingly, has never allowed me to profit by my ability."—"Honest people are generally the least lucky," replied the elder; "and I have always heard, 'a rich head and a poor pocket.' But you are yet young enough to correct the caprices of fortune. However, if I do not much deceive myself, you have yet some other qualities in secret that you have not manifested to me."—"It is true," replied the second, "I have yet

another, but it is not for the public to see, as you yourself have well observed."—"Well! I can only assure you that I am the most discreet person in the world; and, to induce you to open your heart to me, I will first discover to you all the folds of mine—for, truly, I think it is not without design that fate has thus thrown us together. As for me, my dear Senor, I am a native of Fuentrida, a well-known spot, and renowned for the illustrious travellers who daily pass through it. My name is Pedro de Bincon. My father is a man of quality, one of the ministers of Santa Cruzada, that is to say, he distributes and carries round the bulls (*church bulls*). I used at times to assist him in his office; and so well did I profit by my practice, that I defy the most experienced of the trade to make more of his bulls than I did of mine. But, one day, feeling more inclination for the bull-money than for even the bulls themselves, I took possession of a purse of it, and walked off to Madrid, where, by the aid of the favourable occasions that are there ordinarily to be met with, I cleaned out the entrails of the purse, and left it with more plaits in it than the pocket handkerchief of a bride. He who was accountable for the bull-money ran after me. I was seized. But the judges had some pity for me on account of my youth, and contented themselves with ordering me an iron necklace, a strapping on the shoulders, and banishment from court for four years. I took patience, shrugged up my shoulders, bore the tempest, and left Madrid in such haste that I had not time to take leave of my friends, or bring away my mule. I merely snatched from among my valuables some trifles within reach, and, among them, these cards (pulling them from out his bosom), with which I have gained my livelihood in the inns and wine-houses from Madrid to this by playing at *vingt-un*. Greasy and maltreated as you see them, they have such a virtue for him who understands them, that he needs never cut them without finding an ace below. And however little you may know of this game, you can easily comprehend the advantage of always having an ace, which counts one, or eleven, as you choose; so that, with this card, you are pretty sure to put money in your pocket. Besides, the cook of a certain ambassador has taught me a trick or two to win at *quinola*; so if you are master of the art of gaiter-cutting, also am I of that of cheating the novices; and, for a certainty, I run no risk of starving. Miserable as is this village, I remain in it because I seldom fail an hour of meeting some one who plays a game or two to kill time, and we may have the experience of it presently. Let us spread the net, and see if there will not fall into it some of the muleteers who are within; that is to say, we two must begin as if we were in earnest, and he who comes to make the third shall pay the stakes."—"With all my heart," said the younger: "I owe you many thanks for recounting to me the incidents of your life, which obliges me not to conceal those of mine—and here they are. My father, the tailor, taught me to cut gaiters; and, from the constant use of scissors, I learned of myself to cut purses. The limits of a village were as displeasing to me as the bad usage of a step-mother. I left my birth-place to work at my profession in Toledo, and acquitted myself there to a miracle. There was no rosary so well-tied, no packet so close shut, that my fingers did not visit, or my scissors divide; and during the four months that I lived there, never was I caught between two doors; never did alguazil run after me; never did stick cross my shoulders. It is true that, about eight days ago, a spy made mention of my abilities to the

governor, who admiring my remarkable talents, desired to have me brought to him; but I, who am a professor of humility—I am never for any intercourse with those so far above me; and, not to be troubled with it, I left the city with such dispatch, that I had not time to bring away either watch, or money, or equipage, or valet.”—“An understood thing,” said Bincon. “But, as we at present know each other, let us leave off grandeur, and candidly confess that we have neither a dinner nor a pair of shoes between us.”—“Agreed,” replied Diego Costado, the name of the younger one; “be our friendship, Senor de Bincon, eternal; let us signalize its commencement by a sacred and praiseworthy ceremony!” and, rising, they mutually embraced with expressions of the most profound esteem. They then set themselves to play at *vingt-un*, with the aforesaid dog-eared cards, which abounded as much in grease as in malice; and, in a few seconds, Costado was no less expert at cutting an ace than was his tutor Bincon. In this moment there stepped a muleteer out of the inn, to refresh at the door; and seeing them play, he asked leave to make a third. They received him with the best grace in the world; and, in less than half an hour, they won from him twelve reals and twenty-two maravedis, which the muleteer seemed to feel as much as if they had given him twelve stabs of a poignard, and twenty-two thousand curses. The muleteer, believing that the two lads would never dare to defend themselves against him, wanted to force back his money from them; but the one putting his hand to his short sword, and the other to his *couteau de chasse*, they would soon have cut him out so much work, that if his comrades had not run to his assistance, he would have had occupation for a week at least. While this was going on, a company of travellers, mounted on mules, who were going to dine at the inn called the *Alcalda*, about a quarter of a mile farther on, passed by chance. The cavaliers, seeing the two youths at cuffs with the muleteer, appeased them, and said, that, if they were for Seville, they might travel along with them. “We are going there,” said Bincon; “and we will serve and obey you, Senors, in all that you may deign to command us;” and, on the spot, they began to march off a-head of the mules, leaving the muleteer sorrowful and angry, and the hostess, who had overheard all that was said, astonished at the good education of those young vagabonds. Scarcely had she suggested to the muleteer that the cards were false—for she had, unperceived, overheard that also—than he tore his beard, and would have run after them to recover his money, crying that it was an affront which dishonoured him—that two young boys should have thus duped a man like him. His comrades restrained him, and counselled him not to go after them and expose thus his ignorance and simplicity. In fine, though all the reasons they alleged could not console him, they induced him at least to stay where he was. In the mean time, Costado and Bincon applied themselves so studiously to serve the travellers, that these latter took them up behind them for the last half of the way; and though there offered many different occasions to visit their masters’ valises, they would not make use of them in the fear of losing this agreeable manner of making the journey to Seville, where they longed much to arrive. When they had reached the custom-house, just before the gate of the city, at about night-fall, Costado could no longer refrain from cutting open the valise that a Frenchman carried behind him, and with his *couteau de chasse*, he gave it such a long and deep wound as shewed its entrails to view, and subtly drew from among them two good

shirts, a mariner's compass, and some tablets—things which certainly would not have been the choice of the two youths, who never could imagine that the Frenchman would burthen himself with his own valise for such miserable contents. They wished to make still a second essay, but they abstained from it, sure that by this time the fact was discovered, and the rest of the luggage placed in security. They had, beforehand, taken leave of those who had fed them by the way ; and, next morning, they sold the shirts for twenty reals in the market which is held beside the Arsenal. After this they walked about through the city, admiring the grandeur and magnificence of the Cathedral, and the great number of persons who lined the river ; for it was the time of loading the fleet. They remarked, above all, the six galleys that were there, nor could help sighing at their view in the fear of that day when they might be conducted on board them for the rest of their lives. They then turned their attention on certain youths who swarmed about the port, and whose trade seemed to consist in carrying in their baskets whatever was given them. Addressing one of them, they inquired of him what was his employment ? did it give much trouble ? and did it bring much money ? The young Asturian, to whom they made this demand, replied, that the business was easy enough, free from all tax or impost ; and that almost every day it brought him five or six reals, with which he filled his stomach as full as a king's ; that he never had to seek a master, or wait for a meal, as the one always found him ready, and he always found the other ready in any of the eating-houses. The two friends thought there was much sense in the Asturian's relation ; and his trade, far from being against their tastes, appeared to them as very proper to assist its execution with more of disguise and surety, as it would give them admittance inside the houses.

On the spot, then, they resolved to purchase all the utensils necessary for it ; and the more willingly, as there was no examination to undergo beforehand. They demanded of the Asturian, then, " what ought they to buy ? " He replied to them, " you want nothing more than two sacks, new or clean, and each of you three hand-baskets, two large and one small, to carry separately, meat, fish, and fruit. One sack is for bread, merely." The Asturian conducted them to where those things were sold—and with the produce of the Frenchman's valise, they bought all that they had occasion for. In less than two hours they had learned so well to bear their sacks and to carry their baskets, that one might have imagined they had taken their degree in their new office. Their conductor pointed out to them the gates where they ought to station themselves every morning—at the meat markets, and at the Place St. Saviour ; on fast days at the fish-market, and the vegetable market ; every evening at the river, and always on Thursday at the fair. This lesson they engraved profoundly in their memories. Next morning they went betimes to the Place St. Saviour, and no sooner did they reach it, than many of the same trade surrounded them ; and judging by the brilliance of their sacks and baskets, that they were new comers, they asked them a thousand questions, to which the others replied discreetly and measuredly.

A sort of student and a soldier at this moment arrived in the square, and, charmed with the cleanliness of the baskets of our new professors, he who appeared to be a student, called Costado, and the soldier Bincon. " Saints be praised ! " exclaimed they both. Then said Bincon to the

soldier, "I cannot but be lucky in the trade, since it is you that handsel me, Senor." The soldier replied to him, "that the handsel would not be bad, because he was full of money and in love, and was that day to give an entertainment to his mistress and her friends."—"Good," said Bincon, "laud me to your fantasy—there is not wanting to me either strength or spirit to carry away the whole market; and, if you choose, I can even help to prepare your entertainment with all good will." The soldier, charmed with the youth's fair manner, said, "that if he would serve him, he would withdraw him from such a wretched occupation." Bincon replied to him, "that this being the first day of his exercising it, he did not wish to give it up so soon, before he had learned its good and bad by experience; but that whenever he was wearied of it, he pledged him his honour that he would serve him in preference to a canon." The soldier laughed, loaded him well, and pointed out his mistress's house to him, that he might know where to go now and in future, without his being obliged to look after him. Bincon promised fidelity and good service, and the soldier gave him three sols. Bincon with one spring was back again in the square, for the Asturian had advised him never to lose time—that so he might never lose occasion; and, also, that when he carried small fish, as anchovies, sardinias, &c., he might fairly set a few aside for himself, but that it must be dexterously done, or they would lose their credit—the base of their profession. Though Bincon was not a minute out of the square, on his return he found Costado at his post, who, approaching, asked of him "how much he had earned?" Bincon opened his hand and showed him the three sols. Costado put his into his breast, and pulled a purse out of it that looked tolerably swelled. "There," said he, "is what his reverence, the student, rewarded me with—two more sols; take them, Bincon, for fear of accidents:" and he slyly slipped the purse on him. In the instant ran the student up, all in a sweat, and pale as death. As soon as he perceived Costado, he demanded of him "if, by chance, he had not seen with him a purse of such and such a fashion, in which were fifteen crowns in gold, three silver doubloons, and as many copper maravedis?" Costado, without changing countenance or colour, replied with the greatest coolness—"All that I know of your purse is, that you would not have lost it if you had taken better care of it."—"Just so: wretched man that I am," replied the student—"but if I had not been among thieves, I had not been robbed."—"So think I, too," said Costado; "but there is a remedy for all things but death—the first you should take is patience. See how much Heaven has left with us. It may be, that some day, he who took your purse will repent of it, and restore it to you with interest."—"We will excuse him the interest," said the student, "for the sake of the principal." Costado continued—"Alas! what excommunications—what monitories—what bulls—and—more useful than all—what vigilance against this crime—and nothing can turn the hearts of its perverted agents. I would not have your purse, Senor, for the world; as you are in holy orders, I should fancy I had committed some sacrilege or blasphemy."—"How—holy orders?" said the student; "not quite yet; though there is sacrilege in the case, sure enough, for the purse contained the dues of a chapel, that a priest, a friend of mine, begged me to secure for him during his absence. So it is blessed and sacred money."—"All the better for him who gets it," returned Bincon, "though I don't envy him his gain; there is a day

of payment. All will be seen through in that hour, and woe to the robber of the church, or church-man. But tell me, Senor, how much may be the revenue of one of those chapels?"—"Have you or have you not seen my purse?" said the student, in a passion—"if not, I will go and have it tolled in the streets."—"Not a bad idea," observed Costado, "but take great care not to forget any of the tokens of the purse, and the exact quantity of the money it contained; for if you make the mistake of one real, never will you set your eyes on it while you live, I can assure you."—"There is no fear on that score," replied the student, "I never forget a sol." He drew from his pocket a silk handkerchief to wipe away the perspiration which stood in great drops on his face; and Costado no sooner cast his eyes on it, than he set it down as his own. The student departed; Costado followed him, and having come up with him on the steps, took him aside, and repeated to him such an overflow of verbiage on the loss of his purse, and the means of recovering it, that the poor student was in the clouds, requiring the same thing to be said a dozen times over: all the while Costado and he looking each other stedfastly in the face—of the which bewilderment of the student, Costado profited so well, as to finish his work by adroitly stealing the silk handkerchief out of his pocket. On quitting him, the youth appointed to meet him on the same spot that evening, having strong suspicion, he said, of a lad of about his own appearance, who stood in the market, and had somewhat the reputation of being a pickpocket, and that he would force him to give back the purse if he had stolen it. This assurance more or less consoled the student, who took leave of Costado, whom Bincon now joined, having seen aside the whole of what passed. A young man of the same trade, who stood a little distant, had also been a spectator of it; and when Costado had given the handkerchief to Bincon, approaching them, he said—"Senor, are you of the company or not?"—"We do not comprehend you, Senor," replied Bincon. "Are we not comrades, Senors of Murcia?" returned the other—"We are neither of Thebes nor of Murcia," said Costado; "if thou hast aught to say to us, say it at once—if not, go to your own place."—"You understand me not," replied the youth, "but it will be your own fault if you do not, and your loss, likewise. I ask of you, Senors, if you are not thieves? But need I ask, when I know you are—tell me, have not you been to the custom-house of the Senor Monopadis?"—"Do they pay dues in this town, then, for leave to thief, gallant Senor?" said Bincon.—"If they do not pay dues," replied the lad, "at least it is necessary that all pickpockets register themselves with Senor Monopadis, who is their father, their master, and their refuge. It is for this reason that I counsel you to come with me to swear allegiance to him; for if you are bold enough to thief without serving under his standard, it may cost you dear."—"I have always," said Costado, "considered thieving to be a free trade, without tax or imposition—and that if one did pay, it was once for all; but as it is not so here, and that each town has its own customs, we shall not be the first to alter those of this city, which, as being one of the first in the world, must, without doubt, have also the best usages: so we will accompany you to the dwelling of this cavalier who, from all I have heard of him, must be a man of consideration, ability, generosity, and expertness in his profession."—"You may well say all that," replied the other, "for these four years past that he has

been at the head of us, there are but four of us have gone in bus, but thirty on their travels, and only sixty-two have been paired."—"Of a truth," said Bincon, "we know as much of what you mean as we do of flying."—"March," said the guide—"I will explain by the way; it is as necessary for you to learn as to eat:" and he gave them the explication of many terms that they named *German*; and as the way was long, there was plenty of time to enlighten them. Bincon then said to his conductor, "Senor, may one take the liberty of asking if you are not also a thief?"—"Yes," replied he, "to serve Heaven and honest folks; I am not, however, one of the most skilful beings as yet in the year of noviciate."—"By my faith," replied Costado to him, "it is a thing which I had yet to learn, that there are thieves in the world to serve Heaven and honest folks."—"Senor," returned the novice, "I am not learned in theology; all that I know is that every man may serve Heaven in his profession; for Senor Monopadis gives this order to all his disciples."—"Of a certainty," said Bincon; "it is a saintly company where they all so serve."—"The Senor Monopadis," continued the youth, "has furthermore prescribed that we should give a certain portion of all we steal, for oil for the holy lamp, that burns before the sacred image here: and, of a truth, we have seen miracles occur from this good work. A few days ago, they gave three turns to a quarterer, who had decoyed two nightingales; and though he was very weak and had a tertian fever, he bore all without flinching—just as if it had been a mere nothing. We attributed this miracle to the holy lamp, for his own strength would never have done it. As I see you are about to ask me the explanation of all this, I will give it you without praying:—know, then, that a quarterer is a sheep-stealer; turn—is the torture, and nightingale is an ass: we have plenty more of these sayings, which we repeat as a catechism once a week; there are some of us who won't steal of a Friday or Saturday, and we never go near a woman called Mary."—"All that appears to me magnanimous," said Costado; "but tell me—do you never make any restitution, or perform any other penance than those you speak of?"—"As to restitution, that is out of the question, because the plunder is divided into too many shares—the judge's and the lawyer's portion not to be forgotten; but as we never confess, it is of no consequence. And as to excommunications—by always avoiding the churches at these seasons, we never fear them. It is only in the carnivals and fetes we go, when we find our account in the throng."—"So, then, what with alms and offerings, and the other devotions you use," said Costado, "you fancy that your life is holy and discreet."—"Well, what harm do you see in it?" replied the young man, "is it not better to be a thief than a renegade, or a heretic, or to kill one's father or mother?"—"A difficult point," said Costado, "but though I don't find your calling as innocent as you do, nevertheless, lead on a little faster, as destiny will have it that we enter into your honourable company. I long, truly, to see this Senor Monopadis, of whom report speaks such brave things."—"You will soon be satisfied," said the guide—"you are at the house now; wait both of you before the gate while I go and see if he is visible, for it is the hour in which he gives audience."—"Audience!" said Bincon, "good, by my faith!" The lad went on and entered a house of very ill appearance, while the other two remained outside; their conductor returned in a second, called them in, and made them wait in a tolerably clean looking

court, paved with brick, and washed with bullock's blood, till one might have brushed carmine off it. On one side was a bench, and on the other a water-jug with a broken mouth. A little mug, as infirm as the jar, in another place. An old mat, and a pot of ointment. Our two youths attentively regarded all around them while awaiting the Senor Monopadis; and as he was not forthcoming immediately, Bincon had the hardihood to enter a small room that led from the court. He perceived in it two foils and two bucklers of cork hanging up on four nails—a large chest without top or cover of any kind, and three old mats spread on the ground. On the wall, directly opposite the door, was stuck up a coarse image of Our Lady—and a little below it hung a palm-basket, and a small earthen pot, which led Bincon to conclude that the basket served to receive alms, and the earthen pot to hold holy water—wherein he was not deceived. During this time, two young men, of about twenty-two each, in the habit of scholars, entered the court. Shortly afterwards, two porters, and a blind man, followed; and, without speaking a word, they began walking about. Two old men, clothed in black stuff, appeared next, each with a long rosary in his hand. A withered hag succeeded these; and making straight toward the little hall, she sprinkled herself with holy water, devoutly kneeled down before the image, and, after a certain interval, and having three times kissed the ground, and as many times lifted her hands and eyes to heaven, she arose, put her alms into the basket, and mingled with the rest in the court. In fine, in less than half an hour, as many as fourteen persons, of different habits and different trades, were there assembled. Two young men, well made, and stout made, with great mustachios, broad-brimmed hats, Flemish cravats, red stockings, and shewy garters, long swords, and pistols in the guise of daggers stuck in their belts, entered the last; and casting a glance on Bincon and Costado, as strangers, they came straight towards them, and demanded if they were of their fraternity. Bincon replied yes; and their Senor's very humble servants. While this was going on, the Senor Monopadis descended—as anxiously expected, as he was respected by this honourable company. He appeared to be a man of from forty-five to fifty years of age, of tall stature, a sunburnt complexion, bushy eyebrows that joined, black and full beard, and deep-sunk eyes. He descended in his shirt, over which he wore a frize cloak, that came down to his feet, on which he had an old pair of slippered shoes. His legs were covered by great wide trowsers, reaching to the instep. His chimney-crowned hat had immense wings. A leather thong passed over his shoulder, and across his breast, sustained a stout short sword. His hands were hairy—his fingers short and thick—the nails long and hooked. His legs were not visible; but his monstrous feet were full of corns and horns—the whole personage presenting an assemblage the most rude, barbarous, and deformed, that the world might produce. The conductor of our two youths came down stairs with him; and taking them by the hand, presented them to Monopadis, saying, "Here are the two amiable young Senors of whom I had the honour to speak to your worship. Senor Monopadis, have the goodness to examine them, and you will see that they are worthy of entering into our congregation."—"I shall do so with pleasure," replied Monopadis. I omitted to say, that when Monopadis descended, the whole of the assembly made him a profound and ample reverence, excepting the two bravos, who, with the air of *petits-mâtres*, just touched their hats, and continued their parade

at one side of the court, while he walked up and down at the other. Monopadis demanded of our youths their trade, their father, and their province? Bincon answered, "For our trade, our being here tells it to you. As to our fathers, and our province, it does not strike me that there is any necessity for speaking of them, as there is no question at present of proofs for entering into an order of knight-errantry."—"You say true, my child," replied Monopadis; "it is just as well to keep one's self incog.; for if fortune should be unfavourable, it is not agreeable that there should be set down in the jail-book, as the sentence, such a one, son of such a one, of such a place, has been hanged, or whipped, &c. Thus you will do well, I repeat, to conceal your name and birth-place from others, though with us there should be no concealment. However, at present, the knowledge of your names will suffice to me."—Bincon and Costado gave them. "For the future," said Monopadis, "I will that ye be called Binconet and Costadillo; two names just moulded for your years. As to your parents' names, we shall learn them in time, for we consider it a duty every year to order a certain number of masses for the souls of our relations and benefactors deceased—withdrawing, for the remuneration of those who say them, a certain portion from the booty we win; such masses being held to be of great efficacy both for the dead and living: and we count as our benefactors the lawyer who defends us—the alguazil who forewarns us—the officer who has mercy for us—and when we fly through the street, followed by 'stop, thief!' puts himself right in the way, saying, 'let him go, he is bad enough to be no better; his own crime will be his worst punishment.' We count, also, as benefactors, those poor young women who help to comfort us in the prisons, as in the galleys—and as benefactors the father and mother that brought us into the world. For all those of whom I make mention, our fraternity keeps every year a religious anniversary, with the greatest solemnity that is possible."—"Certainly," said Bincon, "all that is the fruit of the great and grand genius that, as we have heard said, the whole world acknowledges the Senor Monopadis to possess. Our fathers are yet alive, but if they die before us, we shall not fail, Senor, to inform the fraternity of it in time to secure their prayers against the grand anniversary, as you call it."—"So be it," said Monopadis. Then, calling the spy, he said to him, "Ganchuelo, are the posts sentineled?"—"Yes," replied Ganchuelo, "there are three sentinels round us; no fear that we shall let ourselves be surprised."—"But to return to our subject," continued Monopadis, "I should wish to learn, my children, of what you are capable, that so I may distribute to you employs suited to your inclinations and capacities?"—"For me," answered Bincon, "I know a little how to amuse the clowns. I can overhear the gander—I can see smoke a mile off; whatever I once get hold of, I don't readily quit; and I can give a hard blow rather than pay a debt."—"Very fair beginnings," said Monopadis, "though they are but old tricks, known of all novices; but in time we shall see that on these foundations, and a half dozen of good lessons, you will turn out an able companion, and, perhaps, a good master."—"All that I know, or shall know, will be ever at the service of you, Senor, and these honourable gentlemen," replied Bincon.—"And you, Costado, what dost know?" demanded Monopadis. "Me, Senor," replied Costado, "I know the rule to count two, and carry five; and I can sound a purse with skill."—"Know you no more than that?" said Monopadis.—

"No, Senor, for my sins," replied Costada.—"Afflict not yourself, my child," resumed Monopadis, "you are now arrived in port, and you may reap from our school all the advantages that you can desire. Well, how go your hearts, my boys?"—"How would you have them go?" replied Bincon; "here we are, ready to undertake all that touches our trade and exercise."—"It is very well," said Monopadis, "but I would that ye had also the courage to suffer, if necessary, a half dozen turns without flinching or speaking."—"We have already heard of your turns," replied Bincon, "and we have as much courage as our neighbours; neither are we so ignorant as not to know that the neck often pays the slips of the tongue, and that *no* is shorter by a letter than *yes*."—"There is no need of more," interrupted Monopadis; "this sole argument induceth me—obligeth me—constraineth me, as it were, to admit you on the instant as members of the first class—and thus to discharge ye from your year of noviciate."—"I am of the same advice," said one of the bravos. All those who were of the assembly, and had heard the replies of the two novices, approved of the favour that was shown to them, and prayed of Monopadis that they should, from the moment, enjoy the full privileges of the fraternity, of which their good appearance and ready wit rendered them worthy. He replied that in consideration for those who asked, their request was granted—informing the two youths that they were to look on this as a favour extraordinary, because these privileges consisted in not paying the half of their plunder, nor exercising the lowest employs for the noviciate year; that is, not to carry provision to a brother in prison, but to give entertainment where, how, and when it seemeth good to them, without leave from the inspector;—to enter into instant partition of the plunder of the principals, as one of them, and to enjoy a number of other prerogatives, considered as a singular grace; and for which they returned ample thanks.

While this scene passed, there came in a little boy running and out of breath, who said to them "that the alguazil of the vagabonds was making straight towards that house, but without any followers after him."—"Let no one be alarmed," said Monopadis, "it is a friend of ours, who never comes here for evil: recover yourselves, I go to speak to him." They did, for they were a little moved; and Monopadis went out at the gate, and there found the alguazil, with whom he had a moment's conversation; and, as soon as he re-entered, inquired "to whom had fallen on that day the square of St. Laurent?"—"To me," said the conductor of Bincon, and his comrade.—"How! and thou hast not given me part of an embroidered purse, which made shipwreck in that quarter this morning, containing fifteen crowns in gold, two reals in small silver, and I know not how much in copper?"—"It is true," returned the lad, "that this purse has been stolen to-day—but I did not take it, nor can I imagine who did."—"No humbugging me, if you please," said Monopadis, "the purse must be forthcoming, because the alguazil requires it, and he is one of our friends, and a very useful friend." The lad began again to swear that he was ignorant of what had become of it. Monopadis flew into a passion in such sort that fire seemed to strike from his eyes—while he cried out, "Who dares to mock at Monopadis? who is so hardy as to hesitate to obey his command? Be his life the sacrifice. The purse, I say—produce the purse." The lad swore a thousand oaths, and gave himself a thousand curses "if he had either seen, taken, or knew aught of the purse." It but the more irritated

Monopadis, and disturbed the company, to see their statutes and regulations thus infringed. Bincon, at last, finding the tumult increase, thought it behoved him to allay it—and after a whisper with Costado, drew forth the student's purse—"My comrade Costado," said he, "possessed himself of this, cunningly, to-day, with the handkerchief to boot, from the same person." The storm ceased—Monopadis, enchanted, desired him to keep the handkerchief, and restore the purse—"for the alguazil must have it, as it belonged to a kinsman of his, and the worthy alguazil remits more to us in a day than we do to him in a year." All, with one accord, admitted the nobleness and liberality of the two new comers, and the surname of "good" was bestowed on Costado, as it had been on Don Alonzo Perez de Gusman, surnamed the good, for having thrown over the walls of Tarifta the knife with which he had just served himself to cut the throat of his own son. Monopadis, on returning, was followed by two young girls, highly painted, their lips well reddened, their necks well whitened—mantillas thrown lightly over their shoulders—their air gay—and assured enough, to give authentic proof to the two novices that they were free of the house. They rushed in with open arms, and one flung hers round Chiquisnaque, the other round Maniferro, the names of the two bravos above mentioned. Maniferro bore this name on account of the iron hand with which he had replaced that he had been deprived of by justice. The bravos returned the embrace with joy, and demanded of the young women if they had brought wherewithal to wet their lips. "Never think we could forget it: Silvatillo is coming with a basket of whatever it please Heaven to send." And effectively there appeared at the instant a boy with a wash-basket, wound with a bed sheet.* The arrival of Silvio restored all the company to good humour; and then Monopadis had one of the mats brought from the hall and spread in the court, and ordered that every one should sit round, that so in eating and drinking they might talk of their affairs. Upon this, the old woman, who had paid her devotions to the image of the Virgin, said, "My son Monopadis, I am not come here to enjoy myself—it is some days since I have had such an illness in my head as almost to turn it: and besides, before it be noon, I must make my accustomed devotions, and light the tapers at our lady of the waters, and the holy crucifix of St. Augustin, in the which I may not fail if it rained cats and dogs. Why I am here is because last night the Renegade and Cantopio brought to my house a wash-basket, somewhat larger than that before us, filled with linen, which, as Heaven is my judge, had yet the suds in it—the poor lads not having allowed themselves time to throw it out. If you had seen how the drops stood on their faces as they ran into me, looking like angels! They told me they were hastening after a shepherd who was taking his sheep to the butchers, and it would go hard with them if they did not come in for a good share of the money he was to carry home on him—so they never emptied the basket, nor even counted the pieces, trusting, as well they might, to my good conscience. Heaven be gracious, and deliver us all from justice, as I tell you the plain truth, when I protest that I have not once touched the basket, and that it is just as it was the minute it set

* Formerly the washing was done in little baskets in Spain—few of either men or women having, in general, more than two shirts or shifts—and the rest of their linen in proportion. Every Saturday this washing took place—and the fashion is not yet quite extinct.

foot in my house.”—“We have no doubt of it,” replied Monopadis, “that the basket is in its natural state. I will stand between dog and wolf and examine its inside, and divide its contents among the community with all fair consideration.”—“Just as it please you, my son,” replied the old woman; “it grows late, give me a cup, if you have it, to fortify my stomach, which is always weak.”—“Good Lord! what a swallow you have, old mother,” cried Esculante, the comrade of Gamenciosa. Then, removing the basket, they drew out a leathern barrel that might hold about three-and-twenty bottles of wine, and a flagon that could contain at least a quart. Esculante took the flagon, and gave it to the old devotee, who, seizing it with both hands, after having blown away the froth, said, “There is plenty here, daughter Esculante—but Heaven gives strength enough for all,” and applying the flagon to her mouth, at one draught, never even stopping to draw breath, she passed the whole of it into her stomach, exclaiming, “It is the wine of Guadalcanat, and not bad either. Heaven comfort thee, my girl, as thou hast comforted me. I fear, nevertheless, that it may do me evil, as I am yet fasting.”—“Fear nothing, good mother,” replied Monopadis, “the wine is old.”—“I hope the kind Virgin will grant me this grace,” replied the old devotee; “try, dear daughters, if ye have not, by good luck, some money to give me to buy tapers. I came here in such haste to bring ye all news of the basket, that I forgot my pocket at home?”—“Aye, I have some, Dame Pipota,” (it was the hag’s name), replied Gamenciosa, “take these two sols to buy a taper, and put in my name before Senor St. Michael—and if you can get two for them, offer the other to Senor St. Blaise—those are my two patrons. I should wish much that you could put a third before Senora St. Lucia, for whom I have a great respect, on account of her curing of eyes, but I have no more money now—another time I expect to be able to satisfy my wish.”—“You will do well, my child—be not stingy—consider that it is better to make friends of the saints before death, than trust to our heirs and executors to do it afterwards for us.”—“Mother Pipota speaks well,” said Esculante, and putting her hand to her pocket, gave her a sol, begging her to put two other tapers before such saints as she thought might be most serviceable and grateful. Pipota promised, saying, “Enjoy yourselves, my children, now that you may—age will come, and you will then weep the youthful moments you have thrown away, as I do now daily. Recommend me, all of you, to Heaven in your prayers, as I am going to do you and myself—and that he may save and keep us in our trade, from the unforeseen hand of justice,”—and thus saying, she went away. No sooner was she departed than the fraternity seated themselves round the mat, on which Gamenciosa spread the bed sheet for a table cloth. The first thing she drew from the basket was a large bunch of radishes, somewhere near to two dozens of oranges and lemons, and a great dish of stock-fish cut in slices. She afterwards exhibited the half of a Holland cheese, a pot of the finest olives, a dish of tripe, a quantity of lobsters, seasoned with capers, and swimming in a sauce of Indian red pepper, and three great loaves of white bread. Those to breakfast were to the number of fourteen, and each of them pulled out a yellow handled knife, except Bincon, who produced his short sword. The two ancients in black, and the young spy, had the flagon new filled given between them. Scarcely had this joyous company began to fall on the oranges, than they were surprised by a knocking at the gate. Monopadis

desired that they should remain quiet; and going into the little hall, he took down a buckler, and having his sword in his hand, he approached to the gate, demanding, in a hoarse and fearful tone, who was there? "It is I, Senor Monopadis," was replied from without, "there is no one else; I am Faganto, the sentinel of the day, and run to tell you that Juanna Cariharte is coming along the street all torn and crying, as if something had happened to her." She came up at the moment. Monopadis hearing her, opened the gate, and ordered Faganto to return to his post, and henceforth to give his notice without making such an outcry. He promised obedience, and Cariharte entered. It was a young woman of the same style as the others: her hair was loose—her face was marked with blows—and no sooner did she enter the court than down she dropt in a fit. Esculante and Gamenciosa went to her assistance, and having unlaced her boddice, found her all black and blue with blows. They threw water in her face, upon which, returning to herself, she cried out aloud, "May the justice of Heaven and the king fall upon the villain—the robber—the thief of a pickpocket—the miserable coward, that I have saved from the whip as many times as he has hairs on his chin. Wretch that I am—see for what I have lost, and past the flower of my youth and of my tender years: for a scoundrel—a cheat—an assassin—a good-for-nothing!"—"Tranquillize thee, Cariharte," said Monopadis to her "I am here to render thee justice—tell us the wrongs that have been done thee—thou shalt be longer in recounting them than I in revenging them. Who has failed in respect to thee? If thou wilt have vengeance there is no need to call twice for it."—"Respect," replied Cariharte, "there would be more respect for me in hell than with that coward who acts the lion among lambs—and the lamb among men. I, to drink, eat, live, with such a vagabond—sooner would I throw myself to the dogs, than stay to be used in this manner, you shall see." So saying, she lifted her coats to the knee, discovering the marks of the whip that had been laid on her, "There," exclaimed she, "see there how that ungrateful Repolido has treated me—he who owes more to me than the mother who bore him. And would you guess why he did it? I dare say you think he had at least some cause, though ever so little; devil a bit, as you shall hear:—all this is because having lost at play, he sends Cabrillos, his boy, to ask me for thirty reals, and I had only twenty-five to give him. Heaven knows, and I hope it will keep count of the labour and pain I had to get them. In revenge for my civility and trust in him, fancying that I hid from him some of what he chose to imagine I had gained, he led me this morning behind the royal garden, and there, among the olives, without rhyme or reason—and may the same send him to the galleys—he whips off my gown—and gives me such a flogging with his leather belt, that he left me for dead—in witness of which you see the marks." She then recommenced crying and demanding justice, which Monopadis forthwith promised her, as did also the two bravos who were listening. Gamenciosa took her by the hand to console her, saying that she would give the last jewel she possessed that the same thing might happen between her and her husband—"for you must know, sister Cariharte," added she, "if you do not already know it, that who loveth well chasteneth well. When these wretches thump, flog, and kick us about, it is then they are fondest of us. Tell me, in conscience, after Repolido had thus flogged and bruised thee, did he not offer to give thee a kiss?"

"How! a kiss," replied the mourner, "a hundred thousand an' I had let him. I could have had a finger off his hand from him if I would have gone home with him:—and I really think, of a truth, that the tears came in his eyes, as soon as he saw what he had done."—"Devil take him—no doubt," replied Gamenciosa, "that he was ready to cry for having been so hasty—such men as he have no sooner committed the fault than they repent of it. Thou wilt see, sister, that ere we part, he comes looking for thee, and asking pardon for the past, as gentle as a lamb."—"Of a certainty," said Monopadis, "the miserable wretch shall not enter in at that gate if he does not show a penitence proportioned to his crime. To have laid such hands on Cariharte, who might compare with even Gamenciosa, for gentility and propriety!"—"Alas, Senor Monopadis," returned Cariharte, still crying, "don't threaten poor Repolido; bad as he is, I love him better than I do my own limbs. The good reasons that Gamenciosa has given in his favour, have so changed my opinion, that, in truth, I feel half inclined to go and see what is become of the creature."—"No—that thou shalt not, by my counsel," returned Gamenciosa. "He would think you worth nothing if you were to make yourself too cheap. Have a little patience, sister; you will soon see, as I have said, that he comes in penitence; and, if he does not come, we will write him some verses that will set him mad."—"Aye, truly," said Cariharte; "I can say a thousand things to vex him."—"And I will be the poet," said Monopadis; "for, though I am no wit, I could make a hundred verses while you would be reading them; and if they are not good, there is a barber, a friend of mine, a famous genius, who will mend them: so now, as all else is finished, let the breakfast be finished." Cariharte was contented to obey the chief, so every one resumed his occupation; and, in a minute, you could have seen the bottom of the basket, and the dregs of the leather wine barrel. The old people drank without end; the youths did the same; and the women imitated them. The two ancients then demanded leave to depart, which was acceded to by Monopadis, who recommended their coming, with the required punctuality, to give account of all that might be of profit or use for the interests of the fraternity. They had nothing more at heart, they said, as they went away. Bincon, who was naturally inquisitive, having obtained permission to speak, inquired of Monopadis, of what use to the company were those two silent personages? Monopadis replied, that such persons were, in their dialect, called drones, and their employment consisting in perambulating the city by day to find out what dwelling was fit to enter by night—to follow those who received sums at the public offices—to mark where they resided—to observe the most probable way to get at it, &c. &c.; in short, they were a species of pointers, of great necessity to the company, and who received a fifth of all secured through their intelligence, just as the king did from all mines and treasures—that, otherwise, they were men of honest and good life and reputation, dwelling in the fear of God and their consciences, and every day attending mass with sincere devotion. "Among them, for we have several besides those just gone, are two who adopt the trade of porters, by the which they make many changes of furnitures, &c. in the houses they carry a worse thing into, and take a better out; and, by it, also, they learn to know those which are worth entering, and which are not."—"All that is surprising," said Bincon. "I hope I may ever be of such

advantage to this worthy commodity."—"Heaven encourage goodness," said Monopadis. As they thus discoursed, some one called at the gate. Monopadis went to it, to ask who was there. A voice replied, "Open, Senor Monopadis; it is Repolido." As soon as Cariharte heard this, she called out aloud, "No—don't open, Senor Monopadis—don't open to that sailor of Tarpeya—to that tiger of Olagno." Monopadis, notwithstanding, opened the gate; the which Cariharte seeing, she rose up, ran into the Hall of Bucklers, and having dashed the door after her, cried out from within, "Away, away from me, with your pleasant countenance, you murderer of the innocent, you bugbear of the dove." Maniferro and Chiquisnaque restrained Repolido, who would absolutely enter where Cariharte was, when they would not allow him. "Very well, my good girl," said he; "don't vex yourself any longer; good day, and I hope to hear yet of your being well married."—"Married! you malignant devil you," replied Cariharte. "I hope to be hanged first; though you'd give your eyes it was to yourself, that you would. But I'd rather be the bride of a skeleton out of the grave."—"Have done, fool," replied Repolido, "have done; it is already late, and you had better not wait to be prayed to, for fear that I may not wait to pray. I speak to you quietly now; but if I once get into a passion, this morning was play to it. Hear reason, and don't let us give a dinner to the evil one."—"That I would, and a supper to boot, if he would but carry thee off to where my eyes might never light on thee."—"I tell thee," replied Repolido, "that, as Heaven's my hearer, if I am obliged to have recourse to Don Strap, you shall have it by the dozen, gratis." Monopadis interrupted him with—"No one should talk of being driven to such excess in my presence. Cariharte will come forward—not through fear of you, but regard for me; and it will be as it ought—the quarrels of lovers are but the renewal of love. Juanna, my dear daughter, come out for my sake, that so Repolido may ask pardon of thee on his knees."—"Provided he promises that," said Esculante, "we will all join for him in praying Cariharte to open the door."—"If it was to be looked on as a submission to the contempt of the one who made it," said Repolido, "I would not do it for an army of Swiss; but if it is to give pleasure to Cariharte, I am ready to knock a nail into my forehead." Chiquisnaque and Maniferro burst out laughing, which so angered Repolido, imagining that they mocked at him, that, with an air of anger, he exclaimed, "Whoso laughs, or is inclined to laugh at any thing Cariharte has said, or may say, against me—or at any thing I have said, or may say, against her, is a liar—aye, and will be a liar every time that he laughs, as I already said." The two bravos regarded Repolido then with such a sullen look, that Monopadis saw well there would be a storm if he did not turn it off—for which reason, putting himself between them, he said, "Senors, let this end here; and let no such other words pass your mouths: those that have been spoken, as they have gone in at one ear, have also gone out at the other, they belong to nobody."—"Not to us, at least," said Chiquisnaque; "such impertinences durst never have been meant for us; if they had—" "I say again," said Repolido, "that whoso diverts himself at our expence, lies: if any one chuses to gainsay me, he has only to follow me, and he shall have striking conviction of what I advance;" and, so saying, he moved a step towards the gate. Cariharte, who overheard all, no sooner found him about to go, than out she came, exclaiming, "Don't let him

stir—don't you see he is in a passion—and then he's as brave as Judas Macaret.* Return, Don Haughty—my precious;" and she flung her arms round his neck, while Monopadis seized him by the cloak to stop his departure. The bravos, not certain whether they ought, or ought not, to be in a passion, awaited quietly to see what Repolido intended, who, finding himself thus entreated by Cariharte and Monopadis, turned to them, saying, "Friends should never vex friends, or mock at them when they saw that they did not understand the jest."—"There is here no friend," replied Maniferro, "who wishes to vex or jest at his friend; and, as we are all friends, let us shake hands upon it."—"Gentlemen," said Monopadis, "you speak as friends should;" and they all shook hands with each other. Esculante then took off one of her shoes, turned it, and touched it on the in-sole, in the manner and tone of a tambourine. Gamenciosa seized upon a palm broom, which lay near by accident, and, in scraping it along, contrived from it a sound, that, though harsh and rude, accorded perfectly with the shoe tambourine. Monopadis broke an earthen platter; and, from two morsels of it that he struck one against the other, there resulted a *contre-point* in unison with the shoe and the brush. The two novices were utterly astonished at the invention of the broom which they had never before seen; and Maniferro, observing their surprise, said to them, "I see our concert amuses you. Never music was so promptly invented, executed so easily, or at a cheaper expense, since the world was a world: indeed, it is but a day or two ago, that I heard a scholar declare, that neither Morpheus, who drew his mistress from hell; nor Marion, who rode about the sea on a dolphin, just as if it was a kind mule; nor that other great musician, who built a city with a thousand gates, ever invented a sort of music so agreeable to hear, so quick to learn, so easy to play, and with so little of making; and yet the inventor is a very young man of this city, I hear, who, however, is quite a Hector in music."—"I can believe it," said Bincon, ready to laugh outright; "but let us listen. It seems to me that Gamenciosa is going to sing, for she smiles." Monopadis had begged the two young women to sing a *seguidella*. Esculante began first, and, in a sharp and cracked tone, gave the following verse:—

" ' Oh, take me to the Prado!
Is all my new Montilla's cry;
' Oh, take me to the Prado,
Nor hide me thus from ev'ry eye! "

Gamenciosa then took it up, and sung—

" Oh, buy me, buy me, buy me,
A pair of amber ear-rings small;
Oh, try me, try me, try me,
And I'll become you best of all."

Monopadis, hemming his voice as clear as he might, resumed the strain with allusive gallantry, and continued thus:—

" Two hearts that have been fighting,
When once the silly quarrel ends,
In the new peace delighting,
Become the better friends."

* Maccabeus.

Cariharte, not wishing to pass over in silence the pleasure she felt from the return and repentance of her lover, took off her shoe likewise, and, beating it in time, she accompanied the others, singing—

“We ne’er should lay the stick, love,
Upon the beauty we adore;
In her ourselves we strike, love—
Then, dearest, strike thyself no more.”

“Agreed;” replied Repolido, “so no more of it. The past is past. Let us take a new theme, and have done with the old.” They had no notion, however, of so soon having done with their couplets, when they heard a thundering knock at the gate. Monopadis went forthwith to see who was there; and the sentinel told him that, at the end of the street, there appeared the *alcalde* of justice, and before him Tordillo and Cornicola, the under *alguazils*. Those within, hearing this advice, were so troubled at it, that Cariharte and Esculante shoved on their shoes wrong side out—Gamenciosa flung down her broom—Monopadis his bits of platter—and the whole orchestra, dumb through fear, rested in profound silence—Chiquisnaque lost his sight—Repolido fainted—Maniferro sprang up the wall to escape into the next street. Never sudden shot more terrified a flock of pigeons, than did the news of the *alcalde*’s apparition this assembly of honest folks. The two novices, not knowing what part to take, stood quite quiet, awaiting the result of the hurricane, which subsided at the second report of the sentinel, that the *alcalde* had passed on without betraying any suspicion. As the youth gave this information, a young coxcomb of a cavalier came up. Monopadis brought him in with him to the little hall, and calling “Chiquisnaque—Maniferro, and Repolido,” desired all the others to stay where they were. Bincon and Costado got so near as to hear the conversation with the new comer. The latter asked Monopadis “why he had so ill executed his orders?” Monopadis replied “he was ignorant how it had been done, but that he who was charged with the affair was on the spot to answer in person.” Chiquisnaque then came forward, and Monopadis demanded of him “if he had not done as he was ordered about the *picado** of the fourteen points?”—“What!” exclaimed the bravo, “the *picado* for the little merchant of the cross-way?”—“The very same,” replied the cavalier. “What passed on that occasion, you shall hear,” returned the bravo. “I waited him from dusk at his own door; he arrived just a little before night. I looked in his face, and saw it so small, that it was the impossible of impossibilities to grave there the fourteen pointed *picado*; and so—not to fail my destruction—”—“Instruction,” said the cavalier.—“Just so,” continued the bravo. “Well, finding I could do nothing with such a scrap of visage as the master’s, I printed the fourteen points on the servant’s, which was full large for my purpose.”—“I had much rather,” returned the cavalier, “that you had given even seven pinks to the master, than fourteen to the man; it was not acting honourably by me; but, no matter, I shall not forget the thirty ducats you got as a whet.” And so saying, he turned to go away; Monopadis catching him by the cloak, said to him, “Stop, *Senor*, if you please, and keep your word with us, as we have loyally kept ours with you; there are still due to

* *Picase*, to pink.

us twenty ducats, and you do not stir from this till you either give them, or a pledge for them."—"What! you call it keeping one's word," said the cavalier, "to give the pinking to the valet, that was ordered for the master?"—"Well, and is it not nearly the same thing?" replied the bravo. "According to the old adage—'love me, love my dog.'"—"And what has this proverb to say to the affair in question?" resumed the cavalier.—"Why, it is as much as to say, 'hate my dog, hate me,'" continued the bravo.—"The valet is the dog, and your hatred is thus shown for the master. So, as that settles your debt, you must now settle ours, without more words."—"Chiquisnaque speaks like an oracle," said Monopadis; "so, my good Senor, there is no use in attempting to trick your friends. Pay at once what is done—and if you would give the master as much as his face will hold, fancy him under the barber's hands already."—"If I was sure of this," replied the cavalier, "I would pay willingly."—"Be as sure of it as that you are a Christian," said Monopadis, "Chisquisnaque shall set his mark so well, that it will look as if he was born with it."—"Well," replied the cavalier, "on that promise, here is a golden chain I will leave you as a pledge for the twenty ducats due, and the forty for the *picado* to come. It weighs a thousand reals, and, probably, it may remain with you entirely; for I foresee that I shall require another fourteen point *picado* before many days."—Undoing a chain which went several times round his neck, he handed it to Monopadis, who, by the touch and weight, knew at once it was of no composition; and, thanking him with much ceremony for it, he charged the bravo "not to be later than that same night in the execution of his office." The cavalier then went off, well satisfied; and Monopadis, calling all his company about him, drew from the hood of his cloak some tablets which, not knowing how to read, any more than the rest of the fraternity present, he begged of Bincon to do it for him. The youth, opening the first half, read—

"List of Picadoes, to be given this week :

"First, to the merchant of the crossway, price 60 dollars:—Received on account, 30.—Agent, Chiquisnaque."

"I think there is nothing more, my child," said Monopadis; "pass on, and see what is written under the head 'Drubbings.'" Bincon turned the leaf, and found—

"List of Drubbings :

"To the victualler of the alfalz, 12 of the best blows, at a dollar a blow. Received on account, 8 dollars.—Time within 6 days."

"We may rub out that article," said Maniferro, "because to-night I shall bring its receipt."—"Is there any other article?" inquired Monopadis.—"Yes," replied Bincon, "one more, which runs thus:—

"To the hump-backed tailor, nicknamed the giber, 12 blows of the best quality, at the suit of the donna, whose pearl necklace he has in pledge.—Agent, Dimochado."

"I am much surprised," observed Monopadis, "that this article has not been yet rubbed out; it must be that Dimochado is ill, for the time is passed."—"I saw him yesterday," said Maniferro; "he told me the humpback had been ill, and did not stir out."—"Something of the sort, I guessed."—"I knew Dimochado for a good and punctual workman.

Any thing more, my boy?"—"No, *Senor*;" returned Bincon.—"Well, look for 'List of Punishments.'" Bincon, turning over some leaves, found written,—

"List of Punishments, to be levied in common; that is to say, bottles of ink dashed in the face—unctions of juniper-oil—inquisition scapularies—frights—threats of the *picado*—calumnies—anecdotes, &c. &c."

"Look lower down," said Monopadis.—"Juniper-oil unction," said Bincon.—"The house?"—"Not mentioned," replied the youth.—"No matter, I think I know it," said Monopadis, "for I take that little job on myself; it is four dollars easily gained. Any thing more?—go on, if my memory does not deceive me, there ought to be there, a twenty-dollar fright—the half paid beforehand—and the whole gang charged with its execution—time, the present month. It shall be one of the best turns that Seville has had played in it for some years. Give me the book, youth—I know there is nothing more; the business grows slack. However, when things are at worst, they mend; we shall, very likely, soon have more on our hands than we can well manage. Not a leaf falls without the will of Heaven; we cannot drag customers here whether they will or not; and, unluckily, many folks do their own business now, at a cheaper rate they pretend than they can get it done."—"It is but too true," said Repolido; "but, *Senor Monopadis*, consider, it grows late, and the sun grows hot."—"Then," returned Monopadis, "let each to his post, and no change till Sunday, when we all meet here, and divide whatever Heaven may send in the mean, without injury to any one. Bincon and Costado shall have for district, till then, from the Golden Tower to the castle gate, where they may work, seated at ease. I have seen lads of but very scarce wit, gain more than twenty reals a day there, with a single pack of cards that wanted five. *Gamenciosa*, you will point out this division; and even should you extend it to St. Sebastian and St. Elnore, there will be no harm done, as it is, in fact, a mixed jurisdiction, though no one interferes there with his neighbours. The two novices thanked him for their promotion, and promised fidelity and industry in their avocation. Monopadis, drawing from the cape of his cloak a folded paper, bid Bincon set down their names on it among the list of the fraternity; but as there was no ink, he gave it to them to fill up at the first apothecaries' shop. Just then came in an old brother thief, who said, "Gentlemen, I have just met Lobitto and Malaya outside the gate, and they swear that they are much cleverer at the profession than formerly; insomuch as, that, with good cards, they could coax the money even out of the devil's inside pocket; and that, as it is now too late, on Sunday, if you allow, they will be here to register themselves anew, and take orders."—"I used to think," said Monopadis, "that this Lobitto had good abilities, though he made a bad use of them. He has the most dexterous fingers for his trade that one could desire: it will be his own fault if he is not a first-rate workman."—"I have also to tell you," added the old thief, "that I saw, a minute since, at the Golden Sun, the Jew in the habit of an ecclesiastic. He is there because that two Indians from Peru lodge in the hotel, and he hopes to get into play with them and some of their ingots. He assured me he would not fail the Sunday meeting, nor a good account of his time."—"This Jew," said Monopadis, "is an able and witty person as ever I met. It is long since I saw him; and he is wrong in not letting me see

him oftener. By St. Jerome, if he does not correct himself of that bad habit, I will expose him. The rascal has no more a degree than the Grand Turk, and knows just as much Latin as my grandmother. Is there any news?"—"No," replied the old man, "none, that I know of."—"All the better," returned Monopadis: "take among ye this trifle;" and he gave forty reals to them to share. "Let none miss the Sunday: the work shall then be punctually paid up." Every one returned thanks—Repolido and Cariharte embraced—Esculante with Maniferro, and Gamenciosa with Chiquisnaque, followed the example, and agreed to meet at night at Dame Pipota's, where Monopadis said he would go to examine the wash-basket, and afterward to dispense the unction of juniper oil; and so separated they all for the time being.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

SCENE.—*A Suite of Rooms in Portland Place; the walls hung with some of the finest works of the old Masters; and the tables covered with books, portfolios, and costly curiosities.*

TIME.—*Nine o'Clock in the Evening.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—*About a hundred and fifty Gentlemen, of all sizes and ages—of all callings, pursuits, and ranks—sitting, standing, and walking.*

Coffee with the chill off, and Tea with it on, to be had every five minutes. Solid mahogany Toast, and transparent gauze Bread and Butter, as an ad libitum accompaniment to the Tea and Coffee.

Groups of Talkers and Listeners scattered about.

FIRST GROUP.

Mr. A—n—l—y. WERE you in the House, Sir George, when Mr. Peel made his famous "breaking-in-upon-the-Constitution" speech?

Sir George M—. I was; and a more humiliating spectacle I never beheld. I looked at the man, and thought of Satan's Address to Beelzebub, "rolling in the fiery gulph:"—

"If thou beest he; but, oh! how fallen! how changed
 "From him, who, in the days of Liverpool,
 "Clothed with the cause that made thee what thou art,
 "Didst win applause: if he, whom mutual league,
 "United thoughts and counsels, equal hope,
 "And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
 "Joined with him once, into what pit, and from
 "What height, thou'rt fallen!"

Mr. A—n—l—y. I wonder no one got up, and asked the renegade why he deserted Canning in 1827, and played the spaniel to Wellington in 1829?

Sir George M——. He would have told you, if so interrogated, that “existing circumstances” justified his *present* course; and referred you to Canning’s own declarations in Parliament, as a proof that his *former* one was without reproach, in the estimation of Canning himself.

Mr. M——*d.* Yes; and he might have done so honestly, in what regards the latter case. Some letters passed between Mr. Peel and Mr. Canning, on that occasion, which, I dare say, ARE STILL IN EXISTENCE. Mr. Peel’s reasons, why, in his own judgment, he could not continue to hold the office of *Home Secretary*, under a Premier whose policy was favorable to the Catholic Claims, (even though that policy was never separated from guards and securities,) carried a reluctant conviction to the mind of Mr. Canning. He did, indeed, think, the scruples of his Right Hon. friend, were somewhat too refined; a little too nicely weighed; but they appeared to spring from such a pure and delicate sense of public honor and official duty, that they commanded his respect and acquiescence. They were confined, however, EXCLUSIVELY to the view taken by Mr. Peel, of the peculiar relations which subsisted between the government of Ireland and the Home Secretary; and had it not been that Mr. Peel happened to entertain a remarkable predilection, just at that time, for the situation of Home Secretary, preferring it to any other, except, perhaps, that of First Lord of the Treasury; had it not been for this singular attachment to the ONLY office he knew he could not hold, consistently with his previous declaration, he admitted there was nothing in Mr. Canning’s politics touching the Catholic Question, which ought to be a bar to his acceptance of office as Foreign or Colonial Secretary; or as Chancellor of the Exchequer. But all his affections had taken root in Whitehall; he could not reconcile himself to the thought of being transplanted. It was natural, therefore, that Mr. Canning should honor his motives, and bear public testimony to their apparent purity. Good Heavens! Had Canning lived to witness this same Robert Peel, this squeamish Home Secretary of 1827, bring in a bill, as the apostate Home Secretary of 1829, to concede, without guard or protection, the WHOLE of the Catholic Claims—had he lived to hear the prostitute arguments, by which he endeavoured to brazen out his apostacy; the draggle-tailed morality, in which he bedizened his conviction, how deep, how unutterable, would have been his contempt for the man—or, if not unutterable, how withering the indignant scorn with which he would have laid bare the rottenness of his principles.

Mr. D. The plain fact of the matter is, that though, from obvious causes, Mr. Peel’s dereliction stands pre-eminently conspicuous, there has been a frightful competition among our public men for the crown of infamy. As to Peel, if he has ever read, and remembers, or should he hereafter read and reflect, he would find little difficulty, I apprehend, in applying *some* of the caustic invectives which the pen of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams heaped upon a renegade of his day, (William Pulteney, First Earl of Bath,) whose political guilt, after all, was not a tythe of that of the late member for Oxford. Take the following stanzas for example, from “*Britannia’s Ghost*.”

While Robert, seeking lost repose,
His downy pillow prest,
Fresh horrors in his soul arose.
And further banished rest.

For, lo ! Britannia by his side,
 All ghastly, faint, and wan,
 Thus in indignant accents cried,
 " Oh, base to God and man !

" How canst thou hope that balmy sleep
 Should close thy guilty eyes,
 When all Britannia's sons must weep
 Her fall in thy sacrifice ?

" Long had she trusted to thine aid
 Against her bosom-foe,
 Depending on the vows you made
 To ward the fatal blow.

" Hence, she each traitor had supprest,
 Or boldly had defied ;
 Till, leaning on her guardian's breast,
 His treacherous arm she spied."

The following lines, too, from " A Ballad in imitation of William and Margaret," addressed to the Earl of Bath, would not be altogether without its application :—

Bethink thee of thy broken trust,
 Thy vows to me unpaid ;
 Thy honour, humbled in the dust,
 Thy country's weal betrayed.

For this, may all my vengeance fall
 On thy devoted head !
 LIVING, BE THOU THE SCORN OF ALL ;
 THE CURSE OF ALL, WHEN DEAD !

Mr. A—n—l—y. You may depend upon it he would read these, or any thing ten times as strong, without wincing. When a man's conscience is once seared, and his face well bronzed, when he has arrived at that point which enables him to set *himself* at defiance, he is not accessible to the "paper pellets of the brain." Take my word for it, however, the events of the last two months have sown the seeds of a harvest which will be reaped in blood and misery to thousands. A whole nation is not suddenly wrought into an attitude of retributive justice upon its oppressors. But the *feeling* of injury is deep and general. Confidence in public men is *destroyed*. The people of England have now before their eyes, not insulated instances of shameless tergiversation, such as must happen, from time to time, as long as man is man ; but the example of whole classes making a mockery of public honour, and private character, such as can never happen, except when the body politic has fallen into that state of disease which only a thorough purgation can cure. They are the plague spots—the blotches of the commonwealth, which, all history teaches us, bring on, sooner or later, the crisis that resolves the powers of the state into their original elements. I lament that the measure has been carried ; but I lament infinitely more, that it has been carried by such degenerate instruments.

Sir George M. Being carried, however, and being now the law of the land, we are told, by high authority, it is our duty, as good and loyal subjects to obey.

Mr. M—d. That doctrine, pushed to its legitimate consequences,

would exact from us obedience to every act of the parliament, till we were stripped of all our legal and constitutional rights. If we are denied the power, by petition, to arrest the progress of a bill before it is a law, and if we are to be subjected to its authority when it is a law, at what point, I should like to know, is resistance to tyranny, or impatience of misgovernment, to manifest itself? But we need not perplex ourselves with these subtleties. Every nation that knows the value of freedom, knows the way to obtain it; and no nation has given so many and such signal proofs of this truth as England. The country feels itself disgraced and insulted; disgraced, in the unparalleled baseness of its representatives, and its hereditary legislators; insulted by the contemptuous disregard of its voice, as conveyed through innumerable channels, to parliament and the throne. *It will forget neither.*

Dr. S—r. It is neither possible, nor desirable, that it should be forgotten. In many a fierce struggle hereafter, the sin of the present day will be the watch-word and rallying sign of the sound democracy of England. The whole herd of the Lyndhursts, the Lethbridges, &c., the rank and file in both houses, who have marched, and counter-marched, like well-disciplined divisions, at the word of command, may pass away, and rot in dishonourable graves; but the mischief they have done in holding up to public scorn and derision the authority of parliament as founded upon the dignity and purity of its proceedings, will remain, like a festering sore, till the last vestige of it is eradicated. It must be the wish of all honest hearts, that the remedy should be applied before the authors of the evil are remembered only by their legacy. It would cost them as little to protest, next year, that every Catholic ought to be broiled alive in Smithfield, as it did this year, that every Catholic ought to have whatever it was his pleasure to demand. Such pliant senators are adapted to any kind of work.

Mr. D. The king himself,—

* * * * *

SECOND GROUP. (*A loud burst of laughter.*)

Mr. S—n. (*Laughing, a gorge déployée, and at least half a minute after all the rest had done.*) Ha! ha! ha! That is excellent! It is one of the happiest applications of a quotation I ever heard. It beats my story of the oculist all to nothing.

Dr. U—ns. What is your story of the oculist? I never heard it.

Mr. S—n. Oh, yes, you have, I am sure.

Dr. U—ns. Then I have forgotten it, so it will be as good as new. Let us have it.

Mr. S—n. You remember Sir William Adams, afterwards Sir William Rawson, which name he took in consequence of some property he succeeded to by right of his wife, I believe. Poor fellow! He was one of the victims of the South American mining mania. He plunged deeply into speculation, and wrote pamphlets to prove that so much gold and silver must ultimately find its way into Europe from Mexico, that all the existing relations of value would be utterly destroyed. He believed what he wrote, though he failed to demonstrate what he believed. At one period, to my positive knowledge, he might have withdrawn himself from all his speculations with at least a hundred thousand pounds in his pocket; but he fancied he had discovered the philosopher's stone—dreamed of wealth beyond what he could count,—

went on—was beggared,—and you know how and where he died. Poor fellow! He deserved a better fate. He was a kind-hearted creature; and if he coveted a princely fortune, I am satisfied he would have used it like a prince. But I am forgetting my story. Well, then. It was after he had totally relinquished his profession as an oculist, that he might devote his entire time and attention to the Mexican mining affairs, that a gentleman, ignorant of the circumstance, called upon him one morning to consult him. Sir William looked at him for a moment, and then exclaimed, in the words of Macbeth, addressing Banquo's ghost, "Avaunt—there is no speculation in those eyes!"—[Another loud laugh.]

Dr. U—ns. Ha! ha! ha! very good: but too good for my friend Sir William. I never knew him guilty of saying a good thing; and not often of comprehending one.

Major P—r—tt. His apprehension was not so slow, I suppose, as that of a gentleman in whose company I dined yesterday, who broke out into a violent fit of laughter, half an hour after a joke had been passed, protesting, with great earnestness, that he had only just then discovered its meaning.

Mr. S—n. That's nothing compared to Lord Sundon, who was one of the Commissioners of the Treasury in the reign of George II. The celebrated Bob Doddington was a colleague of the noble lord, and was always complaining of his slowness of comprehension. One day that Lord Sundon laughed at something which Doddington had said, Winnington, another member of the board, said to him, in a whisper, "You are very ungrateful: you see Lord Sundon takes your joke."—"No, no," replied Doddington, "he is laughing now at what I said last board day."

Mr. G—t, (a gentleman weighing eighteen stone, with a wooden leg, and a cork hand.) Talking of apt quotations, I'll give you an instance of an apt translation. Lord North, whom the Oxonians used to call their witty chancellor, was performing the office of a *Cicerone*, or, in other words, showing the lions of the University, to a lady. They came to the schools. The lady was inquisitive. She asked the meaning of "*Ars Grammatica*," "*Ars Logica*," &c. &c. written over the doors. Lord North explained. At length she espied "*Ars Musica*."—"That," said the lady, "means of course —." "Yes," interrupted Lord North, "that is what we call in English *bum-fiddle*!"

Dr. U—ns. That's a pun, and a vile one. I abhor punning. It is the very lowest species of wit, if indeed it can be called wit at all. Any booby can make a bad pun, and I never heard a good one.

Major P—r—tt. Then I'll tell you one, Doctor, and you shall confess it is a good one. A certain person, who shall be nameless, filled the situation of Plumian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford. He was a great stickler for decorum, and all due respect to his office. One day he received a letter by the post, directed to himself, as the *Plumbian* Professor. He shook with indignation. What an insult! *Plumbian* professor! *Leaden* professor! Was it meant to be insinuated that there was any thing of a leaden quality in his lectures or writings! While thus irate, a friend of the professor happened to drop in. He showed him the letter, and expatiated upon the indignity of the superscription. His friend endeavoured to convince him that it must be merely a slip of the pen. In vain. The professor would not be pacified. "Well," said his

friend, "at any rate, it is evident the *b* has stung you." What do you say to that, Doctor?

Mr. G.—*l.* (*The gentleman with a cork hand, a wooden leg, and carrying twenty stone.*)—The Doctor is silent, though I see the outward and visible sign, of an inward and struggling laugh. Let me try if I cannot draw it forth. I was in company some time since with George Colman, "the younger," as the old fellow still styles himself. It was shortly after the death of Mrs. ———, the wife of a popular actor, and at that time an unpopular manager. Some one at table observed that "Mr. ——— had suffered a loss in the death of his wife, which he would not soon be able to *make up*."—"I don't know how that may be," replied George, drily, "but to tell you the truth, I don't think he has quarrelled with his loss yet."

Dr. U.—ns walked away, rubbing his chin and mouth, and joined the

THIRD GROUP.

Sir Robert A.—*t.* I'll tell you a remarkable circumstance connected with the death of the late Marquis of Londonderry, *which I know to be a fact*, and which seems to prove that the lamentable catastrophe of his decease was not the consequence of any sudden paroxysm of insanity. After his death there was found, among his papers, a letter addressed to Mr. Canning, recommending to his particular patronage, a young man in whose welfare the Marquis of Londonderry was warmly interested. He had been educated for a diplomatic life, and the Marquis had undertaken to promote his views. It would appear, therefore, the noble Marquis was well aware that Mr. Canning was the only individual likely to succeed him in his high office of Foreign Secretary. *I know* the young man in whose favour the letter was written; and *I know* that he was appointed, by Mr. Canning, Secretary of Legation to one of the South American Republics.

Sir Benjamin H. That is a singular and interesting circumstance; but quite consistent with the character of the late Marquis. He cared as little for life, as life, as any man I ever knew. He had a thorough disregard of personal danger. It is within my own knowledge, that individuals would frequently request interviews with him, to communicate intelligence of plots, intended attacks, &c. His answer always used to be, "If you have any thing to tell me which concerns the safety of the cabinet generally, or of any one of my colleagues, I'll hear you; but if it is merely to announce that this or that person, or that two or three, have sworn to kill me, I wish to know nothing about it; for I am well aware, if any one has determined to assassinate me, though I may frustrate him to-day, he will succeed to-morrow or next day. I do not say," he would continue, "that were I told a man will be lying in wait for me to-night, at a particular hour, and a particular place, I would purposely go to that place at that hour; but I am determined not to trouble myself about general menaces."

Mr. T.—*ss.* There was much sound philosophy in that view of the question, circumstanced as the late Marquis was, being at no time, (except perhaps immediately after the peace of Paris, in 1814) a popular minister. He was well aware that the life of any man is in the hands of him, who stakes his own in the taking of it.

FOURTH GROUP.

Professor S—t. I confess I am one of those who think that the popular voice ought to prevail when it is clearly and distinctly pronounced. I would yield nothing to mere clamour; nothing to faction; but to the public will, every thing. In short, I am almost democratic, enough to assert that the "*vox populi*" is the "*vox Dei*."

The Rev. Mr. H—t. You remind me of an anecdote I heard, when I was a very young man, at the University; and which I have never since forgotten, so strong an impression did it produce. It was a reply made to the celebrated John Wesley, by his sister. Wesley had been insisting, in a company where she was present, (much in the same way as you have been doing) that the will of the many should be the law of the whole; and avowing that the "*vox populi, vox Dei*," was his motto. "Yes, brother," she said, with a quiet emphasis of manner, "and the *vox populi*, cried aloud, CRUCIFY! CRUCIFY!" When we consider to whom this reply was made,—to a man who was exalting himself by preaching the doctrines of Christianity in what he devoutly believed to be their purest and most acceptable form,—it is hardly possible to conceive a finer rebuke.

Mr. C—p. Well, I don't see any thing so fine in it; I think I could have said the same myself, and much better.

The Rev. Mr. H—t. (laughing.) You are like an Irish barrister I have heard of. He had the failing of Goldsmith, in an eminent degree: that of believing he could do every thing better than any other person. This propensity exhibited itself ludicrously enough on one occasion, when a violent influenza prevailed in Dublin. A friend who happened to meet him, mentioned a particular acquaintance, and observed, that he had had the influenza very bad. "Bad!" exclaimed the other, "I don't know how bad he has had it, but I am sure I have had it quite as bad as he, or any one else."—"Not quite, I think," replied his friend, "for poor Mr. Gillicuddy is dead."—"Well," rejoined our tenacious optimist, "and what of that? I could have died too, if I had liked it."

Mr. C—p. (A little sulky.) I don't see any thing in that either to laugh at: it's very well; but nothing particular.

[*Eleven o'Clock. Groups grow thin, and disappear.—The stream sets in for the staircase.—Some saunter along, as if admiring the pictures which are hung on each side, and make a sudden exit when opposite the door.—Others button their coats, and put on their walking gloves, with a cool determination to go home.—A few, who have the felicity of knowing the host, (who is standing with his back to the fire-place, to keep the night air from three coals that are still burning in one corner) deliberately approach, and bow good night, or familiarly shake hands with him, according to their respective degrees of intimacy.—The opening and shutting of the street door is heard every minute.*]

EXEUNT OMNES.

LITERARY PROPERTY.*

IN the objects of their protection, and the variety of solicitude with which it is bestowed, the laws of every country, during any given period, afford a fair indication of the tastes and general advancement of its ruling classes. Labour will not be directed towards any particular production without security for its enjoyment; and, accordingly, if a want be felt for any specific object, care will be taken that the law throw around it the requisite protection. Were a country to be discovered in which copyright was found secured by laws, which permitted the owner of a work to set spring guns in booksellers shops to preserve it from piracy, by shooting the purchasers of pirated editions—to seize printing presses, on the presumption that they were kept with intent to be used in the piracy of books—or to arm copyright keepers with bludgeons, for the purpose of going about knocking all literary poachers on the head, while the same laws disqualified from the perusal of a book every one who had not lands, either in his own right, or his wife's right, of the annual value of one hundred pounds, nor any lease of the yearly value of one hundred and fifty pounds, nor unless he were the son and heir apparent of an esquire, or other person of higher degree—we should be driven to infer a most unusual love of learning in the rulers of that country, and the most intense selfishness in its gratification. It is true that indications so conclusive as these are seldom to be met with; and, at all events, whatever other tastes the institutions of *one* country at least may bespeak, we are aware of none which display a correspondent passion for learning. The code of literary jurisprudence may, however, generally be taken as a sort of thermometer in the moral world—a pretty accurate index of the influences to which such a code must necessarily be subject; and we believe it will be found that the extending protection to literary property which, in different countries, that code has from time to time afforded, has been in close consistency with the degree in which the rulers in each participated in the general advancement of the age.

In Greece and Rome, indeed, where learning was in high esteem, it appears that, notwithstanding authors were in the habit of selling such copies of their works as they could get transcribed, and the sale of those copies constituted a branch of trade, the law did not recognize any exclusive proprietorship in the copyright.† But then, it is to be remembered, the labour and cost of transcribing must have been so great, as to have contracted sale within very narrow limits; and we can conceive of nothing short of the capability of multiplying to some such extent as that which the art of printing has introduced, which could render piracy a pursuit sufficiently alluring to call forth the protection of the law against it. Legislation has its origin only in some antecedent want; and a law for the protection of literary property, in a country destitute of the knowledge of printing, would be about as much required, as one to guard from imitation the Logos of Leonardi da Vinci, or the Cartoons of Raphael. Galen might have delivered, to the hour of his death, surgical

* A Treatise on the Laws of Literary Property, with an Historical View and Disquisitions on the Principles and Effects of the Laws. By Robert Maugham, Secretary to the Law Institution, &c. London, Longman and Co., Dixon and Co., Adam Black, Edinburgh. 1828. 10s. 6d.

† Dissertation sur la Propriété Littéraire, et la Librairie chez les Anciens, lue le 27 Nov. 1827, à la Société d'Emulation du Département de l'Ain.

lectures to his pupils, but if there were no *Lancet* to report them, how should we ever have heard of an injunction for their protection?

Antecedently to the year 1777, under the selfish regime of an imbecile noblesse, the law of France contained no positive recognition of literary proprietorship; and copyright enjoyed only that sort of security which was involved in a state license obtained for a particular work. A royal decree of that year established its existence, but, by a whimsical caprice, while the decree bestowed a copyright in perpetuity on the author, so long as it remained in the hands of himself, or his descendants, the very act of assignment to a bookseller, restricted the period of enjoyment to the author's life. The right accidentally perished at the revolution in the comprehensive blow which the National Assembly struck at all "privileges," but it was revived by a decree of 1793, which, including authors of every description, composers of music, painters and engravers, gave an unqualified power of disposition to the author, and his representatives, for the life of the former, and ten years after his death; and a decree of 1810 continued the copyright to the widow for her life, and to the children for twenty years from the death of the survivor. Still these repeated extensions were insufficient to satisfy the growing conviction of the French nation of the necessity of affording to literature further protection. Struck with the spectacle of the descendants of those who had enriched the literature of the country by their labours, being left in a state of destitution because the law did not allow their ancestors to transmit to them the fruits of their labours, the people became desirous of having the whole matter placed on a more liberal footing. The subject was again, accordingly, brought before the legislature, and, at the close of the year 1825, a commission was appointed to revise the whole state of the law of literary property. The commission was composed of twenty-two members of the council of state and of the institute, with the Duke de la Rochefoucault at their head, the president of the department of fine arts, four literary men, and two booksellers. They proceeded in their task with great spirit, and the whole matter underwent the most thorough discussion. It was originally proposed to establish an absolute perpetuity; but some practical difficulties appeared to the committee to oppose themselves to this, and it was finally resolved to recommend the extension of the period to fifty years beyond the death of the author. The draught of a law, conformably with this principle, was appended to the report,* but we believe the sanction of the legislature yet remains to be given to it. The commissioners state in their report, in reference to the law, "The regulations which it contains are the most favourable that have ever existed in any country for authors and their families. They will encourage men of talent to compose great and serious works, by the certainty that their families will possess in them, for a long time, an honourable patrimony." If duration of proprietorship be, however, any criterion of favour to authors, the committee were in one respect mistaken:—in the majority, we believe the whole of the German states, the right is enjoyed in perpetuity.

Though in modern times the French have thus outstripped us, in the zeal they have displayed for the interests of literature, the literary labourer was, in England, placed under the protection of the law at a much earlier period than he was in France. It is fortunate, however,

* *Jurist*, No. 1.

for the theory with which we started, that we can account for the absence even of a far earlier protection, in the causes we have assigned for a similar state of things in the old republics:—so antient an inhabitant is learning said to have been of these isles, that Cleland, the philologist, launching forth into the greatest rhapsody about the sublime discoveries of the druids, asserts, what Cicero alleged to be only matter of opinion as to Athens, was literally true as to Britain,—“Unde humanitas, doctrina, religio, fruges jura leges ortæ atque in omnes terras distributæ putantur.”* The precise period at which that protection commenced is not however known, though, from the habit which prevailed on the introduction of printing of resorting to the Pope, and the Venetian, and the Florentine republics, for an exclusive license of publication,† it could not have been until some time after that period. Still it is probable, as the spoliation on individual labour, which this power of infinite multiplication was capable of producing, became more manifest, protection would have gradually sprung up; and Carte, the historian, states, that, on examining one of the registers of the Stationers’ Company, from 1556 to 1595, “he was surprised to find, even in the infancy of English printing, above *two thousand copies of books* entered as the property of particular persons, either in the whole, or in shares; and mentioned, from time to time, to *descend*, be *sold*, and be *conveyed* to others; and the whole tenor of these registers is a clear proof of authors and proprietors having always enjoyed a sole and exclusive right of printing copies, and that no other person whatever was allowed to invade their right.” Indeed, by the reign of Anne, so completely was copyright established, that an action of damages lay for its infringement. No judicial declaration had pronounced any specific period for the continuance of the right, nor does it appear that any thing arose to call for it. There is no ground of distinction, however, between literary and every other species of property, and there could be no reason, therefore, why this was to be the exception to the ordinary principle, which bestowed a proprietorship co-existent with the subject—matter of every right:—

“The absence of judicial authority,” says Mr. Maugham, “can form no objection to the claim. It was not *decided* until within a century of the present time, that a title to literary property could be maintained, even *prior* to publication, and that according to the principles of the common law, no distance of time, however great, could authorize a publication without the consent of the author: as in the cases of *Lord Clarendon’s History* and the *Letters of Pope*.” p. 7.

But, by the reign of Anne, it began to be seriously felt that the remedies of the common law were an insufficient protection, and, in the year 1710, an act was introduced for the purpose of extending the additional security of penalties:

“The liberty now set on foot of breaking through this ancient and reasonable usage,” said one of the papers given in to the members in support of the bill, “is no way to be effectually restrained but by an act of parliament. For, by common law, a bookseller can recover no more costs than he can prove damage; but it is impossible for him to prove the tenth, nay, perhaps the hundredth part of the damage he suffers, because a thousand counterfeit copies may be dispersed into as many different hands all over the kingdom,

* Way to Things by Words, and to Words by Things, page 68. 8vo. 1766.

† Westminster Review, No. 20, art. “Literary Property and Patents.”

and he not able to prove the sale of ten. Besides, the defendant is always a pauper, and so the plaintiff must lose his costs of suit. Therefore, the only remedy by the common law is, to confine a beggar to the rules of the King's Bench, or Fleet, and there he will continue the evil practice with impunity. We, therefore, pray, that confiscation of counterfeit copies be one of the penalties inflicted on offenders."

Penalties accordingly followed; but the House of Lords, alarmed at their establishment in *perpetuum*, refused to grant them for any thing but a limited term. The act being made to speak of *vesting* a property in the author, and containing a clause professing to *bestow* the privilege of printing for a term, it seems somewhat, in language, as if it had been creating a right anew. Still, at the period at which it was passed, it was only regarded as conferring *additional* security: least of all was it supposed to have abridged the period of proprietorship thus tacitly assumed to have existed at the common law. "It certainly," says a high authority, "went to the committee as a bill to *secure the undoubted property of copies for ever*. It is plain objections arose in the committee to the *generality* of the proposition, which ended in securing the property of copies *for a term*, without prejudice to either side of the question upon the *general* proposition *as to the right*." *

By the year 1760, a suspicion having notwithstanding got abroad that, in opposition to the popular apprehension, the law, in reality, only recognized the existence of copyright for the restricted period mentioned in the statute of Anne, the booksellers became anxious to obtain a decision of the question, and a fictitious action was instituted for the purpose. The case was very elaborately argued before the judges, but the collusive character of the proceedings having come to their ears, they refused to proceed, though not it appears until after they had arrived at an unanimous opinion in favour of the continuance of the perpetuity. A piracy perpetrated on Thomson's Seasons, after the period specified in the statute had expired, about seven years afterwards, again, however, brought the question before the court in the celebrated case of Millar and Taylor; in which the two propositions set up for the defence were:—

1st., That the common law had never, in point of fact, given any property in literary composition; and

2dly., That if it had, the statute had abridged the term.

The arguments in support of the first, were the finest specimens of legal piling it has ever been our luck to meet with. It was urged that mental productions could not fall within the legal definitions of property—that there could be no property in ideas—that thought was common stock—accordingly there could be no appropriation of the thinking faculty—and that the very act of publication was a dedication—a gratuitous present to the public. The second proposition was principally maintained on the construction of the statute. The defendant found a staunch supporter in Mr. Justice Yates, but the other three judges of the court, with Lord Mansfield in their number, as stoutly opposed him, and Judge Yates being outvoted, a judgment was given establishing the perpetuity of copyright.

But the matter was not fated to rest here. The principle of the decision became afterwards the subject of appeal to the Lords in the case

* Mr. Justice Willes in the case of Millar and Taylor.

of Donaldson and Becket, and the whole question was once again ripped up. The appeal was mainly supported by Lord Thurlow, then attorney-general, and Sir J. Dalrymple, with much variety of assertion, but with little novelty of argument. Sir J. Dalrymple's address was one continued display of buffoonery; but in his illustration of the proposition that publication is a dedication to the public, he quite out-heroded himself. "Besides," says he, "there are various methods of conveying ideas—by looks, at which the ladies are most expert. Now an ogle is a lady's own whilst in private, but if she ogles publicly, they are every body's property." Convincing as might have been Sir J. Dalrymple's wit to his audience, it was not quite so pointed as Falstaff's. Be her eyes ever so active, no lady ever bestows her ogles gratuitously. She ogles only for a return, and dear enough too is often the price at which her ogles are purchased. With Lord Thurlow this would not have affected the aptitude of the illustration. So admirable a political economist was his Lordship, "Publication was in his mind *sale*."* The assistance of the twelve judges was called in, and of these there were eight to three of opinion that a perpetuity in copyright had had an existence previously to the existence of the statute of Anne. On the second question, that involving the construction of the statute, they would have been equally divided, had not Lord Mansfield, from the etiquette of the House, been prevented, as a peer, from supporting his own judgment. As it was, the opinions accordingly stood six to five in favour of the abrogation of the right by the statute. Unfortunately, Lord Camden took up the case very strongly against both the existence and the expedience of the right of proprietorship, and the judgment in the court below was ultimately reversed.

"It is evident," says Mr. Maugham, "that the several Universities were as little prepared as any individual author or publisher, for the decision of the House of Lords, which overthrew the exercise of unlimited copyright, although it had prevailed, not only all the time antecedently to the 8th Anne, but for sixty-five years subsequently. The Universities hastened immediately to Parliament, and in the same year, 1775, obtained an act for the two Universities in England, the four Universities in Scotland, and the several Colleges of Eton, Westminster, and Winchester, to hold in *perpetuity* their copyright in books given or bequeathed to the said Universities and Colleges, for the advancement of useful learning, and other purposes of education." p. 33.

To the Universities alone were the favours of parliament confined; nor were any other steps taken to meet the consequences of this decision, until an act passed in the latter part of last reign at length extended the period of proprietorship from fourteen to twenty-eight years; and for the additional contingent of fourteen then existing, substituted the life of the author, other statutes having placed the Fine Arts pretty much on the same footing of protection.

Unfortunately, while contrasted with other countries, literary compositions are, with us, thus in point of protection left so comparatively exposed, on the score of taxation, we present to foreign states a contrast still more invidious. "In no other country," say the committee of 1818, in their report, "as far as the committee have been able to procure information, is any demand of this kind carried to a similar extent. In America, Prussia, Saxony, and Bavaria, one copy only is required to be

* Cobbett's Parliamentary Debates, vol. 17, pp. 62, 967.

deposited ; in France and Austria, two ; and in the Netherlands, three ; but in several of these countries the delivery is not necessary, unless copyright is intended to be claimed." But with us the public libraries* actually sweep off eleven copies of every work which issues from the press. It is true, that on those of small value and extensive editions, the loss of eleven copies may not be felt as a very grievous sacrifice ; yet, even with reference to these we cannot help admitting the proposition of the authors in their able petition to the House in 1818. "To deliver eleven copies out of the regular number is a subtraction from the petitioners and their assigns of the whole trade sale price of those eleven copies when the impression sells ; and if the impression should not sell, then the petitioners are aggrieved by the loss of the amount of the paper and printing of so many copies ; and they submit, that if this amount be in some cases not large, yet it is considerable in the aggregate of the whole quantity demanded ; and no law of any country has made the amount of any property the measure or the standard of right and justice respecting it : the smallest quantity of value is protected to every one as much as the greatest ; the legal right is the same, whatever be the pecuniary amount ; and all penal codes for the preservation of property are founded on this natural principle so essential to the general welfare of society."

Of the extent of "the aggregate of the whole quantity demanded," the evidence of a few of the booksellers affords us some slight indication. In their petition of the 9th April, 1813, the Edinburgh booksellers stated, that in the books recently published, and then in the course of publication at Edinburgh, the amount would not be less than one thousand four hundred and twenty-six pounds eight shillings and sixpence. In the petition of Messrs. Longman and Co., presented in 1818, it was declared that, since the passing of the act of 1814, and the date of the petition, the eleven copies of works delivered by their house to the eleven libraries, had cost them three thousand pounds, or nearly so ; and, in the general petition of the London booksellers, presented in the March following, it appeared that, during the same time, the cost to Mr. Murray had been one thousand two hundred and seventy-five pounds.

The method of estimating the loss, not at the selling, but at the cost price of the copies, was happily exposed by Lord Althorp in the debate which arose on bringing up the petition of the authors in 1818. "With respect to the Right Honourable and learned Gentleman's (now Lord Plunkett) observation on the mode of calculating the evil, surely, if a farmer was obliged to give away a bushel of wheat which he could sell at a certain sum, the loss he would sustain would not merely be what the bushel had cost himself, but the price at which he might sell it."

Supposing the tax, however, to press comparatively lightly on one class of works, it may be imagined with what weight it will fall on the other, when it is remembered that Mr. Sharon Turner handed in to the committee of 1813 a list of eleven, on which it would have amounted to five thousand six hundred and ninety-eight pounds one shilling. Of these, one alone, The British Gallery of Engravings, made up one

* These libraries are the Royal Library, the libraries of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and of the four Universities in Scotland ; the library of Sion College in London, of the Faculty of Advocates, in Edinburgh, and the libraries of Trinity College, and the King's Inns, Dublin.

thousand and sixty-five pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence; and, another, Daniel's Oriental Scenery, actually amounted to two thousand three hundred and ten pounds. Mr. Turner shrewdly observed, that in each one of these cases the tax was as complete an invasion on individual property as would be an enactment that a silversmith should give to these public bodies eleven silver candlesticks. Had he alluded to candlesticks of *gold* instead of silver, and those, too, of a pretty massive character, we suspect, in these two instances, he would scarcely have been guilty of exaggeration.

It is the object of Mr. Maugham's work to place this miserable condition of the jurisprudence of our literature once more before the public; and most heartily do we wish his book the success it deserves. The first part is devoted to an elucidation of the history, and comprises a complete compendium, of the existing state of our laws of literary property, including the Fine Arts under that term. The second is a disquisition on their principles. The latter is again divided into an examination of the objections which have been urged to a perpetuity in copyright, and the arguments on which the library tax is supported; and both display an ingenious exposure of the various fallacies with which sophistry has contrived to mystify this simple question. We select a few of the more important.

Whenever a pretext is wanting for the injustice thus done to the literary labourer, there is none more often resorted to than one which comes wearing the smiling air of a compliment. Authors, it is said, require no extension of copyright: beings of an ethereal mould, they look down with as much contempt on gold as would Cobbett on a bit of the filthy rag signed by a Bank Director, and stamped with the number one thousand. "Glory is the reward of science, and those who deserve it scorn all meaner views." Now, grand as all this would sound if put into heroics, as a *fact* from which to deduce a principle of legislation, it has one unlucky drawback, and that is, that it is *not true*. Unfortunately for authors, they are destitute neither of stomachs or gastric juices; and they have legs and other parts which require to be covered; nor is it so pleasant in these days of luxury and splendour—days in which it may be said of all the world, like the people in the fable of the Abeilles:—"on s'habille au-dessus de sa qualité pour être estimé plus qu'on n'est par la multitude,"—to be forced to walk the streets in ragged breeches—like Johnson, to remain at home for a pair of shoes—or, with Polyglot, to have to lie in bed for want of a shirt. But, to be serious, a more preposterous piece of declamation never escaped the lips of man; and we are glad to find it so ably grappled with by Mr. Maugham. After alluding to the absurdity of pronouncing men "mean," simply because they desire to be paid for their services, he goes on to observe—

"There is yet another class of men, the most numerous of all, who are not actuated by any *single* predominant motive, to whom neither glory, nor gain, are master passions; but who are influenced by mixed motives, and who would bestow greater exertions, if their social, as well as selfish feelings, were equally gratified. Why should we not use all the means which justice permits, to excite men to the exertion of their best faculties?"

"He who can, by his works, obtain not only the prospect of future fame, but the substantial advantage of immediate recompense, with a provision for his family after his death, will labour with greater diligence than those who are incited only by the desire of posthumous renown.

"The reward of glory may, indeed, stimulate the production of works of pure genius, and the more especially as the exercise of the imagination is so peculiarly delightful; but this cannot be the case, in an equal degree, in the department of philosophy. Great, persevering, and often painful labour, is necessary to the accomplishment of many works of science; and, therefore, every possible inducement should be added, instead of being diminished, that may tend to encourage the prosecution of such labours.

"*Besides, an author who wished for no other reward than renown, might still exercise his liberality, and either present his labours gratuitously to the public, or bestow them on some meritorious object. He can do so now in favour of the Universities; and the glory of the bequest would be greater, because it would be more rare and generous.*" p. 187.

Such then being the real state of the case when stripped of its false decorations, let us see what are the objections to holding out the utmost stimulus to production to which the law is capable of being applied, by securing to the labourer the whole fruit of his labour. The only two of these which have ever appeared to us worth listening to are well answered by Mr. Maugham:—

"It is objected," says he, "that it would prolong the power of the owner to deal with the public as he chose, and that he might *either suppress a valuable work, or put an exorbitant price upon it*; in both of which events the public would be injured.

"The fear of *suppression* may be easily provided against. If the proprietor does not re-print the work when required within a reasonable time, there would be no injustice in considering the copyright as abandoned. It is replied that there would be a difficulty in proving an abandonment. We do not perceive the difficulty, at least, in the majority of instances and regulations which experience would suggest, might be adapted to circumstances. Generally speaking, if it were worth while to re-print a work, the copies of which were exhausted, it would not be abandoned. When it was out of print, notice might be given to the last publisher and entered in the registry of the Stationer's Company; and if at the expiration of a certain length of time (perhaps proportionate to the magnitude of the work) it were not re-printed, it might then become common property." pp. 184-5.

With respect to the price, he elsewhere observes:

"It is obvious, that if the period were extended, a higher remuneration might be afforded for works of superior importance, on account of the enduring nature of the property in them. The profit, it is true, might not be rapid, but its unlimited continuance would, generally, in the result, compensate for the advance of a larger amount of capital. We might illustrate this fact by reference to the nature of leasehold and freehold property. For all ordinary purposes to the great bulk of mankind, long leasehold property is really as useful as freehold, and endures as long as the lives of any for whom they feel an interest; yet we may perceive that such is not the general feeling, for the price in the market is exceedingly different: men are content with about three per cent. when it is ensured to them in perpetuity, but they expect seven or eight in the other case, though it may last out three generations.

"The cheapness of a work would thus obviously be promoted by the just extension of the period of its protection, because the proprietor would not depend upon any sudden return of his capital, but proportion his gain to the extent of its duration. As he would ultimately receive a better remuneration, he could afford to diminish its present amount. The calculation is now made upon an immediate return: if that does not take place, the work is supposed to be condemned—no matter what may be its intrinsic merits, no further efforts are made to bring them before the notice of the public. The legal period being so short, it is not deemed worth while to keep open the account, and it is closed as soon as possible." p. 194.

Indeed, the price of a book appears to us to be a good deal dependant upon circumstances not very different from those which regulate the rate at which an annuity is sold. Whenever a book is first brought into the market, the price will necessarily be, to some extent, adjusted by a comparison to other works of similar pretensions. But then, it must be remembered, that while there are so many of these, all vying with each other, and such numerous competitors, each eager to push those published by himself into circulation, the result will be a general tendency to adjust the prices of the whole at the lowest point which will return the ordinary profits on capital. Of course, the more extensive the circulation, or what amounts to nearly the same thing, the longer it continues, the lower down on the scale will this point be; just as the better the life on which it is to be granted, the less will be the annuity which a purchaser will be content to take in return for any given purchase-money. Such is the sensitiveness of the public on the point, that those not conversant with the book-trade could scarcely conceive how trifling an addition to the price of a book would operate in deterioration of its sale. "Suppose an octavo book," is asked Mr. Baldwin, by the committee of 1818, "of 400 or 500 pages, which sells at nine or twelve shillings: would an addition to the price, of *sixpence*, materially injure the sale?" He answers—"In some instances it might operate prejudicially, though it would not be so material an addition as to a book of 5*s.* 6*d.*; but, still, I think it *would be prejudicial to the sale*; and particularly, in a popular work, it may be considered *such an addition as to operate as an objection to the work*."—Min. of Ev. p. 45. There is abundance of other evidence to the same effect.

But although we admit that a rise in price would be a calamity for which even an increase of production could scarcely compensate, it must not be forgotten that there is every reason to presume that the narrowness of the present term of proprietorship conduces to keep many works from coming into existence.—

"It is a fact," says Mr. Maugham, "proved by indisputable evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, that many important works of an expensive nature have not been published, owing to the hardships imposed by the law. A great part of that hardship is attributable to the heavy tax of the eleven presentation copies for the public libraries (which we shall presently examine)—but much also of disadvantage arises, even as regards those costly publications, from the limitation of time." p. 193.

We confess we think it impossible to read the evidence without coming to the same conclusion—nor when it is remembered at what immense cost, both of money and labour, many works are brought into being—how high-priced these must necessarily be—and how protracted, consequently, the period to bring them into a remunerating circulation, we do not see how any person could require any further demonstration of the fact, than that which he would get by walking into a bookseller's shop, and looking over his catalogue of standard books. Milton said of Truth that it was like a bastard, at its birth, so little credit did it draw down on those who brought it forth; and, assuredly, it is too much the fate of *all* truth long to have to shine in darkness, while "the darkness comprehendeth it not." It must necessarily, therefore, occasionally happen, that, some books which stand out beyond the age in which they are written, accident may serve to repress the circulation of others; and thus, beside the class to which we have just been alluding, there will

always be another with which all protection, not carried to a comparatively remote period will be utterly worthless. The *Esprit des Lois* of Montesquieu is an apt illustration of this ; and we refer to it because it gives us occasion to quote the observation made by D'Alembert in tracing its history, which in one short but brilliant passage, admirably depicts the gradual process by which all the great works written for the instruction of mankind arrive at their ultimate renown. " Il fallut que les véritables juges eussent eu le temps de lire : bientôt ils ramenèrent la multitude toujours prompte à changer d'avis. La partie du public qui enseigne dicta à la partie qui écoute ce qu'elle devoit penser et dire ; et les suffrages des hommes éclairés, joint aux échos qui le répétaient, ne forma de plus qu'une voix dans toute l'Europe." Still, we have no occasion to go for proof to foreign countries. The fate of our own Milton's *Paradise Lost* is well known ; and Hume's *History*, to use Mr. Maugham's phrase, "fell still-born from the press."

When Lope de Vega, the Spanish dramatist, was twitted by the critics for the boldness with which he set all the Aristotelian rules of criticism at defiance, he made a reply, which has been translated into French :—

" Le peuple est mon maitre ; il faut bien lui servir,

" Il faut pour son argent lui donner ce qu'il aime."

It happened, in this particular case, that the taste of the multitude was better than that of the critics ; but the people, in general, rather require to be taught by their writers, than to direct the character of their writings. Yet, unfortunately, the existing state of the law, as far as *any* state of the law *can* operate, has the additional objection of tending to contravene these the best interests of society :—

" Authors," says Mr. Maugham, "are at present discouraged from executing works of a standard nature, because such works demand the labour of a life. It is evident that talent may be more profitably employed in the attention to works of temporary excitement. The fashion of a particular age or season is consulted, instead of the general and enduring interest of the community. The question with an author who is about to select the sphere of his literary labour, is not determined by any opinion of what will be beneficial to mankind at large, or ultimately ensure his own reputation, but what will sell the best in the literary market." p. 192.

The whole principle on which the library tax is justified is very successfully attacked by Mr. Maugham :—

" But the law," says he, "is said to be beneficial to general literature, by *affording to men of literary talents and industry the means of information*, and enabling them to accomplish works of the highest merit and utility.

" This is too barefaced an excuse for injustice : it is robbing Peter, not to *pay* Paul, but to enable him dishonestly to live at the expense of Peter. The men of ' literary talents and industry,' who *have* accomplished works of merit and ability, are to be deprived of a large part of their profit, where any exists, in order that others may avail themselves of the results of their industry gratuitously. Surely, the fellows of these learned Universities, who favour the world with their collegiate lucubrations, and who set their own price upon them, should stand on the same footing as other literary men, and purchase the materials which they require in the course of their labours. It may be *very convenient*, but it cannot be just, that by the aid of these Universities a writer should possess himself of the property of his predecessors, for which no remuneration whatever has been made. And, after all, there is not the plea

of necessity in favour of the injustice; for it is the common practice of an author who is engaged in a work, in the preparation of which he has occasion to refer to a variety of books, to obtain them from his publisher; and it is part of the understanding between them, that all the books which are necessary shall be lent him. Of course there is, of all others, the least difficulty in supplying the modern publications. And, we presume, no one who is tolerably acquainted with the history and circumstances of literature, can believe that it has been, or is likely to be, benefited or improved by the doctrine, for the first time laid down in 1812, that the Universities are entitled to copies of every publication. We may venture to say, that if not the best authors of the present age, at least, as good as any others, are unconnected with the Universities, and derive no advantage whatever from the accumulations which have been made in their libraries, either since 1812, when every book has been supplied, or prior to that time, when the registered books only were delivered. Indeed, it is absurd to suppose that the intellect of the country is to be advanced by such paltry means, and the true friends of academic learning are, no doubt, as much ashamed of the folly of such an argument, as of the dishonesty of such a principle.

"Supposing, however, all these considerations set aside, let us inquire what is really the use of the single copy given to any one University? In general, the books are of no use whatever to any one in any of the colleges. Of the far greater portion, not a single page is ever read. It either is utterly useless, or is so considered for all collegiate purposes. Indeed, how can it be otherwise, when the libraries indiscriminately demand their copies of every publication—of all the trash, folly, and obscenity, which find their way out of the press?

"But suppose the work to be really valuable, either for its profound philosophy or learning, or for the popularity of the subject and the talent it indicates; then every one becomes desirous to read it. Thousands of students apply for it; and what is the consequence? As but few can possibly obtain it, the work is either purchased or borrowed from the common circulating libraries, and the copy in each of the eleven libraries has precisely the effect of preventing purchases from the author, for the sole benefit of a few individuals, who can either do without the book, or afford to pay for it." p.p. 199, 200.

With respect to the indiscriminate demand of the libraries, we suppose Mr. Maugham will be met with this stale apology, that they are willing to return the books which are not deemed, on examination, to be appropriate for their shelves. The value of this apology is, however, just *nothing*. Booksellers are not less keen-witted than other men in looking after their interests, yet they do not avail themselves of the offer; and the fact that they do not is the proof that the rejected books are not of the class on which the tax is felt; at least not to so great a degree as to make it worth while to incur the *trouble and cost of reclaiming them*. But when people pretend to be liberal, it is well to take the gauge of their liberality. Hear then, as far as the Bodleian at least is concerned, the evidence of one of the curators before the committee of 1818:—

"What proportion do you suppose the number rejected bears to the number deposited?—A very small proportion; not perhaps one in a hundred, or less perhaps.

"Speaking generally, what do you suppose to be the value of the books rejected in the course of a year?—£3 or £4, not more."*

Mr. Maugham exposes, with equal success, what we may call the advertisement fallacy:—

* Rev. Thomas Gaisford, Minutes of Evidence, p. 105.

"Amongst other arguments, or rather pretences, in support of the policy, if not the justice of the law, it has been strangely contended that the sale of valuable publications is favoured by an opportunity being offered of seeing such works in the public libraries, and thus awakening a relish for them! Nothing can exceed the puerility, untruthfulness, or misapprehension of such a suggestion. We take it, that, if the knowledge of the public with respect to new publications, were restricted to such information as they could obtain from their deposit in the libraries named in the Act of Parliament, very few of them would find purchasers. Indeed, a single advertisement or notice in a periodical work of extensive circulation, will evidently effect more in behalf of the work, than if it were bestowed upon every college in the empire. We may be sure there is no lack of inclination to purchase able and useful publications, and if the supply could be made at a cheap rate, it is scarcely possible to estimate the extent of the demand. It is perfectly childish to talk of the excitement produced by seeing books in a public library, when compared with the effect of their exhibition in the shops of the booksellers. In London there is one copy deposited in the British Museum; and another, for the benefit of the clergy, in Sion College: compare the number of persons who look at books of any kind in those two repositories, with those who are attracted by their exhibition in other ways, and we shall be satisfied of the fallacy of the notion. The fact is, that the British Museum (to which no one would object that a copy should be presented) is resorted to, generally, not for the purpose of reading new publications, but to consult those which are old and scarce; and it is to the periodical press, and to the activity of publishers, that an author can alone look for 'awakening a relish,' for any production that can now be offered to the public." p.p. 203-4.

Had Mr. Maugham been desirous of sparing himself the trouble of refuting so preposterous a vindication, he need only have quoted the short answer of the extensive publisher to whom we have previously alluded, to the same committee. "*Do you conceive that your publications acquire any advantage by any such supposed notoriety?*"—"We do not consider the supposition of notoriety, arising from the depositing of the books, to be well founded, or productive of any advantage; if we did, we should send the books to the public libraries without any compulsion."*

We suppose the day is already set in on which *bullism* is to be wiped out from among the national characteristics of Ireland. We avail ourselves, however, of its brief existence to observe that the "encouragement to literature," as it is called, which we have been sketching must be an encouragement only of an Irish nature. Those were not the encouragements which called into existence the splendour that shone around the pontificate of Leo—nor was it by laying on men of learning "burthens grievous to be borne," that Louis in France, and Elizabeth in England, revived, each in their own times, the Augustan age of old Rome. Not, indeed, that we are exactly admirers of the *pensioning* system. With literature, as with much else, "*laissez faire*," and not "encouragement," is our motto—nor is the lesson which Mr. Burke pointed out with reference to political less applicable than to intellectual advancement, when he attributed the prosperity of our North American colonies to the circumstance, that, "through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature had been suffered to take her own way to perfection."† But whatever may be our notions on this subject, assuredly it is impossible to dissent from Mr. Maugham:—

* Mr. Baldwin's Min. of Ev. p. 47.

† Speech on Conciliation with America.

"The law in its present state is a disgrace to the country. It is an anomaly in our legislative system. Let men of letters be placed, at least, on equal terms with the commonest artizan. We think the tax on the 'raw material' of paper might be diminished; but if that cannot be done, surely the manufactured article of books should be free from impost. Every principle of political economy demands it, and the more especially, when it is recollected that the tax is not imposed for the benefit of the state or the community, but in favour only of chartered bodies, whose wealth and immunities are already sufficiently abundant.

"If our literature be equal to that of the continental states, let us imitate their example: let us cease to injure, and *really* encourage those to whom we are indebted for our eminence. If it be inferior, let us lose no time in removing every impediment from its way, and introducing every means that can facilitate its improvement, and promote its rise: let not Great Britain be the country in which literary property is burthened more oppressively, in a six-fold degree, than any other nation of the civilized world; rather let her abolish the imposition altogether, and surpass even the republics of the new world, as she undoubtedly might the monarchies of the old." pp. 206-7.

CLASSICAL CORRECTIONS: No. I.

In a neat little cottage, some five miles from town,
Lived a pretty young maiden, by name Daphne Brown,
Like a butterfly, pretty and airy:
In a village hard by lived a medical prig,
With a rubicund nose, and a full-bottomed wig—
Apollo, the apothecary.

He, being crop-sick of his bachelor life,
Resolved, in his old days, to look for a wife—
(*Nota bene*—Thank Heaven, I'm not married):
He envied his neighbours their curly-poled brats,
(All swarming, as if in a village of Pats),
And sighed that so long he had tarried.

Having heard of fair Daphne, the village coquette,
As women to splendour were never blind yet,
He resolved with his grandeur to strike her;
So he bought a new buggy, where, girt in a wreath,
Were his arms, pills and pestle—this motto beneath—
"*Ego opifer per orbem dicor.*"

To the village he drove, sought young Daphne's old sire,
Counted gold by rouleaus, and bank notes by the quire,
And promised the old buck a share in't,
If his daughter he'd give—for the amorous fool
Thought of young ladies' hearts and affections the rule
Apparently rests with a parent.

Alas ! his old mouth may long water in vain,
Who tries by this method a mistress to gain—

A *miss* is the sure termination :

For a maiden's delight is to plague the old boy,
And to think sixty-five not the period for joy ;

Alas ! all the sex are vexation.

Daphne Brown had two eyes with the tenderest glances ;
Her brain had been tickled by reading romances,

And those compounds of nonsense called novels,

Where Augustus and Ellen, or fair Isabel,
With Romeo, in sweet little cottages dwell :

Sed meo periclo, read hovels.

She had toiled through Clarissa ; Camilla could quote ;
Knew the raptures of Werter and Charlotte by rote ;

Thought Smith and Sir Walter extatic ;

And as for the novels of Miss Lefanu,

She dog's-eared them till the whole twenty looked blue ;

And studied *The Monk* in the attic.

When her sire introduced our Apollo, he found
The maiden in torrents of sympathy drowned—

"Floods of tears" is too trite and too common :

Her eyes were quite swelled—her lips pouting and pale ;
For she just had been reading that heart-breaking tale,

"Annabelle, or the Sufferings of Woman."

Apollo, I'll swear, had more courage than I,
To accost a young maid with a *drop in her eye* ;

I'd as soon catch a snake or a viper :

She, while wiping her tears, gives Apollo some wipes ;

And when a young lady has set up her pipes,

Her lover will soon pay the piper.

Papa locked her up—but the very next night,
With a cornet of horse, the young lady took flight :

To Apollo she left this apology—

"That, were she to spend with an old man her life,

She would gain, by the penance she'd bear as a wife,

A place in the next martyrology."

Apollo gave chase, but was destined to fail ;
The female had safely been lodged in the mail,

Now flying full speed to the borders :

So the doctor, compelled his sad fate to endure,
Came back to his shop, commissioned to cure

All disorders but Cupid's disorders.

W. C. T.

THE PIMENTO FAMILY ; OR, SPOILED CHILDREN.

SIR PETER PIMENTO is an eminent West-India merchant, remarkable for coolness of temper both as merchant and husband ; Lady P. (ere-while Miss Penelope Harpoon, and daughter of a Greenland trader) is, on the contrary, remarkable for a sort of pepperiness of temper, which acquired her the reputation of a vixen whilst yet a mere minx, a virago when a virgin, and a Xantippe now she is a wife. Her absolute "*shall*" was a *fiat* not to be contravened in Lothbury during her maidenage, nor in Finsbury-square, in her wifeage ; at least by beings bearing as little gall about them as the humble and peace-loving Sir Peter. If clerk or cook, house-maid or nurse-maid, exhibited the slightest spice of opposition to the home-administration, the house was dissolved *sine die*, and the malcontents expelled, to find new constituents, if they could.

Sir Peter, in the three preparatory years of his wedded infelicity, was, on three several occasions, made happy, though exceedingly incommoded, by the production of two sons and a daughter, to be the olive-branches of his table. A hundred humble names were, with all proper submission, suggested by Sir Peter, as cognomens for the crude Pimentos, but were all and severally over-ruled by the absolute "*it shall not be*" of his lady ; and, accordingly, young Pimento, No. 1, was christened Alfred ; No. 2, Augustus ; and No. 3, Amarantha, because she had been pronounced by Mrs. Deputy Dogrove (who was cultivating botany) to be the flower of the Pimentos. Sir Peter would have preferred the plain English triumvirate of John, George, and Betty ; but when he muttered, rather than audibly expressed, his "three wishes" on that important head, a toss of another head, a dilatation of the nostrils, and a frown, put down the ineffectual opposition ; and the quiet-loving merchant succumbed away from the pertinaciousness of his spouse to the price-current, and the averages of rums, sugars, gingers, and arrow-root.

Twelve years passed, and the young Pimentos really began to grow "very interesting" at the dinner-parties with which the hospitable merchant entertained his friends during school vacations, that the juveniles might see something of the world, and the world see something of the juveniles. Master Alfred could rant the soliloquies in *Douglas*, and, to shew the versatility of his genius, perform "Little Pickle," with an additional scene (got up by Lady Pimento herself, who began to betray symptoms of *bleu-ism*), in which he set fire to a chintz curtain, broke some china chimney-ornaments, upset a dumb-waiter, and fired a cracker under the chair of his indulgent papa. The several parties who were made audiences of his pranks, pronounced him to be a prodigy in mischief ; Lady P. was delighted ; while the "judicious" Sir Peter grieved.

Master Augustus was also a prodigy, but in another line. He could hit the house-cat on the nose with a blunt arrow five times out of ten, and strike an egg out of a breakfast-cup once out of twice, if he did not break both cup and egg at the first five. It was, indeed, prophesied by the sporting part of the city, that he must ultimately become the first shot of his day.

Miss Amarantha was the third prodigy—a musical and metrical prodigy. *M. M. New Series.*—VOL. VII. No. 42. 4 K

digy. In her eleventh summer she could make verses ; and, in her twelfth, marry metre to music, but, like most early marriages, they jangled most deplorably. Her master, Signor Soprano, pronounced her, as well as he could express his flattery, to be "a Billington in the bud ;" and her ladyship, as sugars were "looking up" in the market, raised the professor's salary half-a-guinea per quarter.

Under the instruction of the Signor, Miss Amarantha had already began to scream out "sounds it was a misery to hear," and thump the piano in such a manner as was barbarous to behold. *Di piacer*, and *Una voce poco fa*, filled the town-house in Finsbury with "discords dire," the superflux half filling the area forming the square, and frightening that merchant-congregating spot "from its propriety." Lady P., however, and her *coterie* were delighted to observe the devotion with which the young lady went through the rudimentary martyrdom of her musical education.

I have foretold a principal incident in my history ; for it was at this era that Peter Pimento, Esquire, became Sir Peter Pimento, Knight. He had been elected Sheriff of London ; and an address of congratulation about something procured him the intoxicating honour of knighthood. Then it was that the Pimentos "looked up ;" and Sir Peter, after much special pleading, for the sake of that peace of which, as sheriff, he was a public conservator, reluctantly agreed that a more fashionable house, and a more fashionable neighbourhood, were necessary to the double dignitaries of sheriff and knight. Accordingly, the Pimentos emigrated to Portland-place. Sir Peter, however, soon discovered that a residence so situated was too far from the city for commerce, and too near for the country air. One horn of this dilemma was soon gilt over : Lady P. insisted upon a second carriage. The merchant demurred, but in vain ; it was ordered from Birch, Prince Leopold's builder ; and Lady P. and Miss Amarantha kept it in activity,—first, by shopping-expeditions, about the West End, in the morning,—and, secondly, by putting in appearances in the Park two hours before dinner. Sir P. complained, and was told he could well afford a third carriage, for "ginger was in demand."—"Anything for a quiet life," thought Sir P. ; and a third carriage was placed on the stocks. Lady P. then discovered that her "dear Alfred" could not positively take rank with the young nobility with whom he had bowed himself into acquaintance, if he was not allowed a cabriolet.

Here Sir Peter did venture to rebel so far as to lift his eyebrows in astonishment ; and a "D—n it, Madam, this is too much !" and a positive "No !" had half-escaped his lips, when the lady informed him, in her peremptory way, that opposition was useless—it was necessary to the dignity of the family ; that she had ordered Birch to build a curricule for the "dear boy ;" and that, if Sir Peter refused the expense, she would sustain it out of her private purse, for she was determined that "the Pimentos should look up." Sir P. gave an audible "humph !" whistled a variation on a favourite air ; and then, buttoning up his coat to the collar, walked as coolly as he could to Cornhill. Fortunately for his peace of mind, good tidings from Lloyd's met him there ; and he began to think it not impossible that a merchant, whose profits were twenty thousand per annum, might sustain the rise in the demands of Lady P. and her "dear" Alfred. But he had, for the hour, forgotten that he had also a "dear Augustus." The last-named young gentleman had

lately made a match with the Hon. Mr. Wingpigeon, and, presuming on the reputation acquired in the precincts of Finsbury, had staked a cool thousand on the issue, which the noble destroyer of doves very shortly brought down in bills at six months.

"Very well," said Sir Peter, when he was made acquainted with his son's exploit—"I had fixed just that sum for his education at Oxford: I perceive that it is already finished.—Here, Lady Pimento, is a cheque for the *trifle*, as you are pleased to consider it:—if I had many such sons, such trifles would soon make me a broken merchant." A lucky speculation, the next day, restored the worthy knight to his usual placid state; and he began, philosophically, to consider children as a sort of commercial venture, which might turn out fortunate, pay the outfit, and reward the underwriters for the risk; or the reverse—just as "the Fates and Sisters three, and such like destinies," decreed.

It was at this epoch that Lady P. was struck with the discovery that it was high time the interesting and accomplished Amarantha should be brought out. Her father listened, in his usual serene way, to the suggestions of her lady mother; and, as he dared not demur, the thing was set about with becoming spirit; and routs, balls, and, to complete all, a morning concert, made Portland-place one universal chaos of carriages, company, and confusion. The young lady was, indeed, brought out to some purpose; for, at the close of the morning-concert, she was discovered to be missing, and no one knew how; but a polite note, left on her dressing-table, informed her expectant parents that she had gone the way of all runaway young ladies—*via* Gretna Green; the companion of her flight being the Signor Soprano, who had conferred on the concert the honour of his voice. Sir Peter stared, and looked puzzled, as well he might, and Lady P., for once, seemed baffled and confounded.

"This is one of the consequences of teaching a merchant's daughter the trills and tricks of an opera-singer!" said Sir Peter, with a groan:—"Lady P., I hope you are satisfied with her choice, and gratified by this result of your precepts?" Lady P. did not look as if she was; but there was no knowing, for Signor Soprano was one of Lady P.'s "dear creatures."

"Surely every thing that could tend to deprive a father of pride and comfort in his children, has happened to me!" sighed out the merchant, as he stepped out of doors, on his way to the City: but he had reckoned without his ledger, as will be hereafter seen. However, to throw a little sunshine over that hour of unhappiness to the father, the merchant received the news of the safe arrival of "the good ship Amarantha," with a fine cargo, "all well."

"Ah!" sighed Sir Peter, "the winds and waves are more obedient to my wishes, than my children!" With a lighter heart he transacted the business of the day, and returned home at five. A mob was about the door: a cabriolet broken, and a beautiful bay bleeding at the knees, told what had happened. He rushed in: Lady P. met him at the stair-foot.—"Oh, Sir Peter! Sir Peter!" exclaimed she, and fainted.

"What new horror have I next to endure?" demanded the anxious father, as his usual healthy hue forsook his face. It was explained to him, as tenderly as possible, that, whilst Mr. Alfred was "airing" Mademoiselle Pirouette, the Opera-dancer—with whom, it then came out, he had "an affair of the heart"—the bay, being high-bred, had taken fright at the red coat and wooden legs of a Chelsea pensioner, near

Kensington Gardens, and plunging into the surrounding "Ha-ha!" had broken its knees, the cabriolet, Mr. Alfred's head, and Mademoiselle Pirouette's ankle. Here Lady P. recovered; and after listening, with more patience than usual, to the lecture which her worthy husband delivered on the fashionable follies which he could foresee were destined to ruin him and his children, Lady P. commenced a reply equally eloquent, in vindication of her "dear Alfred." His errors were the errors of a young man of fashion—indications of the *esprit de corps*—signs of a noble ambition to be one of the *haut ton*. "And pray, Sir Peter," inquired the lady, to clinch the matter, "were you never guilty of any fashionable follies, when you were a young man?"—"None, Madam," replied the husband, "save going, once in the season, to Vauxhall, and twice or thrice to the theatres: these were follies sufficient to season a year. But now——"

Lady P. cut short the comparison by a second query:—"And were you never guilty of a worse folly?"—"Yes, Madam," replied the husband.—"And pray what might that be?" further inquired the lady.—"I married *you*, Madam!" answered Sir Peter. And here Lady P., who had become a patroness of *nerves*, fainted again, and was carried by her women to her bed-chamber. Sir Peter then took the road to his son's dressing-room.

On entering, he found the valet bathing the head of his heir-apparent with Eau-de-Cologne; and, truly, when the father looked in his face, he might well seem, as he was, puzzled, and somewhat dubious whether the good Samaritans who had brought him home had not brought some other unhappy father's "dear Alfred," for he could not recognize a single feature in his face.

"Good Heaven!" groaned the afflicted father, "that young men should thus wantonly risk limb and life in the pursuit of fashion!" He then gave a multiplicity of tender directions that "he should be well looked to;" and wiping the moisture of anxiety from his forehead, stepped softly out of the room, to visit his least patient patient, Lady P. He knocked gently at the door, and then entered; but what was his surprise to find "*the*" Pirouette in his lady's bed, and Lady P. on an ottoman, not quite recovered from the shock of her nerves, yet sufficiently so to command Sir Peter to leave the chamber "for a brute as he was;" which he, as a husband should, did, and, in a minute more, the house.

He was met at the door by the stable-keeper of whom the bay had been hired, who very doggedly desired to know what was to be done with the mare, for she was ruined beyond repair? "Shoot her at once, out of her misery," said Sir Peter; "and, if you have a second bullet disengaged, do me the same favour, and put down another hundred to your bill!"—"Perhaps, Sir Peter, you will oblige me with your cheque for one hundred now for the bay?" Sir Peter hesitated a moment: "I'll see the damage done first, if you please, Mr. — Mr. —. Good morning, Sir!"—and he bowed the trickster from the door, and made his way to the City.

"I am an unhappy father!" sighed the worthy merchant, as he entered his counting-house. "How is the market, Transit? how go sugars?"—"Up, Sir Peter, up—the demand is immense!" answered Mr. Transit.—"Come, this is well!" The merchant made a good morning's work, and returned in a more pleasant mood than usual to Portland-place. The lion-headed monster of his door was by that time comfort-

ably wrapped up in white kid; the blinds were down from top to bottom of his house; and the splendid carriages of three fashionable leeches were drawn up before the door.

"What now?" exclaimed Sir Peter, as he knocked softly, and then rang loudly the area-bell.—"What has happened now?" he inquired anxiously, as the door opened.—"Mademoiselle is in a fever, and the surgeons are in consultation about her ankle."—"Plague take her ankle, and its owner —"

Sir Peter had almost vented his impatience in an English way, by bestowing a few epithets of national prejudice on foreigners generally; but he restrained the Englishman, and ordering a fowl to be served up in the library, entered that abode of silence, glad to escape from his own thoughts to those of others.

He had not long enjoyed himself in the refreshing solitude of that sanctuary, when a loud noise was heard in the hall. He rushed out to see what new domestic convulsion had occurred: it was the "dear Augustus," brought home from the Red-house at Battersea, drunk with a double charge of champagne, swallowed to console him for his losses in a match at pigeon-shooting, played and payed that day. Mr. Augustus came home minus two thousand guineas, besides an annuity of twenty pounds for life upon the wife of the trap-man, whom, in his anxiety to secure the last bird, he had sent to his long account.

"Take the brute to bed!" said Sir Peter, sternly;—"and, John, countermand the fowl, and light me to my chamber. I shall breakfast at six to-morrow, John—recollect, at six." Sir Peter then retired to his chamber, which was on the same floor with his lady's; for Lady P. was already fashionable enough to insist upon the propriety of the disunion of bed, if not of board.

Sir Peter waked at six, and his chocolate was punctual. He threw up the window, and as he glanced out, observed a post-chaise and pair driving with fashionable—that is, furious—speed up Portland-place. It stopped at his door; the steps were let down, and, wrapped in a loose travelling dress, out stepped Miss Amarantha, alone. Sir Peter rang the bell hastily, and he was about to give orders that she should not be admitted; but the father overcame him, and he relented.—"Attend to the door, and admit your young lady, but deny me," said Sir Peter, with a countenance "more in sorrow than in anger."

In justice to the young lady it must be recorded that no marriageable harm had been done: for when the *lovers* had arrived half way on their route to Gretna Green, Miss Amarantha discovered that, in the hurry of her flight, she had brought away her cotton-box, in mistake for the case which contained her diamond necklace—a discovery which, by some mysterious psychological process, not thoroughly understood by the learned in love matters, acted so suddenly on the passion of Signor Soprano, that, two hours after, he stole out of the hotel where they had put up, and left the fair runaway to "gang her gate" back again.

"Take away the chocolate—I shall breakfast this morning with your mistress," said Sir Peter. He then descended by the back stairs to his library; there, shutting himself up from all interruptions, he read Bishop Horne's sermon on "Patience" twice through; and, having stored his mind with its precepts, he heard the summons to breakfast with a proper degree of composure, considering the weight of the domestic duties he had that morning to perform.

The meeting between the belligerents was what, in military phraseology, has been termed "imposing." Lady P. brought into the field a powerful force of frowns, glances like Parthian darts, a masked battery of words, and a well-placed ambush of allies; the whole being backed by an irresistible *corps de réserve* of tears, upbraidings, threats of separation, spasms, shrieks, and salts. Sir Peter, on his part, took his ground armed at all points, from a thorough consciousness that "thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just." The disputed and despised authority of the husband, the "proud wife's contumely," had stirred all his soul to the war; and whether domestic peace should smile on him in future, and dominion be allowed him over his own little kingdom and rebellious subjects, or whether anarchy and riot were to rule, was now at issue. Sir Peter advanced to the attack with a bold front, yet affecting no more courage than he felt—whilst it was easy to observe that Lady P. exhibited a certain flutter of preparation, which betrayed to the wary eye of the general the ill-disguised apprehensions of the enemy.

"Betty, leave your mistress alone with me," said the knight. Betty did as she was bid, and retired. And now there was a clear field for the contest, and no quarter expected! An awful pause ensued—to fill up which, or rather to inspirit himself to the war, Sir Peter, in the absence of Spartan fife and drum, whistled a sort of battle symphony. As the last war-note died on the gale, Lady P. made demonstrations of a wish to parley.

"Sir Peter," said the lady, "do you take chocolate or coffee this morning?"

Not a word in reply. The silence of a settled purpose sat on the soul of Sir Peter, as he half turned away from the table. This was perhaps an indiscreet movement, for he thereby left his right wing exposed to the light artillery of Lady P., which instantly, as might have been expected, commenced a galling fire.

"Really, Sir Peter," said the lady, "your contempt of me—your conduct towards me—your opposition to my most moderate wishes—your indifference to my comforts—I can only impute to your having grown weary of so virtuous, so conciliating, patient, and careful a wife!"

"Madam!" said Sir Peter, facing to the front.

"What am I to understand from your behaviour?" demanded the lady.

"You are to understand, Madam," returned the knight, "that I have at length come to the determination of being the master of my own house, and director of my own children, of whom I am, by the law of nature, the first protector, and, by the law of society, the legal and proper guardian; and whom I am, from this day, determined to guard in future from the errors into which they have fallen."

"Well, Sir Peter," returned the lady, with an air of infinite astonishment, "and who has for a moment disputed it?"

"I will do you the justice to say, that *you* have not——"

"Your candour, Sir Peter, does you honour," said Lady P., interrupting him rather too hastily.

"Hear me out, Madam!—For a *moment* you have not, but for *twenty years* you have disputed it, inch by inch, instance by instance, day by day, night by night."

"You surprise me!" said the lady.

"I meant to do so, Madam," returned the knight; "and I shall surprise you more. Know then, Madam, that from this day the firm of *Lady Pimento* and *Sir Peter Pimento*, in which I have hitherto appeared to be little more than the sleeping partner, ceases, or rather is re-modelled—the oldest partner in the house resuming his right and power to govern and direct its affairs."

"Never!" said Lady P., who could no longer restrain her rising spirit: "I will be mistress in my own family!"

"You shall be, Madam!" continued Sir P: "but the partners not agreeing as to who is the head of the house, the partnership must be dissolved."

This he said with such a cool air of settled determination as stunned his good lady into wondering silence. Lady P. bit her lips, bit the initials out of the corner of her handkerchief, and then, bouncing from her chair, would have fled the field, and left the resolved husband to enjoy in peace the honours of the war. But Sir Peter, expecting this manœuvre, had cut off her retreat, by previously locking the door, and putting the key into his pocket.

"Resume your seat, Lady Pimento."

And in this one instance the lady was certainly obedient. Sir Peter then proceeded to deliver himself as follows, but to no very attentive audience:—

"You are my wife—it is a sacred title, and imports a sacred obligation. It is not a mere empty distinction between women, but one conferring an office of most solemn duties. A wife should be a crown to her husband—her children its jewels. Her virtue should be his pride and pleasure, not his pain and punishment: for virtue in a wife is not the only thing necessary to make a husband happy;—there are other qualities—temper, cheerfulness, patience, forbearance—all essential. Her nature should soften the sternness of his, where it is stern—not stubbornly resist it where it is gentle. Her hand should gently detain him, when he would take the wrong path—not rudely pull him back, when he has made choice of the right. Her children should be as the apples of his eyes, the wine and honey of his heart, the grace and ornament of his house. They should be to him as the second spring of his own youth—the pride of his summer—the fruitfulness of his autumn—and the light and warmth of the winter of his manhood. Such should be the virtues of a wife:—I am not prepared to say, Madam, that I am the possessor of such a woman. Such should be the virtues of the children."

Here Sir Peter hid his face in his hands: Lady P. sat silent, and apparently ashamed. He resumed, after a moment—

"No, Madam! I have a wife who would endanger the fortunes of her husband for the poor ambition of moving in a circle to which the industry and success of that husband may have lifted her, but to which her birth, and habits cannot entitle her. And I have sons, who, imbibing her precepts and influenced by her example, plunge headlong into fashionable pleasures, that they may be named among the fools of Fortune to-day, only to be pitied by the wise, and laughed at by the fools they court as their companions, to-morrow. But the reign of Folly I am resolved shall cease, in my family, at least. My wife shall be a real ornament to me, or nothing: my children shall serve and enrich their country, and themselves, by their industry as merchants, and be an example of prudence, not profligacy—or they are no children of mine. Having

acquainted you with thus much of my determination, I leave you, Lady Pimento, to your own reflections ; and I trust they will be such as will bring conviction home to your bosom, and lead you to agree with me that amendment—ay, even a thorough reformation—of my family, is necessary to their reputation in this world, and their happiness in the next." So saying, he rose from his chair.

Lady P. held out to the last, but finding her supplies cut off, and her hope of maintaining the contest single-handed becoming weaker and weaker, she sent in a flag of truce ; and from that day tyranny ceased in the Pimento kingdom.

Sir Peter followed up his lectures on family government with Spartan rigour and vigour ; Mr. Augustus has merged the glory of being a first-rate shot, in the glory of being a good man upon 'Change ; Mr. Alfred has ceased to air the exotic beauties of the Opera, and has made a fortune by a speculation in tobacco ; and Miss Amarantha, putting off the "prima donna," and forgetting her Signor, has nursed her own six children, and looks to the promotion of the excellent citizen her husband to the honours of the next year's mayoralty.

INSCRIPTION IN A GARDEN AT ALTONA.

[From the German of BONSTETTEN.]

WHEN on my bed of woe I lay,
With friends all weeping by,
And felt life ebbing day by day,
And felt I dared not die—
I prayed for life ; yet had I known
The bitter days to come,
How had I shunned the thankless boon,
And joyed to meet the tomb !

A throb, a sigh, and I had slept,
Forgiving and forgiven ;
No more for love or hope had wept,
But waked to joy and heaven :
But now I live to stand alone
Upon a stormy shore,
And see each tie of life undone,
The loved return no more !

My teacher is in yonder flower—
It charms the heart and eye ;
Then comes the gale, then comes the shower,
Its hues, its perfumes die.
There speaks my fate ; in vain, in vain,
With pride, hope, love, we burn ;
The heart will never bloom again,
Life's spring will ne'er return !

Yet, ye who live on Beauty's smile,
On Glory's splendours gaze,
Who build in pride the regal pile,
Or toil for human praise,—
Remember that a nobler clime
Awaits the immortal's wing,
Where life is hallowed, grand, sublime,
And Man is more than King !

HAS ENGLAND MISGOVERNED IRELAND?

ACCORDING to the fashionable doctrine of the day, Ireland has been invariably a misgoverned country, from its conquest in the twelfth century to the present time—the governors and not the people being the cause of her manifold miseries! A fine, civilized, industrious people, governed by a long succession of barbarian pashas!

But let us imagine Strongbow and his handful of knights, squires, pages, men-at-arms, and archers, conquering three hundred thousand of the “finest people on earth,” whose princes dwelt under the canopy of Heaven, or the embowering shelter of woods, or in those magnificent palaces and castles called *boolies* (mud cow-houses), after the fashion of which are the modern cabins. In such ample variety of dwellings they abode, so long as there was pasture for their cattle; but when they had completely depastured the surrounding country, they moved on to a new region, devastating as they went; and then again set themselves down to luxuriate at leisure. These were neither locusts, nor sloths, nor wandering Arabs, but the Irish chieftains, and their tribes of the middle ages. These were the breechesless, shoeless kings, princes and warriors, who rode *sans* saddles or stirrups, to combat the English knights and men-at-arms, clad in steel from pole to sole!

It is no disparagement to Irish valour that they could not withstand the English warriors. Neither is it surprising that small accessions of numbers to the English should not, during many generations, extend the actual sway of England over eleven millions of square acres of mountains, bogs, and woods. England had not, during several ages, a superabundant population; besides which, France occupied her attention, and Ireland had been a desert in the nominal possession of tribes unacquainted with civilized life. To illustrate this point, I shall quote the following anecdote from an Irish authority:—

Sir John de Courcy having built two castles in Mac Mahon's country, that chieftain swore fidelity, and made de Courcy his *gossip*. De Courcy at length bestowed on him the castles and lands appendant to them. Within two months, Mac Mahon demolished both the castles. When asked his reason, he answered, “that he did not promise to hold stones, but lands, and that it was contrary to his nature to live within cold stone walls when the woods were so nigh!”

Even so late as the seventeenth century, Sir John Davis states, “I dare boldly say, that no particular person (Irish), from the Conquest to the reign of James I., did build any stone, or brick house, for his private habitation, but such as have lately obtained estates according to the law of England.” Of course, it was the misgovernment of the Plantagenets and Tudors, which caused the native Irish to prefer bivouacing in warm woods to dwelling within cold stone walls. And the same misgovernment made the Irish slight the use of coined money, which had been first introduced amongst them by Edward III., barter better suiting the habits of those of the woods. Thus, in the reign of Henry IV. Mac Murrough, Prince of Leinster, did not value his favourite horse at so much silver or gold, but at four hundred cows; and this system of barter continued up to the seventeenth century, gold or silver being unknown even in the household of the great O'Neal! Giraldus Cambrensis, who accompanied Prince John into Ireland, describes the country as being without inhabitants and without roads, which Sir

William Petty's calculation, above alluded to, of its thin population, not exceeding three hundred thousand souls, scattered over a surface of eleven millions of acres of mountains, bogs, woods, and pastures, fully explains. How abominable is it in the governors of Upper Canada, that they have not yet civilized the Red Indians—that they are only driven further back into the woods and morasses as the English advance and establish new boundaries!

The Anglo-Canadian pale of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, is similar to the Anglo-Irish pale from the twelfth to the sixteenth inclusively. If we were as kind to these Red Indians as our ancestors were to the Irish—if we did not poison them with rum, but let them make a little usquebaugh to keep out the damp, our descendants would have the gratification of hearing Mohawk orators demanding seats in the imperial parliament as the imprescriptible birthright of freemen—whether idolaters or true believers—whether zealous maintainers of the integrity of the British empire, or lovers of Canadian independence.

England found Ireland a fertile but uncultivated wild; the habits of the people, and the fancied interests of their chieftains, were alike opposed to the introduction of civilization;—the people knew nothing of its value, and their chiefs dreaded, in its adoption, the downfall of their own barbarous sway. The adventurous English, however, gradually, as the population increased, extended their power; and, while they yet scarcely held a moiety of the country, had built three thousand castles of solid masonry to preserve their conquest,—thus imitating the policy of William the Conqueror towards the Anglo-Saxons. But England did not confine herself to building castles, however necessary to protect her own settlers and the civilized Irish from the predatory attacks of the wild natives, issuing from their morasses. She planted English colonies, and built towns and cities, and introduced all the arts, then known by herself, into this late wilderness. All which improvements were made maugre the most inveterate hostility of the breechesless princes of the soil, by the lords lieutenants and lords deputies of those incompetent and misgoverning dynasties, the Plantagenet and Tudor. It is the acme of ignorance and insolence to hear the milk-and-water statesmen of the present day—men, who have been blustered out of every thing that they have affected to hold sacred, by two or three brawling demagogues, and who have had the ineffable assurance to say that they must surrender, because it would be more dangerous to exercise the power of the English monarchy—I repeat it, it is the acme of ignorance and insolence to hear these modern statesmen echo the ravings of Irish demagogues against the illustrious men who administered the government of Ireland, from the twelfth to the seventeenth century. If they must prate of misgovernment, let them confine their vituperation within the period of their personal recollection. Let them denounce the surrender to the Irish Volunteer Association of 1780. Let them denounce the surrender of 1793 to French revolutionary terrors, which led to the surrender of 1829; but let them not presume to accuse the governments of the Edwards and the Henrys. Ireland owes every thing to England that partakes of civilization and prosperity; and if she have not as much of either as she is naturally capable of receiving, it has not been the fault of her fostering nurse, but of her own wayward and intractable disturbers.

How vain a man, say the enlightened philosophers of the present day, must that John de Courcy, and Earl of Ulster, and Baron of Kinsale have been, who, when desired by his sovereign, King John, to demand at his hands a reward for his great services, requested that he and his heirs, Barons of Kinsale, might have the privilege of wearing their hats in the royal presence. Do these critics consider de Courcy's motive? Do they consider that he demanded and obtained what would give him and his heirs, when seen by the native Irish in the presence of the English monarch, the consequence and dignity of sovereign princes—that de Courcy, from being seen covered in the presence of the king, would rank far higher in their eyes than the greatest princes and nobles of the English court?

The Irish, unwilling to acknowledge that they owe their civilization to the English, refer back to the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, when Ireland was one of the chief seats of learning. We shall not deny them this honour, but only submit to whom they owed it—certainly not to the *English*—but indubitably to the *British*. The fact stands thus: Ireland, never having been a Roman colony, retained its original habits; when, in the fifth century, numerous *Britons*, and especially many ecclesiastics and men of learning, fleeing from the persecutions of the Saxons, found a shelter in Ireland. Thus were Christianity and learning first introduced into a country at the then extremity of the earth; and where, remote from the collision of hostile arms, which during some centuries continued to devastate every other country in Europe, successive generations cultivated letters in undisturbed tranquillity, receiving students from foreign climes, and sending forth missionaries (abroad styled Scots) who became famous in every country in Europe. This was the literary golden age of Ireland, but it was of *British* planting. Yet, after all, these seats of learning were like the Oasis of the desert—the spire of a church, the palm tree at the fountain, marking the sacred spot, was hailed with joy by the wearied pilgrim, who to gain it, had passed the surrounding waste. It is perfectly reconcilable to experience, that monastic and collegiate institutions—the cultivation of the Latin language and literature, may attain to eminence, without any great popular advance in civilization. And thus we find, that no sooner had the Danes commenced their descents on Ireland, than her learning disappeared.

The English conquest in 1172, was the next grand epoch in Irish history, but English laws never extended beyond the English pale, until James I., in the fourth year of his reign, was enabled finally to abrogate the Brehon laws, and introduce those of England. The old Irish laws were a mixture of Gavelkind, Tanistry, and Brehonic institutes. No man endeavoured to acquire property, when his children were not to inherit it. Since, although by the law of gavelkind all the children share alike, by which property, in two or three generations, becomes frittered away; yet there was a much shorter process by which a man's wealth could be seized by his lord, whose arbitrary cuttings and "*coshers*" soon reduced him to a level with beggars and slaves. Of the blessings of tanistry, by which the heads of tribes elected, from the family of the deceased chieftain, his successor; and the nobles, by a similar process, their king from the children, brothers, uncles, and cousins, of the late monarch, a just notion may be formed from the fact,

that out of two hundred of those elected kings, one hundred and seventy came to violent deaths!

The flight of O'Neal having given James a fair occasion to escheat that chieftain's great territories in Ulster to the crown, the monarch was enabled to colonize that province with English and Scots. This work, and the universal substitution of the English for the Brehon laws, which no preceding monarch had been able to accomplish, first gave Ireland a consolidated character; and from that epoch is to be dated the modern history of Ireland—a history full of storms and miseries—stained with the horrible massacre of the Protestants in the reign of the first Charles—miserable from the consequent re-conquest and confiscations under Cromwell, and again under William III., yet still gradually making progress in civilization.

At present it appears to be altogether lost sight of, that Ireland is a conquered country, peopled by two distinct races—the aborigines and the children of the conquerors. The first forming the majority of the people, but the latter possessing the far greater part of the soil, the far greater portion of wealth, and consequently a more general diffusion of education. These two classes are now commonly distinguished as Catholics and Protestants; but it would be far more intelligible, in a political point of view, were they to be considered as purely Irish and Anglo-Irish, since it is thus that they are considered by the purely Irish themselves. Nor should it be forgotten that the infusion of so great a mass of English blood was not solely in the remote eras of the Plantagenets and the Tudors, but at the several periods of James I., Cromwell, and William III. Thus, although the first conquest was in the twelfth century, there have been subsequent ones in the seventeenth; and at no period, from the reign of Henry II., up to the present hour, have the original inhabitants been kept in allegiance to the crown of England by any thing but the force of the Anglo-Irish, supported by the power of England. Long prior to religious distinctions, the aborigines and the Anglo-Irish were distinct masses; and although religion is now the outward and visible sign which keeps them separate, it is not the less felt by the Catholic serfs of the soil, that their lords are not only heretics, but intruding foreigners.

With that precipitancy which characterized him, Mr. Canning recognized the independence of the revolted Spanish Colonies in South America, *because* the King of France assisted the King of Spain in escaping from the hands of domestic rebels. With similar precipitancy his successor has cut the gordian knot; and, casting off the Anglo-Irish, has thrown the crown of Ireland into the keeping of the aboriginal Irish. The system of six centuries and a half has been suddenly and at once departed from. The Anglo-Irish are no longer the peculiar care of the English government, and the right hand of her power in Ireland. They must now become exclusively Irish; they must unite themselves with their ancient enemies; they must join them in every measure which is strictly Irish and anti-English. And that they will do so—that there will be united Irishmen, without distinction of ancestry, or religion, there can be no doubt. Irish loyalty to the crown of England has hitherto arisen from fear in the one party, and from the sense of protection in the other. The protection having been withdrawn, the deserted party must make the best terms they can with their hereditary foes, and join them in rendering Ireland independent of England.

There is but one alternative: that, provoked by some sudden popish insolence, the Protestants may take the alarm, may retort, and, with a new spirit of combination and resistance, commence a civil war. A fearful result, but speedier, and less fatal than the final and inevitable amalgamation which a more cautious policy on the papist side, and the continued contempt and neglect of the British cabinet, might produce in the Protestant mind.

But are we to lose Ireland because the system of governing her has in one great respect been changed? Certainly not. Yet she may give us the trouble of another conquest—be again the scene of war and spoliation, and her fields again change hands: pass from those of the Butlers, the Fitz-Geralds, the Fitz-Maurices, the De Burghs, the Cavendishes, the Fitz-Williams, *cum multis aliis* of English breed, into those of a new race of British adventurers. Nor will those great families have any right to complain of any but their *ancestors of the present day*.

One word, in parting, of Irish landed proprietors. These personages, whether old Irish, old English, or English of a century or two old, all look upon the people after the old "cutting and coshering" fashion—the first from the inherent vice of their character, and the two latter from being heirs of conquest, and of a distinct race from their serfs. If these persons are allowed to legislate for Ireland, they will do nothing for the amelioration of the people. It is to English legislators that the Irish peasant must look for succour. The Irish landlord—especially the resident landlord, for he is often more arbitrary than the absentee, particularly when the latter has an Englishman managing his Irish estates—will, without ruth, turn adrift the poor who are no longer necessary to his political power. English legislators hearken not to Irish senators when they deprecate poor laws to the unhappy wretches whom they turn adrift from their cabins, their potatoe gardens, and two or three acres of land, to perish in the neighbouring bogs:—but, as nature is not so accommodating as parliament, it would be well to consider, that if Ireland is to be tranquil, the people must be fed.

One remark I would make, and then have done. Henry VII. created the middle classes of England, by enabling the barons to break the entails of their estates. Our modern nobility have risen on their ruins. Would it not be well done to enable the Cavendishes, Fitz-Williams, Pettys, &c. &c. &c., to break the entails of their Irish estates, and limit the sale of them; not on the plan of the Swan River, but on something like that of James I., in Ulster. By this process a number of resident gentry would be created, whose fortunes would be too moderate to tempt them to St. James's, and yet their protection be amply sufficient for the growth of a respectable peasantry. The great English landed proprietors, who have large estates in Ireland, add not by them an iota to the power of the English crown in that country—but they take vastly from its popularity. The same means, in the hands of a new race of intelligent residents, might work wonders: example is worth precept at any time; and in this middle order, law, religion, and civilization would find their strong hold.

S.

THEATRICAL MATTERS.

COVENT GARDEN has redeemed its pledge by bringing forward Miss Smithson. Her illness in Amsterdam seemed ominous, as theatrical illnesses generally are; and the fair enchantress of so many French bosoms was understood to shrink from the peril of presentation before a British audience. But our alarms were relieved like her own, and she at last made her *début*. Jane Shore, the favourite of the French, was chosen for her first impression, in some degree judiciously, for no character could offer more for the peculiarities of Miss Smithson's style. It is essentially melo-dramatic; it requires a very various display of agony, exhaustion, resignation, and despair. The close is among the most harrowing on the stage; and no audience could ever see the beautiful wife of the goldsmith reduced into the mendicant, dying of hunger, and rejected from every door, without strong sympathy. But here is the whole effect of the play. To an audience who can understand the dialogue, nothing can be more tiresome. The characters are at once feeble and extravagant; the plot wants incident and probability, and the language is alternate childishness and raving.

The public anticipation of Miss Smithson's performance was realised. She exhibited improved powers of stage effect; she trod the boards with a less embarrassed air, and she pronounced the declamation with a stronger sense of its purpose. But nature has prohibited her from any high degree of success on the English stage. We by no means desire to follow the opinions of those who, almost before she appeared, had begun to depreciate the actress. She certainly has talents; but the same talents which please a foreign audience are not calculated to please an English one. Which is the truer judgment we have no present space to examine. Miss Smithson's Juliet is much more attractive than her Jane Shore, chiefly through the infinite superiority of the play. But her figure is not suitable to the young graces of Juliet; and forcible as her conceptions were in the more vigorous portions of the character, and deserving of applause as her acting frequently was, still the "girl Juliet" was not there.

Since this effort Covent Garden has rather lain on its oars. Something of this may be attributed to the progress of the season, which is now advancing into the benefits; yet we look for activity from Fawcett, and the restoration of the Farce of the *Master's Rival* is not enough. The fate of this farce is a curious incident in itself, and, we suppose, may furnish its author with hints for a new dramatic effort. It was brought out at Drury Lane, where it failed; according to Liston's version, from the dulness of the piece; according to Peake's version, from the intoxication of the principal performer! It has been transferred to Covent Garden, where it has succeeded; and it has finally appeared in print, with a preface, detailing the author's grievances with angry pleasantries, and saying that though an act of oblivion in the performer may certainly relieve the audience of a good deal of an author's nonsense, yet that they are not much the better if the performer introduces the same quantity of nonsense of his own; that he has no objection whatever to this exercise of extempore ingenuity, except where he himself is concerned, but that he must be excused from being d-m-n-d for the best bottle of wine in London. We may not quote Mr. Peake exactly, but we give, as the parliamentary writers say, the substance of his speech.

At Drury Lane, the latter part of the season is atoning for the earlier. Auber's opera of *Massaniello* has been put into shape by Kenny with his usual skill, and its effect has been highly popular. The plot deviates in all possible ways from the history; but it is not the less amusing as an opera. The female interest turns on the fates of *Massaniello's* sister, a dumb girl, with whom the son of the Spanish viceroy of Naples had fallen in love: but a noble bride is found for him: and the fisherman's sister, who had been imprisoned to prevent her interference, makes her escape at the critical moment of the marriage, forces herself into the presence of the bridal party, and attempts to tell her tale. She accomplishes this object in all points but that of telling the name of her false lover. She is conveyed away, fainting, and recovers only to be prevented by her brother, from suicide. Her injuries, added to those of the Neapolitans, rouse him into insurrection. He harangues the multitude in the market-place; they sing a hymn, and a beautiful one it is, and rush from prayer into massacre with the national facility. The viceroy is defeated; the fisherman is supreme. He receives the homage of the nobles, and goes in triumph through the city. But conspiracy is awakened against him, too; a confederate poisons him, and he rushes out, mad with pain and thwarted ambition, uttering wild words, and singing fragments of wild songs. He is now on the edge of *Vesuvius*, the mountain bursts out in eruption, and *Massaniello* flings himself into the burning stream.

The whole performance is highly various, animated, and picturesque; the scenery beautiful; and the national airs, the *Barcarole*, *Tarentalla*, and fisherman's songs, are extremely characteristic and striking. The general music is of inferior merit, for France is not the land of able opera composition; but it fills up the interval of the Neapolitan airs inoffensively, and the whole is entitled to the applause which it receives. Great promises are made for the coming season. The success of *Rienzi* has stimulated the latent energies of our blank-verse writers; and two tragedies, at least, from "first-rate pens,"—so say the green-room rumours—are already soliciting the manager's acceptance. How far the tragedies may be good for any thing, if they come from any of the young lords who have been lately flirting with the awful muse of tragedy, we have our personal opinions, which, we fear, are not unlikely to be confirmed in due season by the public. However, it is only by the general effort of those who have time or inclination to labour at that most laborious work—a tragedy, that we can ever expect to see a tolerable one. The customary candidates for the honour, are certainly entitled to none beyond the praise of making the experiment; but some man of untried powers may start up at last and revive the stage. We are now in the very central age of theatrical mediocrity; not an attempt at original writing is ever made. A little disguise of some little French farce—a feeble melo-drame turned into English—a French comedy cut down, or a French tragedy broken into scenes of staring heroines, strutting heroes, bombastic declamation, and the trampling of iron boot-heels, the clang of trailing sabres, and the eternal thunder of drums, make up the whole "deliciæ" of the modern drama. In the spirit of the proverb, that, when things come to the worst they will mend, we ought to be on the very verge of prosperity; for our stage has certainly sunk as low in point of original production as it is possible to sink. We defy it to find a lower depth. Thus, from our very despair, we may

indulge ourselves with deriving hope ; and from the existence of the fooleries that load the stage, we may augur some merit in even the two cherished tragedies.

The success of the theatrical speculations on the Continent is stirring up the spirit of our actors, and a company is said to be forming to make the tour of the Netherlands and Germany. Kemble, Egerton, and others, are on the wing at the close of the season ; Miss Smithson, of course, is the heroine. Abbott is on the Continent, and from his habits would make an expert manager, and the speculation promises to be a fortunate one. The English language is popular in Germany, though it is miserably spoken. But Shakspeare is read every where, and understood no where ; however, the name is enough : he is lectured upon, and dissected, and criticised, and lithographed, and imitated, and disfigured in all imaginable ways. But all this bustling makes him popular, and will make the English actors popular, and will even conduce to the popularity of the English themselves, intractable as they are.

The King's Theatre proceeds from triumph to triumph. Pisaroni, after having sustained the frosty fortunes of the season during the winter, has now given way to the spring flower generation of the Malibrans and Sontags. Neither of the younger ladies is handsome, but they sing tolerably, and the noblesse must be satisfied with them, or they can have none ; and the Opera-house must not be shut up while it affords the only general receptacle for diligent matrons and their unmarried daughters. Flirtation must find its vent, matches must be made somewhere or other ; divorces must be arranged, scandal must be talked, *sets* must be made at young boobies flung loose upon the world with money ; in short, the great business of the great world must have an Exchange, a grand Auction mart for its management ; Almack's is too exclusive ; routs are not exclusive enough. The Opera-house is the exact medium, where the discreet matron may open her box to whom she likes, or shut it on whom she dislikes—may draw a favourite fool from any quarter of the house, or keep out a bore, or be blind to an *ami de trop*, those nuisances of society, who act as Marplots in the most critical occasions, and have spoiled more marriages than the blacksmith of Gretna ever made.

Sontag's voice has lost its novelty, and with it has lost its chief charm. It executes violin passages, and flourishes through the scale with the adroitness of desperate practice, but it never had feeling, and it never will. But the interest attached to Sontag is now of a tenderer kind. Happy exemption of singers and actresses from the penalties of the sex ! one of those syrens may march through the world with all the evidences of being as "women wish to be that love their lords," and only become more interesting. The newspapers have been for the last three months discussing the hollowness of this German woman's physiognomy, and lamenting over the lost charms of her neck and chin. But beyond this all is wrapt in a cloud. Lord Clanwilliam first had the honour of being supposed her husband. But he escaped the charge under cover of the rumour that he was affianced to the Duchess of Berri. Prince Leopold next had the honour : and if sneers could fasten matrimony on his Highness, he is fast bound in the chain. Then the Duc de Chartres was supposed to have come over expressly to introduce the lady to his illustrious father, and obtain his consent to the alliance. Then a sovereign prince with three hundred acres of empire in the Black Forest, was the happy spouse. The last report gives the lady to a German Count ; and a still

more cloudy apology just put forth, says, that "whatever may be the result, Mademoiselle Sontag will come out of the affair with as much character as before!"

Now all this is a great deal too profound for our comprehension. If any woman on or off the stage, expect to have the privilege of going through society with an untainted reputation, let her take the honest and easy mode of sustaining it. Let her take her husband's name. We cannot understand these unmarried marriages; these illustrious husbands of whom nobody knows any thing; the female virtue that wears the badge of shame; nor the male dignity that suffers a wife to run the round of nightly scorn, for the sake of securing her salary.

Malibran, as the novelty of the season, bears away the honours of the Opera. Her Desdemona delights all the amateurs, and makes all the women weep, when they are not otherwise engaged. She is an ingenious performer, and has as much feeling as an Italian stage generally exhibits, which is scarcely any whatever. Her voice is not unlike her father's, feeble and thin, well practised rather than well taught, and infinitely too much of the violin school for vocal expression. She is a tolerable actress in parts of youth, and a tolerable singer in the general range of Italian music, and she is no more. She has been extravagantly puffed, and as this anticipatory praise settles the judgment of nine-tenths of mankind, she has been extravagantly admired. But it would be burlesque to name any of our Opera wonders, of the present time, against the true bravura singer. They are trifling and superficial, they want the power, and the profound and spirit-stirring richness of expression, that make the great singer. They are expert at ballads, and there the panegyric is at an end. Othello, melted down, disfigured and disgraced by some Italian compounder of operas, is the principal performance of the season. But as a drama, it is a national offence. If ghosts were ever permitted to rise and vindicate their characters on earth, we should inevitably see Shakspeare starting up between the boards of the King's Theatre, and making an example of both the Desdemona and Othello; and after having extinguished Donzelli and Malibran for their presumption, extracting, in the most summary mode, whatever brains were left to M. Laporte. One of the imported fooleries of the time, is the French trick of summoning the performers to appear after the fall of the curtain. We thus have the murdered Moor and his Venetian starting on their feet, making their obeisances to the pit, and consoling those tender bosoms which thought them dead, by the walking evidence that they are actually alive.

The uncertainty of the law still keeps up its reputation by its theatrical decisions. The Lord Chancellor has just reversed the decision of the Master of the Rolls in the case of Harris and Kemble, &c., giving the cause against Harris, and saddling him with costs, an enormous sum. Harris intends to appeal to the Lords. A similar decision has been given against Waters, the late proprietor of the King's Theatre. The bargain which he attempted to break with the bankrupt, Chambers, has been confirmed, and thereby Waters looks upon his loss as some twenty thousand pounds and costs. With these eternal appeals to law, theatres must be undone. But the true source of astonishment is how, with their inordinate expenses, they can subsist at all. With actors at twenty pounds a night, and rents from ten to fourteen thousand pounds a year, and with a mountain of outstanding debt accumu-

lating every year, the only surprise is to find their doors open. On the subject of the receipts and expences, &c. some curious details have been lately given. Drury Lane is said to contain about 3,060 people. Covent Garden about 2,800. We should have conceived the numbers transposed.

In 1805 Drury Lane Theatre held 3,611 persons, when the receipts amounted to 770*l.* 16*s.* The expences, including performers, lights, ground-rent, &c. were upwards of 200*l.* per night. Salaries 740*l.* per week, or about 124*l.* per night. The receipts of Drury Lane Theatre during the four years after building in 1812, were, first year 79,924*l.*; second year 78,389*l.*; third year 71,585*l.*; fourth year 49,586*l.* In 1816, the seven last nightly receipts on Kean's performance (as Sir Giles Overreach, and one as Bertram) were 3,984*l.*, averaging 569*l.* each night. From a statement of the accounts of Covent Garden Theatre from 1803 to 1809, six years, it appears that the receipt of each season averaged 61,000*l.*, and the average profit of each year 8,345*l.*

It appears by the suit in Chancery relative to Covent Garden Theatre, that the annual expences of that establishment amounted to an average of about 53 or 54,000*l.*, making the nightly expences between 3 and 400*l.* By the same proceeding it appears that the average profits are about 12,000*l.* per annum. The nightly expences of each patent theatre is elsewhere stated to be from 200 to 220 guineas, and Mr. T. Dibdin, who has examined the Drury Lane books, gives the expences of that house at the latter sum.

The provincial theatres are, as they always have been, the very emblem of struggle. How any man who is tall enough to enlist in the militia, or strong enough to dig in the colonies, would ever undertake the management of a country theatre, is to us beyond all conception. The Irish theatres are now illuminated by the transit of some of our stars, and a week's success must lighten the darkness of a year. Mrs. Waylett has been lately the star of Cork, where she quarrelled with Mrs. Humby about a song. The results of this important quarrel have not transpired. Miss Foote declared herself ill used, and protested against the management in a public appeal; and Mr. Kean was suddenly indisposed, and deprived the honest Cork people of their Richard. Another effort however was made, and he appeared as Macbeth. But the actor's malady became so formidable in the third act, that his son was obliged to offer to play the part of Norval. This was a curious substitute for Macbeth; but as the hero was not forthcoming, there was no remedy. The cause of this propensity to fall down in the green-room, has like the results of Mrs. Humby's quarrel, not transpired.

At Bristol, Mr. Macready—we believe, the tragedian's father—was found dead in his bed. Miss Coveney, an infant, sang a bravura, played in opera, and had a benefit; and Miss Love, or rather Mrs. Calcraft, has been delighting all the world in the Siege of Belgrade, &c.

The ADELPHI closed, after a productive season, with a punning speech from Yates, of which the following is the most *punistical* fragment:—

“ It will be, perhaps, in the recollection of some of you, Ladies and Gentlemen, that we commenced the season with *Wanted a Partner*, and I need not tell you how efficiently that want has been supplied by the firm of Mathews, Yates, and *Company*; and though you, who have found the capital for carrying on the firm, have not been actively engaged in the concern, yet we trust you have been any thing but sleeping partners; nor can you blame us for any want of activity, since our *Earthquake* has filled the pit,

our *May Queen* outlived the Christmas season, and our *Rover* induced so many to imitate him, and quit their homes; while you have, over and over again, enabled us to pay the postage of *My Daughter's Letter*, which, since its receipt, has been any thing but a dead letter in our treasury. But, Ladies and Gentlemen, there is a time for all things. Our season is over; our *Earthquake* is silenced; our *May Queen* must be put to bed; our *Rover* must be laid up in port; and our *Daughter's Letter* remain in the post-office unopened—till the magic touch of the Lord Chamberlain's license, like *Harlequin's* wand, shall again set them free."

The Covent Garden Theatrical Fund had a magnificent dinner on the 10th inst., at which the Duke of Clarence was to have presided, but the death of the Prince of Hombourg prohibited this, and Lord Blessington was his substitute. Fawcett's speech was manly and angry, and announced something like his resignation. He descanted fiercely on the negligence of the actors in contributing to the fund, from which he warned them, that many a revolter might be glad, at a future day, to have a share of its donations. On the health of the stewards being drank, Mathews returned thanks with considerable pleasantry:—

"Gentlemen: I am deputed by my brethren—I really don't know why—to return you their thanks for the honour just conferred upon them. Considerable difficulty in choosing a speaker, I conjecture, must have occurred before I was applied to. I certainly inquired why so *serious* a task should be imposed upon a *comic* actor [*cheers*], when there are so many persons who belong to the more dignified department of the drama, whose power would be more suited to the occasion. I was told they had all individually declined. One of the principal tragedians, to whom the noble Lord had referred, thought he was too *Young* for such an undertaking. Surely, I've a better right to this excuse, for every body knows I am but a *minor* [*laughter*]. Mr. Keeley, though so often seen to advantage, thought he should not be seen here [*laughter*];—he was too *short*, he said; I hope I shan't be thought too *long*; and Mr. Blanchard thought his voice too *weak* for the room, not having been used to speak in a larger space than *Covent Garden* for the last twenty-five years; and I feared that I should not be heard at all, having lately contracted my voice for the *Adelphi*; and having set up to be my own master, had some fear that it would be *infra dignitatem* to speak amongst his Majesty's servants."

But all this *badinage* had a lively effect on minds that had already dipped deep in the second bottle, and the collection amounted to upwards of 1,000*l*.

We learn that a Miss Mordaunt is delighting all hearts—the old and the young, the grave and the gay—at Southampton. Her being a pretty girl, as well as a clever comic actress, is in her favour:—we hope soon to see her on the London boards.

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

WE are sick of Irish affairs, and no sickness is more epidemical. We are perfectly certain that the sickness is at this hour universal, and that if a man want to have a disgust and contempt for every thing in the shape of public life—for its protestations and principles, for its speeches and performances—he has but to glance at the proceedings which have originated in Irish politics, at any hour for the last ten years. The Marquis of Anglesey's conduct has at length forced itself before parliament; and the gallant Marquis, after having swallowed his wrongs

for some months, has made a clear conscience of them, and at once attempted to vindicate himself and his Irish administration. Nothing could be more childish, loose, and contemptible, than his vindication, except his administration. But the first fault was, unquestionably, with those who sent such a person to Ireland. It is not a crime to possess a weak head, but to entrust its possessor with the power of withholding good or committing evil, is a crime. No man ever conceived that the Marquis of Anglesey had any degree of understanding requisite to conduct public affairs of any kind. He was a good trooper, a good dandy, a good loungeur about fashionable parties, and, possibly, a good judge of a horse. But his qualifications went not a step beyond: and his proper place would have been the parade or the club-room. Yet the crime of sending this fashionable and galloping person to dispense government in Ireland, was, if possible, enhanced by its purpose; for that there was a deep purpose concealed in his mission, no doubt can be entertained. He was known to those who sent him, just as much as he could be to the public: and in a time when a loose, violent, and rash party, was to be suffered to assume importance, there could be no fitter governor than an idle nobleman, who with the air of power had none of the vigour; whose giddiness of character was likely to give way to the slightest and silliest impression of the moment; and who leaving England with the loftiest deprecation of Popery, and the strongest pledges to Protestantism, would not be found twenty-four hours in the hearing of Popish harangues, without forgetting every pledge, swallowing every syllable that he had ever spoken, and with the sudden zeal of a ridiculous convert, launching out into absurdity, as a sort of revenge on himself for his having been ever betrayed into sense. The scheme succeeded perfectly, as might be expected from its wily contriver. The bewildered Marquis had not dined out half a dozen times, when he convinced himself that the men against whom he had raised the warhoop so shortly before, were the finest fellows in the world; that those whom he had called rebels and traitors, and whom he had only longed to charge with the chivalry of England, were patriots to the bone; and that Emancipation would extinguish the barrenness of the soil, clothe the nakedness of the population, reform the inclemency of the seasons, and make the potatoe crop inexhaustible. In this foolery he was clearly encouraged from home, until his business was effected, and those who knew him infinitely better than he did himself, knew that he could not be left any longer to blunder in safety. The correspondence that followed, showed their opinion of his understanding, and certainly not less of his patience. We are quite satisfied that such a course of systematic affronts was never before put on any man bearing the viceregal commission. He was called to order for every thing: for his personal acquaintance, for those whom he casually visited, those whom he invited to his table, nay, for his passing nod in the street. Even his son's rambles through the city, were charged, in a lecture, on the father's defenceless head, and he must have felt that he lived in a state of perpetual *surveillance*. Of this he complains, but he finishes his complaint, with the broadest possible hint that if he might be suffered to retain his government, he would be found infinitely willing to do so. But he might as well have spared himself this humiliation, for his sentence was already passed; and a few posts after brought him as summary a sentence of dismissal as ever came to a disbanded groom. We must own, in justice to those who treated him with such contumely,

that his last act authenticated all they could think of the giddiness of his character. His letter to the Popish bishop Curtis, was a document of which we shall not trust our opinion to paper. Under the hand and seal of an Irish viceroy, it recommended "Agitation." The word is enough; the other nonsense of the paper might have been erased: the single word was sufficient; and we fully coincide in all that the ministers can say of the propriety of this man's recal. On this point the premier's cutting remarks are utterly unanswerable:—

"The Noble Lord said he had written the letter to Dr. Curtis with a view to restore tranquillity; but Mr. O'Connell thought that it recommended something more, and observed, that to that extent the Catholics would not obey his Lordship's recommendation. The Noble Lord said that the letter was quite innocent, for though it recommended agitation, it did not really mean agitation. (Hear.) But, upon referring to the state of Ireland for three years before, the agitation meant only *something short of rebellion*; it did not subsequently change its character. The Noble Marquis when he recommended its continuance was still in his Majesty's service, and he asked if such a circumstance did not render his removal a *matter of necessity*? (Hear, Hear.) The Noble Lord began his administration in Ireland by a regular discussion with his Majesty's government. He asked if the law was to be enforced against the Catholic Association? and the government replied in the *negative*. The Noble Lord subsequently received instructions to consider with the law officers of the crown, whether the common law or one of the six acts could put it down? and he (the Duke of Wellington) now begged leave to ask if the letter to Dr. Curtis was in conformity with these instructions? (Hear, hear.) Surely the continuance of agitation was not at all consistent with the *desire* to restore tranquillity to the country."

In the most preposterous instances before, the viceroy, however silly or angry, always laid down his delegated authority, previously to arraigning public measures, or appealing to public feelings. But the letter in question, was issued from the full-blown authority of the British viceroy; and on this ground alone, if there were no other, we cannot conceive how ministers could have acted but as they did.

Of the explanations in the House, the only public idea is, that they are no explanations at all; they neither tell why the Marquis originally incurred the wrath of the Premier—why he threw himself into the arms of the O'Connells—why he was so strangely enraptured with the intercourse of such a man as every body knows Lord Cloncurry to have been and to be—nor why he wrote his letter to the popish priest. The little story about the Marchioness of Westmeath—that lady who so pugnaciously prefers single blessedness, a pension, and a lodging in St. James's, to the society of her husband and the advantages of her station in society—has sunk away; yet it was upon this that the partisans of both sides were prepared to make their first battle. However, the subject, the parties, and the system, are now alike unimportant; and from Irish affairs, the sooner the eyes of honest men are turned away, the sooner they will escape a sight of folly, disgust, and corruption.

The Swan River job, there is every reason to hope, will be a sublime disappointment to the new dynasty of jobbers. None of "THE family" are likely at present to wear the imperial diadem on the shores of New Holland; and its head must exert his wits to provide some hundred new sinecures for them at home. The whole business had the essence of modern statesmanship breathing from every pore; and we must lament that such brilliant prospects for a young ministerial brood, and such

pleasant promises of royal revenue in the handicraft management of our governors from Manchester, should have been embarrassed to a degree that threatens total extinction. The tale which we have to offer to posterity, is, that in the allotment of the territory on the west coast of New Holland, a brother of Mr. Peel had the modesty to apply for no less than a province of four hundred square miles, and the good fortune to have his request most graciously acceded to. The future sovereign doubtless felt the sentiments belonging to his high rank; had already contemplated the movement of an army into the interior; the conquest of some thousand square miles more in a campaign or two; a fleet to act against the coffee-coloured sovereignty of the Sandwich Islands; a dozen of the islands for himself; a standing army, with a kangaroo corps, for his Majesty's guards; a peerage, and a revenue on sharks' fins, seals' blubber, Indians' ears, and English land-bargaining. Unluckily, the plan escaped from the secretary's desk, and found its way to those universal tell-tales, the newspapers. Discussion, the direst foe of family arrangements, followed; and even the ministry were driven to the reluctant necessity of "attempting to explain;" defence was out of the question. The result is, that the job is likely to end in nothing—that the grant is, probably, about to be abandoned by the grantee. There was connected with Mr. Peel in the grant, a member for a county, who, holding a quantity of land in New South Wales, was desirous of being appointed governor of that colony, and who offered to go out in a similar capacity to the Swan River. There was also connected with the grantee a gallant colonel; but those individuals, finding that their principal in the affair did not answer their expectations, have declared off, and expressed their determination to have nothing to do with the Swan River. Mr. Peel's method of settling was to sell leases for life; but buyers were not ripe, and some who had come into his terms have backed out, on the ground that he had withheld from them the stipulations on which the grant had been made to him. The family scheme of providing for this younger brother at a distance, is thus likely to fall to the ground, and his relations will still enjoy the satisfaction of having him near them.

If all this be true, we congratulate the country. Fallen as England is, she has still some power of awaking the fears, if she cannot awake the principle of her masters. If this cotton-spinning family must be fed at the expense of the state, let them be fed at home. The younger brood have never exhibited the slightest degree of public ability, 'tis true; of the head of the house the nation has long settled its opinion, and considers his talents to be of the same rank as his honesty. Of the whole generation besides, what living man knows any thing, except that they have all got places, or commissions, or livings, or something or other, which they had no right under heaven to get? But, if it be the law of degeneracy that they must be provided for, let them be provided for at home; here they will be in some degree harmless: they will feel themselves under the eye of a Dictator who will permit no minor tyranny, corruption, or misgovernment. They will lounge at their desks, mend their pens, read the newspapers, long for the coming of quarter-day, when it has come, rejoice that they have lived to it, and hope that they may find favour in their military master's eyes to be allowed to live and draw another quarter's salary. They will be like the Arbuthnots, the Plantas, the Dawsons, the whole militia of official mediocrity, the whole sappers and miners, corps of the army of Whitehall, the band of gentleman pen-

sioners, whose services are to be found only in the Red Book, and whose living and dying escape the public recollection. But one of those idlers at the head of an empire ten thousand miles from the lash of Downing-street, might develope the tyrannous spirit that so often lurks in the slave, the furious extortion of the habitual mercenary, or the ambition of which official sycophancy has only constrained the appetite. The public have the strongest interest in detecting the frauds committed in those new outlets for our population. The time may come when Canada, the Cape, and New Holland, will be not merely resources for the superfluous multitudes of England, but places of refuge for her noblest minds; when British freedom will look to them as its last strong holds; and the once famous Island be known only as the tomb of learning, liberty, and religion.

We wish that there were some established penalty for printing a joke above a certain number of times. The following has lately gone the round of the newspapers:—

“A lady sitting in one of the lower boxes at the Opera House, being much annoyed by a knot of talkers in the pit, gave one of the sprigs of fashion with whom she was acquainted, a card, with these words written on it—‘Ladies’ ears bored gratis,’—a hint which the whole party had the good sense to take.”

This joke is actually above a hundred years of age, and has been printed in the principal collections of “incomparable things,” since the days when “gentlemen of wit and humour” took their coffee, and exhibited their genius at Button’s and Wills’. For a ten times, or fifty times told jest we have great allowance. The teller may have lost his memory of the repetition, or he may think that we have lost ours; or he may be a bore, and thus any antiquated *bon mot* may be better than his conversation; or the repetition may make us wiser in the way of avoiding such practices in our own person, or may lead us to moralize on the innate dulness of mankind, the failing honours of a wit, or the folly of wasting our time in listening to any body past the age of forty-five.

The member for Clare has been thrown out, and the grant for Maynooth been passed by about the same majorities. It is with those “*ludicra rerum*” that legislation now employs its hours. Nothing could be more pitiful and trifling than the idea of resisting O’Connell’s claims to walk in through the breach of the Constitution, that has been made for the general entrance of every popish vagrant in the empire; and he will be returned for some place or other, as surely as the Rent can help him in his objects. The grant to Maynooth, being no more than a national bounty for teaching British subjects that idolatry and the worship of an Italian monk are the first principles of religion and government, of course passed with applause.

O’CONNELL’S LAMENT.

“There was a profound silence in the House when Mr. O’Connell entered, supported by Lord Duncannon and Lord Ebrington.”—*Morning Paper*.

Not a sound was heard, nor a cough, nor a hum,
And the porters looked dreadfully flurried;
Not a Tory but looked ghastly and glum,
And wished that O’Connell was buried.

He came to the lobby on Friday night,
The oath of supremacy spurning;
He thought of Guy Fawkes with fresh delight,
And his lantern dimly burning.

No maudlin feelings annoyed his breast,
As he dreamed of his lofty station;
But he eagerly thought how to feather his nest,
While he talked of Emancipation.

Few and short were the words that pass'd,
And he looked with a look of sorrow,
When he found that his schemes no longer could last,
And his glories would fade on the morrow.

Duncannon and Ebrington, Whigs, in their pride,
Led him up to the chair, unabashed;
But the Speaker's stern "No!" was the word to decide
That O'Connell's pretensions were smashed.

Loudly they'll talk of the Franchise that's gone,
And the Paddies will ever upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him plead on,
With the briefs and the fees that are paid him.

Slowly and sadly the Paddy-whacks
Will spell the sad end of their story;
He'll care not a jot for Catholic quacks,
But leave them alone in their glory.—[Age.

The enormous inconveniences resulting from the position of our great cattle-market in the centre of the city, are beginning, once more, to compel public attention. The London corporation seem to have given up the business in despair, though, certainly, not without remonstrance; for they had petitioned parliament no less than ten times, from 1802 to 1812, for the removal of the market from Smithfield. Private interests, however, made the fierce fight that they generally do, and the petitions were left to their long slumber in the clerk's desk. The pressing necessity of the measure has forced it forward again. Mr. Pocock, a liveryman, who protests against his being presumed to have any other object in view than the public good, has brought forward a plan which he conceives likely to answer all the purposes—to relieve London of the hazard and the nuisances of the market, and to assist the owners and salesmen by contrivances for security and expedition of every kind.

In order to meet the wishes of the population, he offers the following suggestions for the consideration of the legislature and the citizens of London:—

"That *ten acres* of land should be purchased, as contiguous to the present site of Smithfield market as possible, and that the area be enclosed by a substantial brick wall, of sufficient altitude, which land is now procurable within a distance of two miles from the existing market. The spot alluded to is *freehold property*, situated at Islington, bounded by excellent roads, diverging in all directions, without interfering in the smallest degree with the pleasure or business roads of the metropolis. Should the spot be pronounced eligible, every evil complained of at the examination before the Committee of the House of Commons, would be remedied, and the city of London put in possession of double the quantity of ground at a trifling expenditure, when compared with the calculation and preposterous plan of the butchers. According to their statements, the exorbitant sum of 120,000*l.* would be required, for the enlargement

of Smithfield Market about one acre, in order to avoid the cruelty and damage to which cattle are now subjected, and the danger and loss sustained in the market. The major part of the butchers being provided with riding horses, they could have no objection whatsoever to Islington; added to which, they would not be subjected, as at present, to ride over the stones. The site is, in every respect, similar to that which Smithfield originally was, in reference to London; since, as previously remarked, it was once no other than an open field adjacent to the metropolis. To this must be added, that land contiguous might be easily attained for the erection of *Abattoirs* for the supply of London. The spot alluded to, in consequence of the present depressed state of building speculations, might be obtained for a sum comparatively insignificant, when contrasted with what would be the increased valuation of the land, in proportion as the city was nearer to the site. Difficulties and impediments must of necessity arise upon the removal of a market to any place where a neighbourhood is already established. It, however, appears unreasonable, that Smithfield should be established as a mart for the major part of the cattle consumed within a circuit of twenty miles of the outskirts of London; a fact that does not admit of a doubt, as all the leading butchers from *Windsor*, and other places equally removed, are regular attendants at Smithfield Market."

The necessity for the removal is plain enough to any one who has been in danger of his life by the irruption of those horned Goths and Vandals, that three times a week charge down every street, passage, and lane, on their march to market. An over-drove ox clearing the world before him from St. Paul's to Temple Bar, is one of the most common, and to those who happen to come within his line of march, one of the most unamusing phenomena that the streets of London can furnish, abundant as they are in obstacles, dangers, and annoyances. Carriages thrown over, aldermen hunted for their lives, old women trampled down, and prebendaries of St. Paul's of the utmost portliness, transported on the horns of some foaming, bounding, and bellowing monster, some Leicestershire mammoth, are incidents occurring with a frequency that alone diminishes the grandeur of the scene. And the stoppage of the whole civic procession on the Lord Mayor's-Day, the dismay of the city halberdiers, and the utter routing of the men in armour, by an irritated mangel-wurzel, oil-cake-fed mountain of this kind, will long cover city prowess with disgrace, and long furnish anecdotes for the never-ending line of Lord Mayors. But humanity to the bulls, oxen, and sheep themselves, is also in question. The only thing that could possibly reconcile them to Smithfield is, the conviction that their days are numbered, and that they are speedily to be eaten. It is now a sort of ante-purgatory; where the want of food, water, and rest, are the pains and penalties, and where the drivers, salesmen, and dogs, are the imps and tormentors. We hope that Mr. Pocock, who has shown so much good feeling and intelligence on the subject already, will persevere; if he does, he will succeed, for the abuse is palpable, the nuisance repulsive, and the remedy plain. John Bull is not the most rapid of animals to catch a clever conception, but he is honest in the main; he is not irrational, and he ought to be prevailed on to feel a sympathy for the honest, quiet, and universally sacrificed animals that resemble him, alike in fate, in nature, and in name.

Death, the only law that is never violated, is rapidly striking away all the names that figured in our youth. The bar, the senate, and the stage, have lost, in quick succession, nearly every eminent name. Lady Derby has just gone: she who, when manners were a science, was their supreme representative; who, in the wittiest, gayest, and most graceful day of the last century, was the observed of all observers; the toast of the Hares, Townshends, and Burgoynes; the heroine of every stage, and the model of every theatrical aspirant, has laid her graces in the grave, and now sleeps where neither fame nor flattery can reach her more. The life of an actress is, proverbially, of a "mingled yarn," and perhaps no human lot so thoroughly acquaints the individual with the pleasantnesses and the pains of life. But Miss Farren seems to have had all the roses for her own; almost from the commencement of her career, she was a public favourite. Her fine theatrical powers were instantly acknowledged, and the style of her performances gave, invariably, the impression of an original elegance of mind. She had the higher merit of preserving herself from the peculiar hazards of her profession; and her marriage with Lord Derby, at once rewarded and raised into affluence and rank, an actress whose personal conduct did honour to her sex, as it undoubtedly added highly to the public respect for the stage. She thenceforth enjoyed a long career of opulent tranquillity. She quitted the stage in 1797, after just twenty years of success, and was Countess of Derby two-and-thirty years. She was born in 1759.

We have no conceivable respect for Mr. Maberley as a politician, a financier, or a money-dealer; even in his capacity of bazaar-keeper and cab speculator, our admiration of him is by no means vivid; yet, as Fox said of Jack Ketch, such men are useful in society, and we wish he would exert his faculties in a new speculation, and give us something in place of our hackney coaches. Nothing in nature or art can be so abominable as those vehicles at this hour. We are quite satisfied that, except an Englishman—who will endure any thing—no native of any climate under the sky would endure a London hackney coach; that an Ashantee gentleman would scoff at it; and that an aboriginal of New South Wales would refuse to be inhumed within its shattered and infinite squalidness. It is true, that the vehicle has its merits, if variety of uses can establish them. The hackney coach conveys alike the living and the dead. It carries the dying man to the hospital, and when doctors and tax-gatherers can tantalize no more, it carries him to Surgeons' Hall, and qualifies him to assist the "march of mind" by the section of body. If the midnight thief find his plunder too ponderous for his hands, the hackney coach offers its services, and is one of the most expert conveyances. Its other employments are many, and equally meritorious, and doubtless society would find a vacuum in its loss. Yet we cordially wish that the Maberley brain were set at work upon this subject, and some substitute contrived. The French have led the way, and that too by the most obvious and simple arrangement possible. The "*Omnibus*,"—for they still have Latin enough in France for the name of this travelling collection of all sorts of human beings—the Omnibus is a long coach, carrying fifteen or eighteen people, all inside. For two-pence halfpenny it carries the individual the length of the Boulevard, or the whole diameter of Paris. Of those carriages there were about half-a-dozen

some months ago, and they have been augmented since ; their profits were said to have repaid the outlay within the first year : the proprietors, among whom is Lafitte the banker, are making a large revenue out of the Parisian sous, and speculation is still alive.

" The papers announce that a new description of *omnibus* is about to be established, which for its capacity is to outdo all former outdoings, since it will be able to carry one hundred passengers. A model is now exhibiting. It is constructed in two stages or departments, one above the other, but, though it is to be drawn by horses, it can be moved only on an inclined plane ! This is the serious statement ; but the projectors do not appear to have calculated on the somewhat limited field which it will have for its operations. This machine is to be furnished with seven invisible wheels." This is, we presume, by way of ridicule. But why is the speculation to be left to the French ? or why are we to be left at the mercy of plague and fever in the most hideous of all moving receptacles of unpatrician mankind ? Why not construct the Omnibus here ? Of course we should be prepared to expect tremendous declamation from the whole generation of the whip, outcries about vested interests, tavern speeches, and applications to parliament. But the public convenience being the sole source of the existence of the present establishment, the same convenience must be a sufficient ground for change. Let the Omnibus then be authorized here. Let the coach owners, if they please, take their shares in the project, and transfer their capital from a sinking and useless trade, to a rising and valuable one. Let the public have a vehicle which will answer its purposes at once of safety, conveyance, and health ; and all with cheapness. An improvement on the French coaches might be easily made. They run in scarcely more than the streets immediately about the Boulevard (the Strand and Fleet Street of Paris). Let them run in all the leading streets of London, from north to south, and from east to west, regular coaches starting from their settled stations at known hours, and meeting each other at particular points, for the convenience of passengers from the cross streets. By this means the individual would be sure of always finding some carriage ready to convey him at least within a short distance of his destination, and sixpence might pay his fare from one end of London to the other. The advantages of the plan to the citizens would be obvious, for the facility and rapidity would save time, the cheapness would save money, and the fixed prices would put an end to the possibility of offence on the part of the coachman. The plan will of course at last force its way, and our only wonder will be, after having endured the inconvenience of the present system so long, how we could ever have endured it at all. The only objection to those French street stage coaches is, that they are not sufficiently select, the eagerness of the firms to make money, inducing them to let in the rabble, and that they run but in one direction. In London a dozen coaches, intersecting each other's routes, would be the least that could supply the public convenience ; and notwithstanding the calamity of their putting a speedy end to the hackney coach system, there could be no doubt of their public profit and utility. The expense of those abominable vehicles is a point worthy of being looked to. A stage coach carries passengers from Hampstead, Fulham, or any of the villages at the same distance, to St. Paul's, a travel of nearly seven miles, for a shilling outside ; the hackney coach would charge little less than seven times the sum. Yet from the clum-

siness of the whole system, the latter charge is rendered almost necessary, for it is computed that the proprietor must starve unless he can make upwards of fifteen shillings a day, that sum being actually the necessary expense for his horses, driver, coach repairs, and taxes. It is the business of a wise legislature to save the pockets of the subject, and in this instance, there is a large expenditure through mere mismanagement, and without good to any one. Let the street stage coach be adopted; and the affair will soon find its level. As many hackney coaches will remain as are required by the actual wants of the population, and no more. The transit from the different quarters of the capital will be accomplished for a fifth of the price. Settled rates will succeed arbitrary extortion; we shall have no more harassing appeals to magistrates against ruffian insolence; the coaches in which the living are conveyed will not be the medium of infection; rapidity, cheapness, and cleanliness will supersede the abuses of the old system; and London will have a coach establishment that will not disgrace her in the eyes of every stranger. We are anxious to see the speculation adopted by some man of character and public spirit; for among the projects of public service, there has not been one for these fifty years that would be more conducive to the comfort of the people.

There is some hope of China after all. It has been for a thousand long years the Holland of the East, flat, swampy, full of canals and quietness, women whose lives are spent twisting their distaffs, plaiting their locks, sitting on their chairs, and generating Chinese; and men with milk and water for blood, petticoats for pantaloons, rice for meat, the rattan for law, and dollars for religion. They had one merit, however, and it was the good sense that kept them from having any intercourse with Europeans, further than to fleece them of their money. What becomes of the coin poured into China by the European and American traders, is certainly a curious question. Millions of millions of dollars have been sent to China in the course of the last hundred years, and not one dollar has ever been sent back; the law of the Chinese, from the Emperor on his throne, to the beggar on the dunghill, being never to let money return to an European hand. Yet what they do with all this silver is just as difficult to comprehend. They have it not upon their persons, nor on their furniture, nor in their ships, nor in any discoverable shape of show, use, or pleasure. They possibly have it buried; and thus the treasure returns, like the treasurer, to the clay from which it was taken. The silver mines of Istria and Potosi have been exhausted to fill the pockets of this tea-making nation, and yet China does not seem to be a shilling the richer. But its time will come. If the isthmus of Darien shall be cut across, all the guards of the yellow empire will not save its shores from being visited by tempters in every form of smuggling, with alluring rum, and fascinating flannel;—Manchester cottons will make the lovely forswear their allegiance to chintz and the Emperor; and gold lace and merino cloth will subdue the fidelity of the most rigid Mandarin. Thus the dollars must come forth. The coffers must give up their dead, and Dutch skippers, and Yankee pirates from Massachusetts, and the solid and sulky men of the Thames, will retaliate the long plunder of mankind. Nay, the time is actually coming, for the Chinese are beginning to dip into revolution; and though we must conceive it to be a very swampy affair, yet the attempt has made the old Manchu tremble.

"A great sensation has been excited at Macao by the discovery of a conspiracy, which is said to have for its object no less than overturning the present dynasty of China. If the accounts which have been received may be relied upon, this plot is most extensively organised, and spreads by a sort of freemasonry over the whole empire. The spot pitched upon by the conspirators for their deliberations, was the English burying-ground."

About *rebellions* we care but little. They are military matters, to which we can never reconcile our understanding. We hate bulletins, gazettes extraordinary, despatches from the commander-in-chief, and the whole tissue of official lying. Conflicts of horse and foot, pike-men, and pistol-men, are to us common-place. Besides, they are utterly unproductive to every body, except to the general who grasps the plunder of the dead, or to the dentist, who has a contract for teeth to be supplied without fail for the next court day. The true subverter is conspiracy. There have been a hundred Chinese rebellions, and the only result was, that Changhi being charged by the invincible guards of the cousin-german of the Sun and Moon, loses, in the bulletin language, half a million of men, is taken prisoner, and with his whole family is cut into a hundred thousand pieces by the mercy of his lord the Emperor, who might have ordered him to be boiled alive.

But conspiracy is of another calibre; it digs and undermines, and introduces its combustibles, unseen by the "all-seeing eyes" of Chinese sovereignty. The train is fired just in the moment when the Emperor of Emperors is drinking his rice milk, and ordering a new execution. He is blown up in the midst of porcelain and Mandarins; the crash resounds to the extremities of the empire; and the Tartars ride down from Bokhara, and dismember the provinces north of the wall. The India company send in fifty thousand men from Nepaul, simply to prevent the overflow of the disturbers into their own territory; and finally find themselves under the painful necessity of seizing on a few provinces. The Japanese strengthen their frontier by a similar act of necessity. The "merchants trading to Canton" discover that some little settlement is absolutely essential to their security, in a time of general trouble to the monarch and his allies, land a few hundred seamen and marines, seize upon Canton and the district for fifty miles round, build a fortress, and having fairly imbedded themselves in the soil, turn the guns against all change. The Chinese captains carve little kingdoms and republics out of the great monster's territorial carcass, and the affair is finished in the handsomest style of European partition. To all this we have no objection. We can have no reluctance in seeing the bastille of a hundred and fifty millions of human beings broken down, even if it were by bullet and brand. The Chinese are to this hour prisoners, and the sooner they are let out of their dungeon the better for them and for mankind.

The lofty anticipations of national prosperity that were to cheer us for the downfall of the constitution, have not yet been realized. The Irish peasantry cut each other's throats and burn each other's cabins with the same average zeal as when the O'Connells and O'Gormans were "bondsmen, groaning in chains, and lifting up their almost stifled voices for the freedom of their beloved and undone Emerald Isle;" the priesthood are not much better patriots, if they are much more insolent subjects; and the forty-shilling freeholders will probably have to thank their emanci-

pation for turning them out of their cabins, and sending them to exhibit the first energies of freedom, in enduring the miseries of famine, or taking revenge on the heartless poltroons who abandoned the constitution, or the high-talking and artful villains who tore it down. But if England may not be exposed to the first actual violence, she will not be suffered to escape the consciousness that she has plunged into a fatal act of misgovernment. The finances of England are tottering; and the danger is not the less undeniable from her not being able to detect the cause. There is an undoubted decay of trade throughout the empire. A vast quantity of misery has already been the consequence, and it is more likely to increase than diminish. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has already been compelled to borrow. But let us allow him to state his own case, of which he takes the more specious part first. — "It will be in the recollection of many honourable members on the Committee, that when I brought forward the budget last year, I estimated the revenue at fifty-four millions, or, rather, 53,900,000*l.*; and my estimate of the expenditure during the same period was 50,100,000*l.*, thus leaving, at the end of the year 1828, a surplus of 3,797,000*l.* to be applied to the reduction of the national debt. In making the calculation which I did at that period, I was anxious to keep as much within the sums as possible, in order not to give rise to any high and exaggerated expectations; and the result proves how wise and necessary it was to do so, for the committee will perceive, when I state the amount of revenue and expenditure in 1828, that the amount of the former, as well as the amount of the surplus, is greater than I contemplated, and is altogether most satisfactory. It appears that at the close of 1828 the amount of the revenue, instead of being 54,000,000*l.*, was 55,187,000*l.*, and that the expenditure for the same period, instead of being 50,100,000*l.*, was not more than 49,336,000*l.*; thus leaving 2,054,000*l.* more than I calculated on, and a total surplus of 5,851,000*l.* applicable to the purposes pointed out by parliament." This fine statement, however, is connected with one which is a full comment on its fallacy. — "The funding of three millions of Exchequer Bills is a measure which must have been long since anticipated." No doubt it was anticipated by every man of sense, and it is not the less an evidence of financial failure; and it will be anticipated that three times the amount must be called for before twelve months are over our heads, and yet the evil will not be lightened a grain by the anticipation. The truth is that the revenue is not equal to the expenditure, and the first sacrifice must be the Sinking Fund: that fund which old Lord Grenville, after spending thirty years of his life to defend and panegyrize, has spent his last to vilify; the distinction between his reasons for panegyric and contempt, being apparently no other than his having been in place in the former instance, and his being out of place at present, and hopeless of ever getting in again. That Sinking Fund must go, which the Duke of Wellington not a year since made a speech to justify, and declare the chief pillar of English finance; yet down must his very hand pull that pillar; and so will follow the rest with equal respect for protestation and policy.

As to Mr. Goulburn's flourishing statement, we must remember that it was the statement of last year; that he has not dared to touch upon this year; and that the constitution was unbroken last year; that we are under a Semi-Popish Legislature this year; and that the only fact which

has transpired is, that we are obliged to raise a loan. It is our decided opinion that the revenue, instead of improving, will go on from bad to worse, that financial difficulties will thicken on us, and that the perjuries of the people will primarily be scourged in that wealth for which so many have made the most guilty sacrifices.

The French maxim, that "no man is a hero to his valet de chambre" is true only in France, where the footman is the confidant, the companion, the fellow-intriguer, and, on occasion, the fellow-knave. In England we have not the habit of this footman-familiarity, and our servants know little of that taste which levels a French duke to the population of the servants' hall. But if a man, even here, may not be a hero to his valet de chambre, we are quite satisfied that every little location and assemblage of Englishmen looks upon itself as something very important to the universe besides. The papers are perpetual evidences of the fact. The memoirs of P. P., parish-clerk, are less parodies than fac-similes of the intelligence that reaches us in the shape of matters which our country friends think interesting to the world at large. For example:—"The village of Sandgate was on Sunday afternoon visited with a hurricane, accompanied with hail and thunder. Mr. Roberts had 61 squares of glass broken and starred; Mr. Brockman 12 squares and part of a chimney blown down. A boat, fifteen feet in length, belonging to Edward Lawrence, was carried off the beach to a distance of about 300 feet, and was so greatly damaged as to be unworthy of repair; two other boats in the village were very much injured." Thus it is conceived by the chroniclers of the pretty little village of Sandgate essential to the well being of the empire, that Messrs. Roberts' and Brockman's panes of glass should not be broken without their share of the national regret, nor the transit of Mr. Lawrence's boat effected in a silence unworthy of so important a transaction. A neighbouring paper, too, has its storm, with very formidable damage to a hedge-row, half a dozen band-boxes blown into the street, several mignonnet pots put *hors de combat*, and the calamity of a life lost—that of a promising "pig belonging to Mr. W. Uwins, of Wisbrook-farm." Scotland was long in the habit of laying wait for public sympathy by a regular export of grievances. But the steam-boats have, in some degree, cured her misfortunes. Evil has been found to be distributed with considerable impartiality every where; and except an annual earthquake at Inverness, of whose reputation the town is remarkably jealous, few things of note add to the imperial sympathy for the northern portion of the island.

The departure of the court from Brighton to Windsor, or, in other words, the descendancy of Sir Matthew Tierney, and the ascendancy of Sir William Knighton, has transferred a vast quantity of "local intelligence" into the more favoured regions of Berkshire. Windsor now supplies us with the only authentic arrivals and non-arrivals of the king's messengers, the disasters of post-chaises going down overloaded with ministers and cabinet-boxes, and the exploits of the buck-hounds, with little old Lord Maryborough acting the part of Nimrod in their rear.

We propose to the men of genius in and about London, a number, probably as Swift has it—

"Computing by their pecks of coals,
About a hundred thousand souls,"

to form an establishment for enabling the newspapers to get through the dull season from June to November. During those fatal months the

most vigorous journal gasps for life, like a mouse in an exhausted receiver. Like the garrison in a famishing town, every food is swallowed with the most unhesitating avidity. A Bow-street examination, with the legal remarks of Sir Richard Birnie, or the dignified observations on men and manners, that make Mr. Hall memorable, is, at this period, of inestimable importance; the fall of an old house, or the overthrow of an old woman, the death of a peer, or the report of a mad dog, have their value; and if the proprietors of such papers ever pray, a new gunpowder-plot would be the thing most devoutly prayed for. Battle, murder, and sudden death, would be so far from being deprecated, that, in all probability, the most ardent aspirations of their secret souls would be sent up for some handsome affair, in the shape of, at least, a six months' convulsion. A new conspiracy, with a knot of the peerage implicated, would offer a prospect infinitely cheering. The first surmise, the sudden detection, the general seizure, the examination before the Privy Council, the ten cabinet councils a day, the escapes of some, and the defences of others, with the final retribution of the law, would form a promise of active paragraphs, long columns, and inquisitive purchasers, that no patriotism could resist; and we should not be surprised to hear of a general combination of the journalists for the express purpose, with some new Thistlewood urged to take the lead of a host of conspirators. Still a great deal may be done out of moderate materials, where the talent of paragraph exists: and we give the account of Mr. Augustus Woodthorpe's porcine manufacture, as a happy instance of the art of making something out of nothing.—“Mr. Augustus Woodthorpe, of Boston, seems to have acquired the singular knack of feeding pigs until they resemble bullocks in size. Some years ago he travelled through the country exhibiting a huge mountain of hog's flesh, which gained the prize at the Smithfield Show. Grunter the First being consigned to the tomb, another of the same kind has been puffed out, and reached the enormous weight of ninety-five stone. Having attained this happy stage of fatness, his honour was marched into a caravan, and exhibited to the wondering natives of Boston, last Saturday. To increase the effect, Mr. Woodthorpe has ingeniously procured a very dwarfish pig, two years old, weighing only forty pounds, which stands beside the mighty giant, strongly reminding the spectator of the frog and the ox in the fable.”

In ordinary hands this intelligence would not have filled three lines. But the writer is palpably a man of genius in his department, and we doubt whether the simple art of fattening a pig has ever been detailed in a more graphic manner. We doubt as little that this happily concocted description has attracted more eyes among the rustic readers of newspapers, than the bulletins of the Russian campaigns; and that there is no one circumstance of village life which might not be made profitable and picturesque by the same ability. We say to the writer, as Cato said to the young Roman, “*Macte virtute tua*!” make the most of your talent, describe our plagiarisms from the French stage, and make them palatable; become the historian of a session of parliament, and give it an air of rationality; turn modern public architecture into a subject of public congratulation; make us imagine wit in a masquerade, pleasure in a rout, patriotism in a club-room of either Whig or Tory, piety in a fashionable chapel; or virtue, generosity, or good sense, in one out of every ten thousand of mankind. These will be the triumphs of the *couleur*

de rose school, and since life is but an illusion at best, be a benefactor to a world of fools, and make the illusion as perfect and permanent as fools can desire.

The last month has teemed with suicides; and the habit of "*felo de se*," which was once so aristocratic, has strangely gone down into the lowest ranks of human absurdity. A footman has just hanged himself for the loss of his place. An errand-boy having told a lie, and being unable at the moment to invent another to cover it, could find no better contrivance than walking into an out-house and strangle himself. A crowd of examples of the same courting of death, have lately occurred, and the "king of terrors" must, on these terms, soon change his old designation. To what is this owing? Has the abolition of the cross-way burial had any share in it? or is it the east wind that has been blowing with such merciless perseverance for the last six months? or is it the official lie of the coroner's inquests, that by bringing in the verdict "insanity" on all occasions, makes those miserable idiots imagine that they will take rank with their masters, and die, like them, with the honours of madmen?

In Paris, suicides are perpetual, and the police acknowledge from four to five hundred per annum, without counting the murders, whether suicidal or otherwise, that take place in the indescribable hovels of misery, dissipation, and iniquity, with which Paris abounds. But in that gay metropolis, there is an established reason for suicides; the gaming-houses are always in full work; every night, every hour of every night witnesses the irreparable ruin of some wretch, who has no other resource from famine for the next day, than a plunge into the Seine. Thanks to the government of that pious and Popish nation, a man may indulge in every vice at the cheapest rate: but there is still a time when the indulgence becomes too dear; and the Frenchman must be a very different being from his metropolitan countrymen, at least, when he can prevail on himself to dispense with those little profligacies, that make his morning's meditation and his evening's employment. Those once shut up from him, life is valueless; his priest has not taught him that there is any thing beyond; or if the idea enters into his head, sixpence for a mass will ease his anxieties, save him from a thousand years of purgatory, and quiet his conscience in the last rattle of the dice-box that decides the fate of himself and his last farthing together.

There seems to be some hope, at last, that the duties on French wines will be in some way or other so far modified, as to bring them within the use of the community. Nothing can be more against common sense and the palpable will of nature, than that within fifteen miles of the British shore, one of the finest products of the earth should be in a state of cheapness that almost renders its cultivation a loss, while we are compelled to be content with the fierce and unwholesome wines of Spain and Portugal, brandied into the very materials of fever. Three-fourths of the chronic diseases, too, that make such fearful havoc in English life, at all times, and which, among the habitual drinkers of those fiery wines, regularly make the last ten years of life a wretched struggle between the doctor and the distemper, owe their birth to those draughts; and while the light wines of France are the actual sustainers of health and animation, and in many instances the curers of disease, we daily swallow high-priced poison for the good of Portugal, and the

shame of our commercial code. As to the gratitude of foreigners for our custom, it will be pretty much the same in both cases; for a Portuguese vineyard-owner looks upon the Englishman as much a heretic as the Frenchman possibly can; and the only question is, our own convenience. The old supposition that Portugal must perish unless London burns its throat with bad port, and plunders its pocket to fill that of Lisbon and Oporto, is nonsense: Portugal will keep up its connexion with England as long as it can, for the sufficient and only reason that Portugal or any foreign nation ever thinks about—its own interest. Let it break up its English alliance, and it falls into the jaws of Spain; and this it will avoid at all risques, if it never sold a bottle. But then we are told, that France will not lower its duties on our manufactures, and take five thousand bales of Manchester cottons, or five thousand bags of Sheffield nails, which France does not want, in consideration of our taking five thousand hogsheads of cheap, good, and palatable wine, which England does want. This has been the argument of all the wiseacres, for the time being, and will always be, until some man of common sense, if such a man is ever to be minister, brings in a bill to let us buy claret as cheap as we can—and we can import it into London, from the South, at a lower rate than they can buy it in Paris; then the wiseacres will change their hereditary chorus, and all will be wonder at ministerial sagacity. And this is no emanation of the free-trade system, no offspring of the mischievous foolery of the Huskisson school. We have no vineyards to be plucked up in the collision of the trades, no wine-growers to bid wait without food for the next fifty years, till “the supremacy of the steam-engine, and the vigour of British credit, beat foreign rivalry out of the market,” and similar stuff. The whole advantage would actually be on our side; for we should have good wine instead of bad, and wine for a sixth or a tenth of the price that is now extorted from us. Even, if there were lovers of the gout and palsy still among us, they might enjoy their favourite aliment on easier terms, for the inevitable consequence would be to lower the rate of all foreign wines together; the Portugal market being now a monopoly, and as it has been declared, of the most scandalous kind. But the statesman must be shortsighted, who cannot see, in the admission of French wines, a rapid completion of his object as to reciprocal trade. The French vintager commencing an intercourse with England in one commodity will naturally extend it to others; English money in his hands, will allow him the opportunity of indulging his taste in the purchase of English goods. The prohibitions which now exist, will gradually give way to the national wish. France will discover how far it may be for her advantage to withdraw the restraints on manufactures which she cannot provide for herself as cheap as we can sell to her. The *Anglomanie* is common among our neighbours, and it would not then be confined to our dandyisms and affectations.

The final argument of the wiseacres, that we should be enriching an enemy, is just as palpable nonsense as the rest. All the money that France could make by the opening of the wine trade for the next twenty years, and have so far disposable as to be at the service of government, would not equip a single seventy-four. The money would go in good living, in cleaner clothes, in more decent cottages, in more cows and pigs, chickens and cabbages; it would be as much beyond the grasp of government as the dinner of last Lord Mayor's Day. But it would have an expenditure of the highest advantage to both countries. Commercial

intercourse is the true peace maker. National intercourse of all kinds is good; and there can be no doubt that in any question of quarrel, at present, the French Cabinet would very seriously consider the loss that must result to France from the sudden retreat of the English, and the deprivation of the money which they expend. But the intercourse of trade is still more powerful. If our merchants could establish a close connexion with those of France, even in the purchase of wines, the whole of the south, a great portion of the east of France, and many other districts in the north and centre, would shrink from the thoughts of war, as the extinction of their incomes. "*La Gloire*," has been the absurd cry of the Frenchman only when he had nothing better to lose than a life of beggary. But let him once feel that *La Gloire* means the stoppage of five thousand a year in London bills, the plucking up of the vines on his new purchase of five hundred arpens from the seigneur, the dismissal of his footmen, the sale of his carriage, and the melting down of his service of plate, and he will wish "*La Gloire*" stuck in the throat of the first ministerial madman that ventures to set up that cry of desolation. But it is to the merchant and the opulent dealer that the minister must, in the first and last instance, apply for the very means of war; and what answer may we suppose him to receive from a man who knows that the first shot fired might as well be fired into his own bosom? What would be the result of a million of wine-dressers, with all the millions connected with the trade, suddenly thrown out of employment? The sudden falling off of a great branch of finance, the sudden excitement to riot and civil convulsion: and all for the purpose of shooting, robbing, burning, and drowning the men with whom they had been in the habit of weekly correspondence for the last half century, whom they visited once a year by the Bordeaux steam-boat, and after feasting at their villas in every hill and dale, from Thames to Avon, and falling in love with their daughters, repayed the hospitality by a summer's invitation to the bastides of Marseilles, or the châteaux that look out from peach trees, myrtles, and thickets of the grape, on the purple waters of the Garonne.

We pledge our reputation as discoverers, that, if this policy were adopted, we should soon have no more quarrelling between France and England than we have between Bath and Buttermere.

Pastorini's prophecies are undergoing a new version in Ireland, and putting their promises of bloodshed in order for 1830. Great hopes are entertained by the "Emancipated" of some illustrious change by that time, and we have no doubt that Lords Curtis and Doyle long to hear the bells that toll out the year 1829. The time will assuredly come, and the mitres of those gracious persons will of course glitter in Cathedrals; but we do not think the next twelve months quite broad enough for the march of popish triumph. In the mean time, holy water and missives from Rome keep up the hearts of the faithful. A massacre is promised, and between prophecy and whiskey-drinking, the Lady of Babylon possesses the full fidelity of the most "inspired and magnificent" race of burglars under the moon. One of those predictions which has been spread for the comfort of the holy people, is as follows:—

PROPHECIES.

Eig hteen hundred and twenty-one,
Great events will be begun;
Eighteen hundred and twenty-three,
Dreadful war by land and sea;

*Eighteen hundred and twenty-five,
Not a Protestant left alive!*

*Eighteen hundred and twenty-seven,
Widows and orphans cry for vengeance to Heaven;
Eighteen hundred and twenty-nine,
A Milesian king shall o'er us reign;
Eighteen hundred and thirty,
The struggle's ended—peace and plenty.*

The prophecy has rather failed in its glorious anticipation of 1825; and we know no argument by which we can console the Mother of all Churches for the disappointment. But let her rest in hope. Protestantism is at a discount already in all directions. The Houses of Parliament have outvoted it by mighty majorities; and we certainly have not yet come to the full extent of the complacency which our politicians are willing to exhibit for the opinions of the premier. But we have had our predictions on our side the water, too—not, perhaps, quite so spiritualized—but borne out hitherto by facts, stubborn enough in their way.

PREDICTION.

From a MS. found in Arthur O'Connor's baggage in 1798, on his escape to France.

*Eighteen hundred twenty-one,
No man thinks of Wellington;
Eighteen hundred twenty-two,
Wellington joins Canning's crew;
Eighteen hundred twenty-three,
Wellington joins Castlereagh;
Eighteen hundred twenty-four,
Wellington joins Burdett's corps;
Eighteen hundred twenty-five,
Wellington and joint stocks thrive;
Eighteen hundred twenty-six,
Wellington tries Canning's tricks;
Eighteen hundred twenty-seven,
Canning goes (perhaps) to heaven;
Eighteen hundred twenty-eight,
Goderich bungles Church and State;
Eighteen hundred twenty-nine,
Wellington! they both are thine.
Then, secure of ayes and noes,
Monarchs kiss his ducal toes!
Lawyers, prelates, nobles, all
At his Highness' footstool fall.
Eighteen hundred thirty-one,
Look to altar and to throne;
Eighteen hundred thirty-two,
Freedom, bid the land adieu;
Eighteen hundred thirty-three,
Windsor, who shall sit in thee?
Eighteen hundred thirty-four,
Field and flood are red with gore;
Eighteen hundred thirty-five,
Martyrs with the tortures strive;
Eighteen hundred thirty-six,
Welcome idol, host, and pix;
Eighteen hundred thirty-seven,
Rome, thy furious triumph's given;
Eighteen hundred thirty-nine,
All are wrapt in wrath divine!*

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

The Life and Times of Francis I., King of France. 2 vols. 8vo. 1829.—

This is a careful and spirited survey of Francis and his Times, well considered and well executed; indicating a good deal of research in the less frequented sources, and conducted throughout with good taste, and, at the bottom, with all fairness, though a desire to detect favourable circumstances is sometimes too visible, accompanied with an anxiety to exhibit and spread them out, which throws obliquities (never evaded) into the shade, and produces occasionally the effect almost of designed misrepresentation. Of misrepresentation, however, we entirely acquit the author; it is perfectly natural for one who is ferretting among old books and papers to make much of what has been overlooked by those who have gone before, and thus insensibly to give undue weight to mere novelty.

Mixed up, as are the actions of Francis, almost wholly, and for the most part inseparably, with those of Charles the Fifth, and well and unexceptionably as the life of Charles has been written, and in every body's hands also as that life certainly is, it required no common degree of courage to go over a ground which had been tracked in almost every direction. Nothing apparently was left but the interior history of the country, of which not much is known, and that not of much interest, and the personal, or rather private conduct of the monarch, which was any thing but commanding and respectable. To make the story, however, complete and independent, the author has industriously gone over the whole series of his acts of government; and, moreover, omitted nothing to exhibit the gay but heartless monarch and his court, in the most attractive, and to the very furthest point that kindness and charity would permit, in the most amiable light. This, however, was a difficult and a trying matter. Take away the frankness, the freedom, the occasional chivalry, which are admirable qualities—take away, too, the gaiety and spirit of the man, which are qualities of very equivocal value, and what have we left—profligacy in domestic life, cruelty and carelessness in public, and in both, caprice, indolence, intemperance, and a degree of subjugation to wayward women—to a mother and a mistress, or rather to many mistresses, who forced him to protect their unworthy favourites, and share in the excesses of a guilty revenge. “Je n’aime guère François Ier,” says Voltaire, in his exquisite manner, when glancing over subjects which he has before minutely considered, “Je ne vois guère dans François Ier. que des actions ou injustes, ou honteuses, ou folles. Rien n’est plus injuste que le procès intenté au connétable qui s’en vengea

si bien, et que le supplice de Samblançai qui ne fut vengé par personne. L’atrocité et la pêtise d’accuser un pauvre chimiste italien d’avoir empoisonné le dauphin son maître, à l’instigation de Charles-Quint, doit couvrir François Ier. d’une honte éternelle. Il ne sera jamais honorable d’avoir envoyé ses deux enfans en Espagne, pour avoir le loisir de violer sa parole en France,” &c.

Conflicting with Charles for thirty years (for our Henry’s caprice and coxcombry, and Wolsey’s avarice, made them comparatively insignificant opponents), no experience was of service to him; he was never ready, or beforehand with his enemy, and always without money, without system, without efficient combination. Nothing but the Emperor’s undertaking perpetually more than he could accomplish, with his unlimited and unusually scattered forces, could have saved Francis from final ruin, and the dismemberment of his kingdom. Any thing like consistency, or steadiness of purpose, was not to be expected from one whose adventurousness and indiscretion were continually plunging him into difficulties; but why, when protecting, or rather undertaking to protect, Protestants in Germany, treat them at home with a severity and savageness which was utterly uncalled for by any peculiar hazards? Nay, he could even superintend in person their executions on gibbets suspended over flames, and command the wretched victims, after scorching, to be run up, and let down again, and this repeatedly for hours, to protract the miseries of martyrdom, for the edification of the spectators, or their sport. If his own son, he declared, would not believe in transubstantiation, he would burn him too. This is not to be accounted for, and lightly passed over, by confounding it with the spirit of the age (superiority is shewn in resisting such spirit), it proceeded from a reckless humour—a hard and unsympathizing bosom, with a disposition—a mixture of the ape and tiger—to cruelty, that required only a little more opposition to break out into a Nero.

To counterbalance—the story of his life presents nothing worthy of admiration, even to the most disposed to admire, but a little reformation in the administration of justice, by the revival of circuit-courts to check the tyranny of the nobles—which, however, soon fell again into disuse—and the projection of a royal college, and the intention of endowing it with a rental of 100,000 livres for the gratuitous instruction of 600 scholars, but which terminated with him in the appointment of sundry learned professors, with salaries, irregularly, or, more correctly, rarely paid. To these must be added what is called his patronage of the arts, which amounts to the occasional employment of

Leonardo da Vinci and Titian, and the purchase of a few bronze castes of antique statues. Apparently, however, this slender protection—he had too many ways of spending money to do more—gave rise to the French school of painting; and his own taste for verse making, with his sister's most decided talents, gave a spur to literature, though, if Marot and Rabelais be excepted, it will be difficult to discover a name that still lives in the records of fame.

One of the foulest stains in the life of Francis, is the sacrifice of Semblançai. The author throws the whole blame upon the Duchess D'Angouleme, the king's mother, and the Chancellor Du Prat,* her tool; and doubtless the evidence is irresistible that she was the original demon; but it should not be kept out of sight, or in the back ground, that Semblançai's innocence, and the Duchess's falsehood were made manifest to the king, who, nevertheless, suffered him to be executed, on a charge of malversation, which he knew to be groundless, to gratify his mother's revenge.

Infinite pains too are taken to represent in the fairest light, the solicitude of Francis—his frank offers of pardon, the amiable and earnest manner with which he endeavoured to recal the revolting Bourbon to his duty; but it should be more distinctly marked, and be placed conspicuously in the foreground, that he suffered his mother, though he knew her motives, to injure him deeply in his fortunes, and himself assisted in wounding his honour and his pride—that the attempt to conciliate was obviously too late—that Bourbon had no security, and surely could have no reliance on the steadiness or even honour of a man, swayed as that man was, by profligate women.

En revanche, the author no where spares the Duchess, nay, on one occasion he has even hazarded a charge that appears to have no specific foundation, on the principle apparently that no great harm was done by the risk. Speaking of her regency during her son's imprisonment, he observes, "It is not improbable that had the regency been

in other hands, his confinement might have been of shorter duration."

The book, however, may be safely commended as the result of original and close inquiry. The writer has carefully and faithfully studied the more obvious sources of history, nor has he neglected the cotemporary and less hackneyed ones—Montluc and the two Langeis. The memoirs of the elder Langei, contains, he observes, a very accurate and faithful narrative (of course, he means, apparently) of the principal events of the times in which he lived, and are, with those of his brother, Du Bellay, to the reign of Francis, what the memoirs of Sully are to that of Henry the Fourth. Though not duly rewarded by the monarch whom he served, Langei's merit was duly estimated; but the highest eulogium that his political memory has received, proceeded from the mouth of his enemy. The emperor, when he heard of his death, said, "That man has done me more harm than all the people of France besides." Of Montluc's commentaries on the times in which he lived, and in which he was a most active performer, the author justly remarks—"His work is extremely valuable for the light it throws on the military history of that period; and for the simplicity, judiciousness, and grave humour with which it is written, can hardly be equalled by any of even those cotemporary authors whose lives had been less busily employed, and whose education had been more carefully conducted than that of Montluc. His account of the Dauphin's attempt to recover Boulogne from the English is extremely amusing. He is sorely perplexed between his reluctance to admit that his party was defeated, and the necessity of telling the truth. The complacency with which he speaks of his knowledge of the English language is irresistible:—

"Tout à un coup voici une grande troupe d'Anglois qui venoient, la teste baissée, droit à nous qui estions devant l'église, et en la rue loignaut à lelle, criant, '*Vuho, goeht there?*' c'est à dire, '*Qui va là?*' Je leur respondis en Anglois, '*Afrind, afrind?*' qui veut dire, '*Amis, amis;*' car de toutes les langues qui se sont meslées j'army nous, j'ai apprins quelques mots, et passablement l'Italien et l'Espagnol; cela m'a par fois aervi. Comme ces Anglois eurent fait d'autres demandes, et que je fus au bout de mon Latin, ils poursuivirent en criant, '*Quill! Quill! Quill!*' c'est à dire, '*Tue! Tue! Tue!*'"

* Of this man, the author takes a story from a MS., copied by Gaillard, in his *Life of Francis*:—Duprat had said in one of the conversations with the Emperor's minister, that he would consent to lose his head if his sovereign had aided Robert de la Mark against Charles. The Spanish chancellor claimed du Prat's head as forfeited, for, he said, he had in his possession letters which proved Francis's connivance with Robert de la Mark. "My head is my own yet," replied Du Prat, "for I have the originals of the letters you allude to, and they in no manner justify the scorn you would put upon them." "If I had won your head," replied the imperial chancellor, "you might keep it still. I protest I would rather have a pig's head, for that would be more eatable."—*MSS. de Bethune. No. 8170, apud Gaillard.*

The Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Part I. of Vol. I. 1829.—The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, has commenced a new series of publications, called *The Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. The first part, now before us, is entitled *The Menageries*, and is occupied with quadrupeds solely—the dog, wolf, jackall, fox, hyena, lion, tiger, and cat.

The aim of the society, in this particular department, or rather that of the very intelligent and skilful compiler, is not to give a systematic work upon Zoology, comprising every specimen of the animal kingdom, but to supply information as to the peculiarities, talents, qualities, and capabilities of such animals as fall more or less under closer inspection, and not—what is the common, but very unworthy object of naturalists—to make these matters subordinate to classification. The Menagerie of Regent's Park,—the King's collection at Windsor—that of the Tower—and animals in the possession of private individuals in different parts of the country, but chiefly in the neighbourhood of London, have furnished him with the specimens, which he has described and drawn; and he professes distinctly to venture nothing which does not rest upon his own knowledge, or upon the testimony of unexceptionable authorities.

A well-ordered menagerie is the only means, at home, of observing accurately, the natural habits of undomesticated animals. A kangaroo in a cage, is scarcely worth looking at; but see him in a paddock, as in Windsor Park, and his spring and bound at once fixes attention, and shews a new variety in the exhaustless contrivances of nature. At the residence of a private gentleman at Limehouse, there are three monkeys, in a state of remarkable freedom. "We went," says the author, "to see them, with but few anticipations of pleasure; for a monkey, as monkeys are ordinarily seen, confined in a box, shews little but the cunning and rapacity of his race. The monkeys at Limehouse were let loose into an orchard, in which were some high and spreading elms: their gambols were the most diverting that could be imagined. They pursued each other to the top of the highest branch, where they sat fearlessly chattering, and in an instant they would throw themselves down, with unerring aim, some twenty feet, and resting upon the bough which they had selected to leap at, would swing to and fro with manifest delight. We shall not be satisfied," he adds, "again with a menagerie which has not trees for its monkeys to sport on."

The sloth, again, is usually described as slow in his movements, and as in a perpetual state of pain; and from his supposed inaction his name is derived. "And why is this?" asks the author. "He has not been seen in his native woods by those who described him; he was resting on the floor of some place of confinement. His feet are not formed for walking on the ground; they cannot act in a perpendicular direction; and his sharp and long claws are curved. He can only move on the ground by pulling himself along by some inequalities on the surface; and, therefore, on a smooth floor, he is perfectly wretched. He is intended to pass his life in trees; he does not move or rest upon the branches,

but *under* them; he is constantly suspended by his four legs: and he thus travels from branch to branch, eating his way, and sleeping when he is satisfied. To put such a creature in a den is to torture him, and to give false notions of his habits. If the sloth be placed in a menagerie, he should have a tree for his abode; and then we should find that he is neither habitually indolent, nor constantly suffering."

This is good common sense, and "enterprising," and "useful" knowledge. The writer keeps, we observe, a sharp look out—for we find him quoting the journal of a naturalist, and other recent publications. The second publication of the same class, we have but just glanced at, but it is of the same practical character, and filled with the latest information—we find extracts from the Quarterly on the subject of the Oak, and from Walter Scott, on Firs, &c.; but the subject, Trees used in the Arts, is more exclusively "*useful*." The "*enterprising*" can scarcely belong to any thing unconnected with life and mobility.

Schiller's William Tell; 1829.—Be the celebrity of this play what it may in Germany, it never can win any admiration, and scarcely any distinction, in an English dress. It is too thoroughly German—too minute, particularizing—too local, topographical—too full of national allusions, feelings, and associations—too homely and unadorned, also—to bear transfusion into an uncongenial element. It is a Flemish picture, moreover—faithful, exact, but too unselect and unideal, except occasionally in the sentiments of the more elevated parts. The chief agents and the subordinate ones are brought forward too much in *equal* relief; the characters crowd upon us in numbers that defy individualizing; and, the fact is, there is very little character, strictly speaking, distinctly and extensively developed—few shades, and little discrimination. Baumgarten, and Walter Fürst, and Stauffacher, are none of them distinguishable from each other, but by their names and personal acts—the tone and calibre of all is the same—they are all of the same family, animated by one soul and one spirit—a sort of modern Geryon. The cutting out of about one half of the characters, and a third of the scenes, would greatly concentrate the interest of the piece. The grand scene—the apple-shooting—is fitted only for a melo-drame; and, being of questionable historical authority, might have been judiciously superseded by some invention of the poet.

The play, it appears, has never been translated—in *verse*, this must mean—for in prose we feel pretty certain we must have read one some twenty years ago; and the translator's sole motive for publishing (bless his benevolence!) is a wish to make the English reader acquainted with one of Schiller's best productions. But, though the motive be of the most laudable kind, and the

translation be as well done as it probably can be, we doubt if the English reader will be convinced, or will not rather be constrained to exclaim, "Bad is the best!" The translator sanctions his own opinion by Madame de Staël's conceptions, in these terms—if terms of *her's* can be anglicised:—"Schiller's Tell," says she, "is coloured with those vivid and brilliant hues, which transport the imagination into the picturesque scenes, where the virtuous conspiracy of Rütli was formed. From the first line, the Alpine horns ring in our ears—every thing inspires a glowing interest for Switzerland; and so closely does the skill of the artist make every thing bear upon this point, that the nation itself becomes a dramatic personage." This, no doubt, it is which constitutes the charm to the native; but this is precisely the charm that cannot be communicated to aliens. The beauty of the original, too, consists very considerably in the idiomatic strength and energy of the language—in the proverbial cast and mould of the words and sentiments, which find a recognizing sympathy—an echo—in the heart of a German, which vanish utterly in translation. Occasionally, the translator catches successfully the pith and spirit of the original—as often, indeed, we doubt not, as the thing is practicable. When Tell's wife upbraids Baumgarten for suffering her husband to be arrested, who had rescued him at his own extreme peril:—

Hast thou, then, tears *alone* for his misfortune?
Where, Sir, were *you* when your deserving friend

Was cast in bonds? Where then was *your* assistance?

You saw, and let the cruel deed be done!
You coolly suffered them to take your friend
From out the very midst of ye! Would Tell
Have acted so by you? Did he that time,
When your pursuers press'd upon your heels—
Did he stand whining, as the raging lake
Was foaming in your path? No! not with idle tears

He pitied thee! He sprang into the boat,
Forgot both wife and child, and—set thee free!

The opening scene is most felicitously turned:—

FISHER-BOY (*sings in his boat*).

The smiling lake tempted to bathe in its tide,
A youth lay asleep on its green swarded side,

There heard he a melody
Flowing and sweet,
As when voices of angels
In paradise meet.

As thrilling with pleasure he wakes from his rest,
Up rises the water—it flows o'er his breast!

And a voice from the deep
Cries, "With me must thou go,
I lure the young shepherds,
And drag them below."

HERDMAN (*on the mountains*).

Ye meadows, farewell!
And thou sunny green shore,
The herd must depart,
For the summer is o'er.

We traverse the mountain, yet come we again,
When the birds of the spring re-awaken their strain;
When the earth with new flow'rets its breast shall array,
And the rivulet flow, in love's own month of May.
Ye meadows, farewell!
And thou green sunny shore,
The herd must depart,
For the summer is o'er.

CHAMOIS HUNTER (*appearing on the top of a cliff*).

When it thunders on high, and the mountain-bridge shakes,

Undismayed the bold hunter his dizzy path takes.

He daringly strides o'er

The icy-bound plain,

Where spring ne'er can flourish,

Nor verdure e'er reign.

All under his feet is a wide misty sea,
Which shuts from his sight where man's dwelling may be,

Save when, through a rent

In the clouds, is revealed,

Deep under their billows,

The green of the field.

History of Russia and of Peter the Great, by General Count Philip de Ségur, Author of the History of Napoleon's Expedition to Russia in 1812; 1829.—Russia has no history before the ninth century. It commences with the irruption of a horde of the Baltic Varangians, in 862, headed by Rurick, who laid at Novogorod the foundations of an empire, which, by his immediate successors, was enlarged to an enormous extent, but soon split and broken, after the fashion of those ages, into family appanages, perpetually the source of discords—alternately lost and won—resumed and regranted—till, thus torn and lacerated, it sunk under the dominion and tyranny of the Tartars. Writhing under the fangs of these conquerors for more than two centuries, it was at length rescued, to be again crushed and rent under invasions from the west, as destructive, though not so permanent, as those of the east; but, finally, under a new dynasty, re-assembled and re-combined, to cover, as it now does, the ninth part of the habitable globe, and control a population of sixty millions.

Over this immense empire, and over a period of nearly nine hundred years, Count Ségur has cast a rapid but discriminating glance, catching, in the wide sweep, at nothing but the main and marking points—because, he seems to think, these are not times for more particularizing views. "The sciences," says he, "are spreading with rapidity. A larger share of our attention is every day required by them. At the same time, our recent political emancipation adds to the number of our habitual duties, and the lessons of history become more than ever indispensable for our guidance. But how can we satisfactorily attend to the present, if we do not abridge the study of the

past? It is, therefore, a matter of necessity for the major part of us to have to learn only in *masses* the political and philosophical progress of great nations, down to the period at which we live." Though the reason assigned for this epitomizing is calculated for France, it is not inapplicable for ourselves, and especially as to what relates to foreign history; but, generally, the *masses* are for foreigners, and the details for natives.

To facilitate the general view, which is all he thus aims at, of the early history of Russia, he distributes it into five periods: the first extending to 1054, which presents, as the chief objects of consideration, the territorial conquests, and five distinguished princes—Rurick, the founder of the empire; Oleg, the conqueror; Olga, the regent; Vladimir, the Christian; and Yrasslof, the legislator. The second, extending to 1236, is wholly occupied with internal discords and tumults, offering only two men of any mark—Vladimir Monomachus, and Andrew—and terminating in perfect subjugation to the Tartars. The third, the period of foreign servitude, reaches to 1460, exhibiting, through its obscure but tumultuous scenes, the deeds and struggles of three memorable personages—St. Alexander Nevsky, a great man, in every sense of that emphatic word—the able Ivan the First—and Dmitry Donskoy, the first who defeated the Tartars: this third period concludes with the final rescue of the empire from the grasp of the Tartars. The fourth, which may be characterized as the period of deliverance and of despotism, extends to 1613, and presents, as the most conspicuous and influential princes, Ivan, the Third and Fourth—the one styled the Autocrat, the other the Terrible. The death of the "Terrible" was followed by fearful scenes: the throne was usurped by his minister, a Tartar, and the country exposed to the invasions of the west, chiefly the Poles, under which the empire sunk for fifteen years, till it was reinvigorated by the election of a new dynasty—that of the Romanoffs, originally a Prussian family, but settled in Russia for more than two centuries, and covered, as Ségur after his fashion phrases it, by Russian soil and native laurels.

From that decisive period, the career of Russia has been one of comparative calm and regularity, advancing from barbarism, step by step—sometimes slowly, sometimes rapidly—towards civilization. Mikhail, the first of the family, reigned till 1645, and was eminently distinguished for moderation and love of peace—for the creation, at the same time, of a regular army, which restored tranquillity, and paved the way for indispensable conquests. The reign of his son Alexis lasted till 1675, and might well, in the language of historians, have been deemed illustrious, had it not been eclipsed by the wild but splendid superiorities of his son, Peter the Great. He was a formidable

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warrior, who recovered from the Poles the provinces which had by them been torn from her—he was a legislator, who strove to ameliorate the laws—a ruler, who knew how to discover and repair his faults—who invited foreign arts, founded manufactories, opened the copper and iron mines, constructed the first two vessels—the sight of which was said to have awakened the genius of his son—summoned the chiefs to consult on public interests, and shewed himself, on numerous occasions, clement, pious, and faithful.

This Alexis left three sons: Feodore, the eldest, succeeded and died in 1682; Ivan was passed over as an idiot. The crown thus fell to Peter, then only ten years old; and Sophia, the sister, was appointed regent. Sophia intrigued with her favourite Golitzin to exclude young Peter from reaping the succession, and removed him to a distant and obscure village. In the hope of prolonging her own authority, indefinitely, she had the wretched Ivan married; but the native and early energies of Peter baffled all her schemes; and, in 1689, when only seventeen, he succeeded in wrenching the empire from her grasp.

From this period, Peter reigned alone the autocrat of his country; and one half of Ségur's very interesting and stirring volume is occupied with sketching—the whole is but a succession of sketches—the main objects of his indefatigable labours for five-and-thirty years. For the details of his conduct—for the concatenation of events—the reader must look elsewhere; but nowhere will he find a more vivid representation of the characteristics of the man—nowhere will he find better and more fairly displayed the definiteness of his views—the force and efficiency of his measures, sticking, it is true, at nothing to accomplish them—the flexibility, nevertheless, and perseverance which he turned to all quarters, and varied his means—the dexterity with which he baffled his enemies, at home and abroad—the energy, and indomitable perseverance, by which he roused and raised his country, to take its seat in the synod of European powers.

Thus forcibly he concludes his view of Peter:—

Historians of the nineteenth century! while we detest the violent acts of the prince, why should we be astonished at his despotism? Who was there that could then teach him, that to be truly liberal or moral is the same thing? But of what consequence is it, that he was ignorant that morality calls for the establishment of liberty, as being the best possible means of securing the general welfare? All that he did for that welfare, or, in other words, for the glory, the instruction, and the prosperity of his empire, was it not beneficial to that liberty, which neither himself nor his people were yet worthy? Thus, without being aware of it, Peter the Great did more for liberty than all the dreams of liberalism have since fancied that he ought to have done. His people are indebted to him for their first and most

difficult step towards their future emancipation. What matters, then, his abhorrence of the word, when he laboured so much for the thing? Since despotism was necessary then, how could he better employ it?

Let thanks be paid to him, since he changed into a source of light that source of ignorance whence the barbarism of the middle age had flowed in torrents over the face of Europe, engulfing the civilization of ancient times. Never again will burst forth from those countries the Attilas, the Hermanrics—the scourges of God and of mankind. Peter the Great has called forth there the lustre of the Scheremetefs, the Apraxins, the Mentrikofs, the Tolstofs, the Schuvalofs, the Ostermans, the Rumianzofs, and the numerous band of other names, till then unknown, but of which, since that epoch, the European aristocracy has been proud.

The passage we have quoted is taken from the translation, which the reader will see is miserably executed—full of French idioms. If we are to have translations at all, surely it would be better policy in publishers to get them *done* decently—to employ competent performers.

The Library of Religious Knowledge, Parts I., II., III. 1829.—These publications are designed to fill up a gap left by the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge, essentially, if not professedly, open to any who chose to undertake it. It is the purpose of those who *have* undertaken to fill up this important gap, to publish a series of Original Treatises, which means, treatises written expressly for them, and containing, in a condensed form, the substance of the reasonings and researches of our best divines, relative to the history, prophecies, doctrines and duties of revealed religion;—together with memoirs of such as have most eminently exhibited its influence in their lives and conduct. The three parts before us, each consisting of about forty-eight pages, of a clear and bold type, in a pocket size, are wholly occupied with the subject of natural theology, and comprise and complete the arguments for design and intelligence deduced from the anatomy of men and animals. The writer has, of course, made a liberal but not an unacknowledged use of Paley, and has, what Paley did not, illustrated the subject by wood-cuts, accurately and distinctly drawn. The execution is, indeed, perfectly unexceptionable; and from the size and price, (sixpence each part) and mode of publication, the work is calculated to circulate where books of a larger, and more expensive, and more learned and pretending cast, *cannot*. It is, however, equal to the best of them. It is right to add, there is nothing *sectarian* in the publication—whatever there may be by and bye.

Memoirs of General Millar, of the Persian Service. By his Brother. 2 vols., 8vo., second edition, 1829.—Of General Millar's Memoirs we gave a general sketch

some months ago, prompted by the evidence the book bore on the face of it, of full and fair statements, and the minute accounts it furnished of many scenes and circumstances, before little known, relative to the Revolutions of Chili and Peru, and the leading personages connected with the management and settlement—if *settlement* there is ever likely to be, of these distracted regions. The opportunity of a second edition has been seized to make considerable additions, and some change in the general arrangement—all of advantage to the reader, and to the credit of the intelligent and competent author. Additional documents have been inserted in the appendix to illustrate the military operations in the Puertos Intermedios, and especially the characters of the more conspicuous persons that figure in the narrative. Portraits also appear of San Martin, Bolivar, and O'Higgins.

A translation into Spanish has been published, executed by General Torrijos, and a portion of the preface to this translation, expressive of the translator's sentiments on the Spanish colonial system, which is worth reading, is prefixed to this new edition of Millar's Memoirs. Torrijos commanded a Spanish brigade at the battle of Vittoria, and continued attached to Hill's division till the peace of 1814. The gratitude of his sovereign threw him into the cells of the inquisition at Marcia, where he remained in solitary confinement from 1817 to 1820, when his prison doors were thrown open by the re-establishment of the constitution. In 1823 he commanded in Cartagena and Alicante, and retained those fortresses long after the king re-occupied the capital. After surrendering on favourable terms, he emigrated, and is now living in London, "where," says Millar, "he is respected and esteemed by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance."

Syllabic Spelling. By Mrs. Williams. 1829.—This is a new edition, the *fourth*, of a book very well known, it may be gathered from this fact, in schools and families. The system, founded upon one originally suggested by the Sieur Berthaud, and warmly recommended by Madame de Genlis—an infallible authority in these matters—is that of teaching syllabic sounds by means of emblematic pictures. The necessity for this seems, in the mind of the suggester, to arise from the non-significant and non-communicative names of the letters of our alphabet. Aitch, for instance, of what use in the world is this name for indicating the sound intended to be represented? But a picture presenting a *hurdle*, with the name, and form, and use of which, the new student is familiar, forms a sort of natural and binding association, which securely conveys the true sound. The one is, to be sure, equally a name with the other; but the one is visible and definite, the other ideal only, and incapable of exhibition. We do not ourselves feel the

deep want of these contrivances, for we can very well imagine a child's being taught to read, without being perplexed by names or rules for the letters and the sounds—as boys often learn Greek, without knowing the specific names of the characters. We have this moment questioned one, and found him ignorant of the names of nine of them. But though we may think little of these things, there are numbers who do think them even of importance; and we have no doubt, from the respectable testimonies prefixed to the publication, the method recommended has been found effective. It is the neatest little book imaginable, and the engravings delicately executed.

The Christian Gentleman. By a Barrister. 1829.—Colloquially the gentleman is one thing and the christian another—at least there is no inseparable connection: we speak of persons of certain manners, and certain conduct, without reference to their religious profession. The writer of the book before us—a very able person, and very capable of expressing his sentiments distinctly, and of enforcing them energetically, chooses not only to describe the christian gentleman, which is an intelligible distinction, but to deny, in broad terms, that the qualities of the gentleman and the christian can spring from separable sources. "It is a mistake," says he, "to suppose that the qualities of the christian and the gentleman are in parallelism with each other, and that each draws its existence and perfection from a distinct source—that the one taking its origin from the world and its school of manners, and the other derived from its proper author, work together as coefficients in fashioning the character of the christian gentleman. The case is far otherwise. The whole composition is fundamentally christian;—the result of that formative grace which renovates the heart, and which, as a refiner's fire, or as fuller's soap, purges the thoughts and temper from the dross and scum of their gross adhesions." The specific object of the writer is to portray the conduct and duties of the christian gentleman—the man of wealth and influence—the head of a family—the person whose example and authority is naturally looked up to, and insensibly imitated; and this personage he accompanies, step by step, in his practice of family prayer and domestic services—in his politics, his literature, his conversation, his social intercourse and general dealings, in the education of his children, in his observance of the sabbath, and even his personal deportment and positions at the house of worship. Episodically, beacons and warnings are presented against the perils of metaphysical morals on the one hand, and of mechanic philosophy on the other; for the dangers which spring up on the side of "induction," he considers to be as great as those which appear on the side of abstraction. The former, which he brands with the term "German metaphy-

sics," he describes as tending to loosen the controul of testimony and authority, and to turn the mind to the fatal folly of looking within ourselves, and into the constitution of things, for the principles of our belief and practice. Of course such sort of censure is much too sweeping and declamatory. It is good, because it tends *also* to the detection of truth, to sift testimony and authority—and it is good, moreover, to look to our own feelings, and into the constitution of things, for facts are facts, and not to be shaken by testimony or authority, though *they* may and must be shaken by opposing facts. The truth is, it is no philosophy that shakes testimony—she rather co-operates and establishes its force:—it is the prevalence of falsehood and imposture, that has done the mischief. But there is deep meaning and some eloquence in what follows—the fault is—which is that of the book generally—it is too undistinguishing, too disdainful of due qualifying broad assertions. "Nothing better," says he, "than this unhallowed product can come of an education of which real scriptural religion does not constitute the prevailing ingredient—no system of education can prosper which leaves out that which is the great and proper business of man. A principle of culture is proposed to us which has no reference to the end for which we were born: its maxims and dogmas are flux and evanescent, like the particles, whatever they are, which carry abroad the virus of disease. Down from the lofty, but unsound reveries of Madame de Staël, through all the deepening grades of German story, domestic or dramatic, to the pestilent pen of that unhappy lord, whose genius has thrown lasting reproach upon the literature of his country—through every disguise, and every modification, the lurking disease betrays itself, amidst paint and perfumes, by the invincible scent of its native quarry."

Discoursing on the effect of example, and especially that of high stations, he descants at great length, and with warmth, on the influence of the late king; and takes a side-wind occasion to brand his personal opponents with very unmeasured opprobrium. "Than John Wilks a more wicked man has seldom disgraced the name of Englishmen." Junius was "malicious;" the secret of his vaunted style was his "dextrous use of tawdry antitheses, a certain temerity of diction, and the play of verbal ingenuity." Horne Tooke was the man of insolent phlegm, and studious malignity. Fox, Burke, and Pitt, are all tried by the writer's stern standard.—Fox, of course, falls much below the level of the christian statesman. Burke was by many degrees nearer the christian gentleman; but though the christian orator, he wanted many things which go towards the finished fabric of the christian gentleman. But Pitt (obviously the writer's beau-ideal of a statesman) has full *credit* given him (for of proof of course little could be found) for the

potentialities of the christian gentleman. The man had not time to elicit them into action. "If he was not the exact model of a christian gentleman,"—see how prejudice can warp even this stern professor—"it was because his country, with its engrossing cares, borrowed too much from the concerns of his soul—that time was too strong for eternity—action too importunate for reflection: but he was every way a great man, and chiefly so by the magnanimous dedication of himself to the public"—and, we suppose it may as pertinently be added, the exclusion of others.

When glancing over the reign of George II., he says, of that monarch, "nothing was decisive or emphatic in him, but the love of money and of Hanover:—his own religion, and that of his court, were very low—so low, that Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Chesterfield, and Horace Walpole, were scarcely noticed as infidels or sceptics, although three worse men have seldom appeared in array against the cause of God and the soul." Of Addison, he observes, "he had a plausible conception of the christian gentleman, as appears by many passages in his *Spectator*, in which christianity, according to the view he took of it, was a necessary constituent of thorough good-breeding; but in the religion which he has brought so graphically before us, we see more of colour than consistence, of sentiment than self-denial, of imagination than conviction. The christianity of his fine gentleman shines only upon the surface of his manners." The three friends at Wickham, Gilbert West, Lord Lyttleton, and Mr. Pitt, are all of them found seriously wanting. Of the first he observes, "he was a man of great worth, a gentleman with many christian graces, and, upon the whole, after his work on the Resurrection, not too highly appreciated if called a christian gentleman: but still in him there was a want of spiritual decisiveness—of evangelical seriousness." Though commending, in much the same terms, Lord Lyttleton's Treatise "on St. Paul's Conversion, he turns over its celebrated pages in vain for the pure spirit of evangelical piety, or the characteristics of a mind under the humbling influence of vital faith in the gospel." "Lord Chatham was a gentleman and a christian, in a modified understanding of these terms; but as his piety breaks out in his letters to Lord Camelford, or as it sometimes casts a gleam across the path of his political glory, it reveals to us no intimate convictions of gospel truth—no clear knowledge of the saving virtue of the Redeemer's cross."

This is good, vigorous writing; the author is thoroughly in earnest—and his object is most important, whatever may be thought of particular sentiments.

Prize Essay on Comets, by David Milne; 1829.—Every body has heard of the Rev. Mr. Fellowes, if for nothing else, at least as the eloquent inditer of Queen

Caroline's addresses. Very much, we believe, to his own surprise, he succeeded to the immense wealth (*ignotum pro magifico*) of Baron Maseres. Among the first uses to which he proposed to apply the fruits of this extraordinary windfall, was the furtherance of science—many munificent things have been mentioned, and among others a botanical plaything for the London University. But whatever may have been the projects of himself or his friends, one act was the offer of fifty guineas to the University of Edinburgh for an Essay on Comets, and twenty-five guineas for the second best. This was about two years ago. At the first examination of papers, none were deemed worthy either of the first or second prize; but, on an extension of time being given, to Mr. Milne was awarded the first—the second was not disposed of.

But for this stimulus of Mr. Fellowes, this very superior performance would never have been written; and though something better might be accomplished in point of arrangement, and especially in the historical matter, and certain speculations omitted with advantage, it is incomparably beyond any thing of the kind extant on the subject.

The real value of the book is, that it embraces every thing of any importance, either in fact or inference, ascertained or sanctioned by men of any authority. The subject is distributed by the able author into, 1. Physical constitution of comets, comprising details on the nucleus, envelope, and tail; 2. the movements, or the orbits, with the mathematical investigation; 3. the influence of comets and planets on each other; 4. the various stages of maturity—which is wholly conjectural, proceeding on the supposition chiefly that comets are originally exhalations from some quarter or other, gradually condensing, hardening, solidifying, perhaps into planets, the chief ground for which is, that sometimes comets can be seen through; and 5. general views respecting the system, in which some menacing conclusions are drawn, which do not, however, threaten the present generation—requiring, indeed, some two hundred millions of years to mature them.

The accuracy of the treasury is proverbial—in the midst of millions we find pence and farthings carefully recorded. Astronomers are equally precise; but really, after all the boasted pretensions to close observation, and closer calculation, it is a little remarkable how widely they sometimes differ. Mr. Milne records a few. The nucleus of the comet of 1807, according to Herschel, was 538 miles diameter; but Schroter, another German, made it 997. The second comet of 1811 Herschel determined to be 2,637, while Schroter could make no more than 570 of it. Of course, Herschel is the more credible authority—it is nothing short of presumption, in the smallest degree, in this country, to question the decisions of the greater man in any profession.

Then, again, as to the periodic times of the comets—Bessel declared the period of that of 1769 to be 2,089 years; but then it is acknowledged, that an error of only five seconds in observation would alter the period to 2,678, or 1,692 years. The comet of 1680 was calculated by some at 8,792 years, by others at 8,916, while Newton and Halley fix it at only 570.

Mr. Milne, we think, gives up the parabolic and hyperbolic curve—of course nothing can exceed the absurdity of calculating the returns of a comet, on the supposition of any but a recurring or continuous curve—a circle or ellipse; and equally absurd is it to talk of periods of thousands of years, because that in fact involves a confession, that by far too small a segment of the orbit is ascertained to determine the whole.

It is not by calculation, but by comparing and observing, that the probability of Halley's comet began. He ascertained the appearance of a comet in the same quarter of the heavens in 1531, 1607, 1682, and on this ground predicted its recurrence in 1758; and a comet actually did appear in the expected position in March 1759. The difference is attributed to *disturbances*, which astronomers have ventured to calculate. Now, if a comet recur in the same regions in 1834, or 35 (the perihelion is calculated for 16th March 1835, by Damoiseau), no one will any longer doubt its identity.

But what has become of the comet of 1770? This appears, on probable evidence, to have had an orbit of five years and a half, and yet has never been seen since. Dr. Brewster shrewdly suspects it has been metamorphosed into a planet, and that Pallas is the very he or she. If not, he concludes it must be lost; but what he means by "lost," we do not understand. Mr. Milne evidently does, for he solemnly and *italically* assures us it is *not* lost. "Beyond a doubt," he adds, "it is no longer discernible, solely through the disturbing influence of *Jupiter*." Some new intrigue of his, beyond a doubt. Encke's comet, however, of which we have heard so much lately, is the most interesting, because it is better identified than any other. Its revolution appears to be about three years and four months. In 1818, Pons discovered a comet, and Encke calculated its period to be 1,208 days. In the same regions had one been observed in 1786, 1795, and 1805. He accordingly ventured to predict its recurrence in 1822, visible in 34° south latitude in the beginning of June; and on the 2d of June, 1822, a comet was actually seen at Paramatta, 33° 42' lat. Encke announced it again for August 1825, and his calculation was true to a minute. Again he announced its perihelion this very 10th January 1829, the day on which we are now writing, and visible through November and December. But whether it has been actually seen, we know not. It is not visible by the naked eye. Mr. South, of Kensington, the sidereal astronomer of

the day, tells us, by the papers, he *thinks* he sees it.

Stories from Church History from the Introduction of Christianity to the Sixteenth Century. By the Author of "Early Recollections," &c. 1829.—If there is one thing less fitted than another to be pressed upon the consideration of children, or very young people, it is, we verily think, Church History. Its pages, come from what quarter they may, are filled with prejudices and misrepresentations. Scarcely any but professional persons—scarcely any, therefore, but those who are interested in the support of particular churches, or sects—quite a different thing from *religion*, for *that* is a personal thing—ever discuss the subject with any particularity. In such histories we find every thing twisted to suit the personal object; and, unhappily, in the few instances where distinguished laymen have taken up the topics, they have done so in a spirit of mockery, not only towards the agents of religion, but of religion itself. It is only, too, since the reformation, that materials exist on all sides, to enable impartial men to examine conflicting statements, and draw honest conclusions, which must be, generally, of the most unfavourable kind—varying only in degree. In the remoter periods of Church History, the predominant party took effectual measures to suppress evidence by extinguishing the writings and statements of their vanquished opponents. It is, therefore, only incidentally, or by sagacious inferences formed on close sifting, that any information has been gathered of what was so sedulously destroyed,—nor would even such materials have been left us, had the parties been capable of estimating the possible acuteness of after criticism. From these causes scarcely a step can be safely taken, without the utmost caution—every assertion, every fact, requires its evidence to be looked into, and much more, every deduction and every sentiment built upon them. This, then, is no subject for *children*, let the story be told by whom it may; but when it is told by a person, whose object is directly and avowedly to enforce the sentiments of a party, and thus entrap young people into unsure and premature judgments, it is still more unfit. The title, too, misleads—we took it to consist of stories of individuals, but it proves to be a regular survey of the general history, and, of course, the more intolerable. The writer uses no measure or scruple in the delivery of his judgments—nay, he regards it as a point of duty, to apply the most virulent terms upon all who are not of the true evangelical caste. Vile heretics—bad men, are continually at his *pen's* end. He is, like Cobbett, with rogue and scoundrel for ever in his mouth, or a parrot, that calling every body cuckold, is, probably, now and then right. Speaking of the heresies of the third century, he tells the children whom he

is addressing—"One of these I will mention to you, because it is one of which you might have sometimes heard me speak to older people." Do you know the term Socinian? Have you not heard me say with grief, nay, horror, for I felt it, that I had been in company with a Socinian—that I had heard him, whom I adored as 'my God and my Lord,' called a 'good man, the most perfect of human beings.' You are shocked, perhaps, that any one could be guilty of robbing Christ of his glory—of calling him who is 'one with the Father,' a mere man! Yet this is the doctrine of Socinianism," &c.

Constantius, he tells the same children, like his father, professed Christianity,—if that can be called Christianity, which would make the great author of our religion less than God.

Again—Athanasius thought, as every true believer in Jesus, must think, &c.

Again, Genseric, King of the Vandals, was nominally an Arian Christian,—if the coupling of the terms were not absurd.

Calvin, of course, finds the author a staunch apologist. "So far," says he, to the children he is instructing, "so far from procuring the death of Servetus, he seems to have pleaded for his life, or at least for the mitigation of his punishment; and, notwithstanding the odium undeservedly cast upon it by this transaction, the name of Calvin will ever be great in the Protestant church, which by his means was established not only in Geneva, but in many countries in Europe. But, perhaps, you can form a better opinion of Calvin from his death than from any account I can now give you of his life"—which he then quotes from Fry's Church History.

We had marked several inaccuracies, the results of mere carelessness—where the writer, we mean, could have no interest to serve by misrepresentation—but we have no space,—nor is the book of sufficient importance to regret the want of it.

Flowers of Fancy, by Henry Schultes; 1829.—These flowers consist of "similes" used by poets, and those who, like poets, write ornamentally—collected and arranged with great industry, and apparently with a miserable waste of good leisure, into an alphabetical list—thus:

BLIND as ignorance, *Beaumont and Fletcher*—as death, *Ibid*—as hell, *Habington*—as fortune, *Dryden*—as upstart greatness, *Lillo*—as Cupid, *Sir W. Davenant*, *Fred. Reynolds*—as love, *Mead*, *T. Killigrew*, and others—as moles, *Beaumont and Fletcher*, *Silvester*, and others—as owls amidst the glare of day, *Donne's Tasso*—as bats, *Sylvester*, *A. Maclaren*—as a buzzard, *Otway*—as the Cyclop, *Dryden*—as a stone, *Chaucer*—blind and silent as the night, *Sir W. Davenant*—&c.

In a very elaborate preface, the author—a man, nevertheless, of taste and cultivation—struggles hard, in reality, to find a jus-

tification or apology for his performance, but ostensibly to point out the use and advantage of it. In the first place, he discovers "it will assist (we use his own words) the writer, who, following the light of truth, is enabled to convey his ideas with clearness into the minds of others, and who can occasionally illustrate his propositions by apposite comparisons formed by allusions to natural and familiar objects of the sense." It is too obvious to urge that such a man—if illustrations do not rise spontaneously—had better leave them alone; and, indeed, nobody will know this better than such a man. But, besides, the author, by dint of close scrutiny, detects a second use—"it will offer a list, by which a writer may discover whether the offspring of his mind be a new creation, or an adoption." Unluckily, this is incompatible with the former—they are destructive of each other. He might as well have said, "It is of use, and of no use;" or, had he said, "Read, mark, learn these similes—to avoid the use of them"—this had been admissible, and in accordance with a remark of his own in another place—that the second user of a phrase cannot escape the charge of plagiarism; whether truly or not, he loses, in every body's charitable conclusion, the merit of invention, and is considered a mere imitator.

In this same preface, the writer quotes a few similes which he regards as marks of bad taste, or at least negligent composition. "The qualities compared have no just correspondence," he says, "with each other; and they evince an erroneous judgment, not unlike that of the blind man, who thought the colour of scarlet resembled the sound of a trumpet." The spirit of this decision is, on the whole, sound enough; but the instances are not equally liable to the censure. There are grounds of comparison, in general association, and in obvious and habitual transitions, though the qualities will not parallel:—

His heart was light as a sun-beam;—

His heart was light as sunshine on the deep;—

Happy as a wave that dances on the sea;—

As soft in manners, as the silky fur upon the bosom of a playing kitten!!!—

Sounds which are soft as Leda's breast;—

Music, sweet as the tears that the dews of night distil;—

A joy, as pure and stainless as the gem that the morning finds on the blossom of the rose;—

Joys, bright as April showers;—

The feelings, pure as morning's dew;—

An empire, which rose like an exhalation.

Memoirs of the late Rev. W. Goode, Rector of St. Ann, Blackfriars. By his Son. 1829.—This is a memoir, by the son of a very zealous professor, of the Evangelical class, which can, from the exclusive and sectarian tone of it—for the Church has its sectaries—be readable by none but those

of the same party. The phraseology, which from an impulse of impatience, without meaning to charge hypocrisy upon all who use it, one is tempted to describe shortly as *cant*, can be tolerated only by those, who by habitually adopting it, forget—not the bad taste of it, for that is an inferior consideration—but the sense of mockery it excites in others; and surely it is no sign of a sound understanding to practise what in the main is but the shibboleth of a party. Nor are the sentiments expressed by this phraseology less revolting, though more from their implications than their actual and immediate force. Mr. Goode—the father, we mean—has occasion in a letter to speak of the effects of his preaching—"it is the Lord's doing—the glory is his—we are but earthen vessels," &c. Now phrases of this kind are offensive; first, because they are borrowed ones, and so scarcely prompted by the speaker's feelings—there is, besides, affectation, and arrogance in them—and in the mildest estimate are but the prating of a parrot; or if they be allowed to express the feelings of the party using them, they are still offensive, because they imply a sense of overbearingness, as if they were called upon to exclaim, "we are men of like passions with yourselves"—it is a sort of mock-modesty, as if others could mistake them for any thing but *earthen vessels*. But, generally, the language of evangelical teachers is offensive—for it everywhere implies a personal superiority—a consciousness of something like exclusive favour—a pretension to a something approaching the prophetic or apostolic authority,—while congregations are addressed as poor, unintelligent animals, who have not access to the same means of enlightenment with themselves, but must depend upon their privileged and inspired instructors for the knowledge of what is as important to the one as the other.

One of Mr. Goode's letters begins in this way—"I am happy to inform you that through the goodness of our God, I got safe to Margate on Monday afternoon," &c. Here is the exclusive tone. In another—"the weather is somewhat pleasanter, which is very desirable, *if it please God*,"—which if it is not mock, is ostentatious piety. Mrs. Goode's clothes caught fire, and Mr. Goode was fortunate enough to rescue her from destruction. Of this "peculiar dispensation of mercy," as the son styles it, Mr. Goode thus writes to a friend,—"I had not pulled off my great coat in the passage, when I heard most violent shrieks up in our bed-room, and, running up stairs, saw Mrs. Goode coming out of the door all in a blaze, and running up into the nursery, where was only the nurse and the infant; besides which, she must have been so totally in flames before she got there, that it would have been put out with great difficulty. I laid hold of her, pulled her back into the room, and instantly rolled her up in the carpet, which extinguished

the flame, but not till burnt much in her back and right arm. Had I not come in that minute, she must have been burnt to death; they were all in confusion, and there is little probability they would have taken the proper method to smother the fire—perhaps the whole house might have been set on fire—indeed there is no calculating the probable consequences. '*Twas most evidently the Lord's hand*, and it requires,' &c.

"Had I not come she must have been burnt"—that is, if no other means of rescue had been present, but if any direct interposition be meant,—if any extraordinary sources be supposed to be put into activity—one mean may well be supposed as ready as another, and if *he* had been absent, another might have been at hand—or the accident not have occurred at all. "'Twas evidently the Lord's hand"—so, it must be supposed, surely, was the *calamity*. But such interpreters of events seem always to suppose the event is appointed to bring about the interposition; and so it may be, for any thing we can establish to the contrary, but it must surely to most persons appear to be an odd conclusion to come to without distinct evidence, and of such evidence we can imagine none.

Mr. Goode was, no doubt, an excellent man—of very considerable theological attainments—of great zeal and indefatigable effort—five sermons a week for many years is proof enough, but of no very enlightened benevolence—of no very enlarged information—of no free or liberal inquiry—of little sympathy or concern for any thing out of his own exclusive circle, and less tolerance for other's opinions, for he had no distrust of his own, and scarcely can be said to know those of others, or be capable of estimating them with any thing like an unbiassed judgment. His horror for them, however, was, of course, not the less vehement. From a child he was remarkable for the phrases and the practices of piety, originating, we may suppose, in the habits of his friends, and their connection with dissenting ministers. He was educated also by a dissenter of some provincial distinction in his day, Bull, of Newport Pagnell. These phrases and practices grew up with him—never suffered any suspension or interruption, and were mixed up, in his mind, irresistibly, with *essentials*, and undistinguishably so; and the absence or disuse of them, in others, was to him, inevitably, as it is to thousands, indicative of the absence of all vital religion. Soon after his ordination he became a curate to *Romaine*, to whose living of Blackfriars, after some years, on the petition of the parish to Lord Loughborough, he succeeded,—which place was, of course, the chief seat of his professional exertions.

He was a conspicuous member in all committees and societies for charitable and missionary objects, and was, we believe, the *first*, who made preaching tours to raise contributions for these purposes. In a time

of great excitement, his *Christian Loyalty and Patriotism*, as the son phrases it, was strongly manifested, especially during the war with France, when he was always ready with sermons on the times; in one of which, we observe, he recommended to his congregation, Robson's *Proofs of a Conspiracy*—which will indicate to the discerning pretty plainly, the spirit of his Christian politics—not but the spirit of his deductions, and the drift of his spiritual advice, were correct and applicable enough. The late king seems to have been often the subject of his pulpit eulogium, and, of course, in language that accords very slightly with the suggestions of common sense in a constitutional monarchy. But it must never be forgotten, that when the principle of the government was changed, the language of the liturgy was *not*, as it ought to have been, *conformed*; and, of course, it cannot be expected that ministers of that liturgy will not fondly cling to the language and all that it involves.

The analysis of the intellectual and moral character of the man—who was, doubtless, eminently influential and useful to his party—a good man, too—always honest and well-meaning—with some talents for business, and some eloquence, and some acquirement—displays a good deal of discrimination, and shews the son to be an observant and intelligent person.

The Legendary Cabinet: a Collection of British National Ballads. Ancient and Modern, &c. By the Rev. J. D. Parry; 1829.—This is not strictly a collection of old ballad-romances—for, after Percy, Ritson, Scott, Jamieson, &c. there could be no sort of occasion for such a thing—but rather a selection out of the collected mass of old and modern—conducted, in the language of the editor, on a MORAL plan; or, at least, with an exclusion of all articles of a directly unexceptionable character. This is the characteristic of the selection, and what entitles it to the preference of parents and instructors. The editor further remarks, his purpose has been—seeing subjects of this kind have such peculiar charms to both old and young—to render what is thus popular comparatively innocent, which nobody, it seems, has attempted or thought of before him; and, in “this commendable purpose, he has had the satisfaction of coinciding with the ideas of a high ecclesiastic character,” but whose name he is not at liberty to mention. This, to be sure, is intelligence there was no withholding; but, really, it becomes, now-a-days, a matter of wonderment that young and unbeneficed clergymen do not discover that the opinion of a diocesan, or other church dignitary, is, not once in a thousand times, on a thousand topics, of so much importance to the world as it seems to be to themselves.—But this, by the way.

The editor has further wished to make his selection *national*—excluding, with one or two exceptions, not only foreign pieces, but

foreign subjects. The volume, too, we perceive, is, with exemplary equity, equally divided between the ancient and modern—the ancient admitting none below the venerable age of 200 years—though among them we remarked Hardyknute, which, the editor himself observes, first appeared in 1719, and speaks of as a *modern* forgery, and ascertained to be the production of Lady Wardlaw, or of Sir John Nicholls, who employed the intervention of that lady in the publication. But the greater part are taken from Percy's *Reliques*, or from Scott, Jamieson, Evans, &c.: such as Chevy Chase, Robin Hood, and his encounters with Guy, and the Curtal Friar, and the Fisherman, St. George and the Dragon, Johnny Armstrong, George Barnwell, Valentine and Ursine, &c. The modern half consists of compositions of the last seventy years (what is the authority for this new statute of limitations?), and some of the present century: such as the Red-cross Knight, Hermit of Warkworth, Friars of Orders Gray, Goldsmith's Hermit, &c., with some of Southey's, Wordsworth's, Miss A. M. Porter's, Walter Scott's, Wiffen's, &c.,—and one of the editor's own.

But why—we must ask—why should the editor be so excessively angry with Ritson? The language, as well as the *sentiments*, of the old ballads should surely be sacred. *Suum cuique* is a good rule always. Now, Dr. Percy took great liberties, which nobody denies, with both; Ritson remonstrated; and for this, apparently—for no other reason peeps forth—the editor charges the unlucky remonstrancer with being envious and malicious; and, by way of make-weight, he must needs add, after an approved fashion—gross and impious; the applicability of which is not wholly to be denied, but which the editor was not fairly called upon to urge.

The editor has, however, done what he had to do, well; and we have a perfect confidence that the new volume he contemplates will be equally acceptable, and furnish another specimen of his own powers in this line, equal to his “Ella.”—

No!—yet, even yet, for Ella's love,
I'll mighty deeds essay;
Those nobler feats of worth I'll prove,
That lead to heaven the way.

My op'ning buds, so sweet and fair,
I'll first secure amain;
Good Clement holds that tender care
In Ina's holy fane.

In arms full clad, an errant knight,
I'll roam o'er hills and seas,
Restoring to the wrong, their right,
And to the afflicted, ease.

I'll venge the cause of orphans poor,
I'll crush the tyrants down;
I'll raise the meek, that pensive cow'r
Beneath a dastard's frown.

Once more shall Ella's chief have place
In many a minstrel's song;
And all the fruits his name that grace,
To Ella's love belong.—&c.

FINE ARTS' EXHIBITIONS.

THE exuberance of matter pressing upon us for notice at this season, precludes the necessity of any general comparisons, whether "odious" or agreeable. We shall therefore proceed at once to give the most satisfactory positive account that our limits will permit, of the chief exhibitions opened to public inspection since our last notice. The most important is that of the Royal Academy, where we meet with a collection of works highly creditable to the general state of art among us, and including many individual examples, in many different departments, that have never been surpassed in our own country, and rarely in any other. It must be admitted at once, that not only the most conspicuous, but the most meritorious objects of this year at the Royal Academy, are the portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence. They are eight in number; and though each has something to distinguish it in a peculiar manner from all the rest, it is difficult to determine which should carry off the palm of praise and admiration.

Three are whole-lengths, the size of life; and for airy grace of style, and mingled power and fidelity of execution, they have never been surpassed, even by this accomplished artist himself. That of the Duchess of Richmond (102) represents the very perfection of natural beauty, heightened to its acme by all the inimitable graces of high blood and breeding; that of the Marchioness of Salisbury (193) includes an intense intellectual vivacity of look which rivets the eye with a sort of talismanic power; and the capital one of the Duke of Clarence, has a still and unpretending gravity about it that cannot be too much admired. Next in merit and effect to the above, are two which include an extraordinary union of force of character with happy facility of style: they are (135) Lord Durham, and (97) Miss Macdonald; there is a look of what our neighbours called *minauderie* about the latter, which is executed with singular delicacy and nicety. The other portraits of Lawrence are a not very agreeable one of Southey (172), a fine one of Mr. Soane (338), and a somewhat stiff and starched one of Mrs. Locke, sen. (455.)

Among the Historical works this year, the most conspicuous is that of Benaiah, by Etty (16).

"He slew two lion-like men of Moab."

SAMUEL.

It displays considerable power of conception and execution; and there is great and very striking merit in the *chiaro-scuro*; but the work is of overgrown size, and has not much that will recommend it to general admiration. The little work by the same artist, on the subject of Hero and Leander (31), has ten times more real merit; but even this is of a nature that will cause it to be

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generally passed by unnoticed. These are the only works by Etty. Hilton has a large work of the historical class, "The meeting of Abraham's servant and Rebecca" (180), in which he has adopted a tame and feeble general manner, that does not augur well for his progress in the art. Unfortunately, in the historical class we have also to rank the chief of Wilkie's productions of this year. We but little expected, and still less are we pleased with, the striking change that seems to have taken place in the ideas of this distinguished artist, as to the line of art in which his great talents are available. He has given us, instead of his former unrivalled pieces of humour and character, monks, priests, and princesses going through the serious mockery of bathing pilgrims' feet—amazons fighting furiously, and priests debating gloomily—shepherds singing hymns to Madonnas, and sinners kneeling at confessionals. This is a grievous contrast to what we looked for at the hands of Mr. Wilkie. Has his own pilgrimage to the Eternal City made a saint or a Roman of him?—We shall abstain from criticising his new class of works, till we ascertain from what causes and motives they have proceeded.

In point of mere colouring, and, indeed, we may add, in almost every other particular except choice of subject, Mr. Briggs's picture of Margaret of Anjou flying with the young prince, after the battle of Hexham, and confiding him to the care of robbers, is the very best historical work on a large scale in this collection. There is a coherence, a consistency, a general harmony in the productions of this artist, which would alone place him in a high rank. But he has, moreover, an excellent conception of individual character, a fine taste in colouring, and much graceful ease in his style of handling. Nevertheless, he is far from having hitherto performed what we are entitled to expect from his various powers; and one reason of this is, that he has not hitherto made a judicious choice of subject. He paints scenes in which his powers of conception and his skill in delineating character, are too much tied down to certain specific claims upon them. In the department of external nature we have a few fine, and several highly agreeable and meritorious productions. Calcott's "Dutch Ferry" (66) is a work of rare power and beauty, shewing all the artist's best qualities in their best point of view. Collins's "Morning after a Storm" (166) is equally pure and simple; yet with more of manner, and consequently less of nature: for Calcott has less manner than any other distinguished artist of his day. Constable, on the other hand, has *more* of manner than any one else; but it is a bold and original manner, and one which is at least founded on a

close observation and appreciation of nature. He has two exceedingly clever works this year, but they are not of a conspicuous character. Turner has a brilliant production from the *Odyssey*, "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus" (42). There is little of mere nature in it; but in its place a poetical power of imagination, embodied by a power of execution, the result of which is the next best thing, and, in connexion with a subject of this kind, a better thing.

In that department of art which is neither historical, imaginative, nor wholly natural, but combining in a piquant manner some of the most attractive qualities of all these departments, we have a few agreeable works this year, but none that merit a particular and detailed description. Edwin Landseer's "Illicit whiskey still in Ireland" (20) is among the best of these. It unites his fine observation and singular skill, in embodying the results of that observation, in a very effective manner. "Sir Roger de Coverley and the Gypsies," by Leslie (134) is another of these pleasant true fictions—which are worth all the fictitious truth in the world. But the most striking and meritorious of them all, is Newton's piece from *Gil Blas*. It is in many respects an exquisite work; and our only regret in recurring to it is, that we are compelled to pass over such a production with a few vague and general words of praise. When we can succeed in persuading the proprietors of this entertaining miscellany, yclept the *Monthly Magazine*, to double its attractions, by devoting the whole of their space every month to remarks on Art and its productions, we may hope to render a due measure of justice to such productions as this of Mr. Newton. But this exquisite artist has another little picture in the present exhibition, which we prize even more highly than the above-named, though it is merely a "portrait of a lady, in a cauchoise dress" (114). There is a spirit, a speaking grace, and an intellectual life about it, to achieve which is the perfection of Art.

Society of Painters in Water Colours.—The Water Colour Painters have presented us with a charming exhibition this year; such a one as no other country has, or ever had, the means of equalling, or even making any near approaches to: for the art of painting in water colours is an art belonging to the present century almost exclusively, at least as practised by many of the leading artists of our day. At present, effects are attempted and produced in this way, which it was thought, could only be accomplished by the most elaborate and skilful employment of oil. In order to illustrate our position in this particular, the reader has only to visit the Water Colour Exhibition of the present year, in which he will find pictures that include qualities and effects of the very highest class, and such as are by many conceived to be unattainable by the means here employed.

At the head of the exhibitors, in merit as well as in number, stands Mr. Copley Fielding—an artist to whom this department of art, more than to any other person, peculiarly belongs. He exhibits this year, between forty and fifty pictures, many of which are of first rate merit, and not one of which would not, a few years ago, have been looked upon as a masterly production in this class of art. Perhaps the most skilful, and certainly the most original, of Mr. Fielding's productions, are his sea pieces, in which he displays a power of hand, and a feeling for natural truth, which have rarely been surpassed. His "Vessels in Yarmouth Roads," (11) is an admirable work in these respects. Another of his works in this class of scenery, but in altogether a different style, is "Tele-machus going in search of Ulysses," (103) a scene of gorgeous and poetical beauty, that finely contrasts with the simplicity of the former, yet is equally true to nature with that, or with any other work in the room—though surpassing them all in brilliance and poetical effect.

Among the works representing merely external scenery, we cannot point to one of a more popular class, and likely to please and satisfy generally, than Mr. Nash's *View from the Pont Neuf at Paris*. It is a highly agreeable and characteristic work, but is without that originality of style which is so much to be admired in Fielding, because it is so perfectly consistent with nature. Mr. Robson also displays much originality in his numerous works this year, but, we are sorry to say, very little of that quality without which all the originality in the world is worthless—we mean truth of character. His scenes are gorgeous to look upon, and will assuredly attract and fix the popular gaze; but they will not, generally speaking, satisfy those who gain their impressions of nature from nature herself. They are like portraits which present all the features of the original, and give to those features their exact form; consequently you know the original on seeing it; but they are on that account like the original, because they miss all the intellectual expression of the features, and all their play and spirit—consequently all their peculiar character. And thus it is with the landscapes of Mr. Robson. They are beautiful objects to look at, but they leave no distinct impressions arising out of themselves, and they recel no distinct recollections which may have been gathered from real objects. There is a vague look about them, like that of a summer sunset, which, however beautiful, is like nothing that you ever saw before, and leaves no image that you can recal. Not so with the scenes of Mr. Christall in this exhibition. They display great and singular merit, and are indeed unique in this department of art, so far as regards their intellectual character. This artist has the singular skill to give a sort of antique and classical air to every figure he

represents, without in the least degree divesting it of its natural and *modern* look and expression. And this is the more singular as all his figures are taken from a low grade of life—Scotch peasants, water carriers, shepherds, and the like. In this respect his “Scotch Peasants, Loch Lomond” (173) is a most admirable work. There is a grandeur of style about it that would become a subject from ancient poetry or Mythology; and yet every part of it, and the whole together, are perfectly consistent with the actual scene and persons represented. Exactly the same may be said of several other of this artist's productions in the present collection, in particular two of “Fern Burners” (219), and “Scotch Peasants, Loch Achray” (263).

Mr. Prout has but few of his fine, rich, weighty and characteristic (howbeit somewhat too much mannered) productions this year; but what he does exhibit are as masterly as usual. The most striking and elaborate is a View on the Great Canal at Venice. The other leading supporters of this society, and practisers of this charming art, Messrs. Varley, Lewis, Harding, Gastineau, Evans, &c. have each contributed their share of attraction; and we meet with many very pleasing productions by hands scarcely as yet “known to fame.”

Cosmorama, Regent Street.—This Exhibition has just re-opened, with a set of new pieces, no less than fourteen in number, and of very various merit. Some are mere worthless daubs; others have little to recommend them but the interest and curiosity of the scene and objects represented; and others are executed with considerable skill, and their subjects are so well adapted to the peculiar nature of the exhibition, as to produce a strikingly agreeable and interesting effect. Among the latter, the chief and most meritorious are, the Interior of St. Peter's, at Rome, the Interior of the

Church of St. Gudule at Brussels, and the Interior of Saint Paul's Cathedral. We do not remember to have seen any views at this or similar places, more effective than the three we have named; and the whole exhibition is one presenting considerable attractions to mere sight-seekers of the season of the year.

Mr. Thom's Sculpture.—Among the most remarkable exhibitions connected with fine arts that we remember to have witnessed, is one lately open to public view in Bond-street, consisting of two pieces of sculpture, by a self taught Scottish artist, named Thom. Each object consists of a figure, as large as life, seated in a chair, and representing, the one, Tam O'Shanter, and the other Souter Johnny—the two heroes of one of Burns's admirable comic stories. In point of intrinsic merit, these works have been ridiculously overrated; but as evidences of an extraordinary degree of natural cleverness, they are perhaps unrivalled, and cannot be too much admired and praised.

Gallery of English Beauties.—The June number of this charming collection of engravings, represents the elegant and piquante Lady Ellenborough; and it represents her in a manner, and to an effect exactly corresponding with her peculiar class of beauty, which is as simple as it is sweet and touching. She is attired in clouds alone, which cluster about her till she seems emerging from and born of them, as Venus was of the ocean waves; and around her head a sort of starry glory has been added, which, if it is not exactly appropriate to a living beauty, gives an interest and effect to the face and form which its extreme simplicity, in other respects, makes it stand in need of. This portrait forms the 54th of the Series of the Beauties of the Court of George the Fourth, now in course of publication in *La Belle Assemblée*.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

The Public and Private Libraries of Ancient Rome.—During the first five centuries, Rome appears to have possessed neither literature nor libraries. The first considerable library was brought to Rome by Æmilius Probus, in the year 586, after the plunder of the treasures of King Persius; but it is not known whether this was preserved or sold. After the taking of Athens, Sylla enriched Rome with the beautiful library of Pisistratus; he transmitted it to his son, and the ulterior fate of this collection is unknown. After the example of Sylla, Lucullus chose from the booty of Pontus, a library for his own use and that of the studios. The private library of Terentius Varro is also mentioned; unfortunately it was dispersed after the death of the proprietor. Cicero also possessed a fine library. Aulus Gellius

likewise specifies that of Tibertius; there were several others in the municipia and the colonies. Epaphroditus of Charonea, is said to have possessed 30,000 volumes, and Serenus Sammonicus 62,000, which were bequeathed to the emperor Gordian. As to public libraries, Augustus first established one in Rome; it was placed under the vestibule of the Temple of Liberty, on the Aventine Hill. Soon after, the same emperor founded two other libraries, the Octavian, under the portico of his sister Octavia, and the Palatine, in the temple of Apollo, on the Palatine Hill; this was rich in Greek and Latin works, and authors regarded it an honour to have their writings placed there; under the reign of Commodus, this literary treasure became a prey to the flames. In the palace of Tiberius, on the same hill, was also a library, the Tibe-

rian; this, likewise, was burnt, under Nero. Another great public library at Rome, the Capitoline, the foundation of which is attributed by Donatus to Adrian, and with more appearance of truth, by Lipsius, to Domitian; this, like the former, was destroyed by fire, under the reign of Commodus. Lastly, Aulus Gellius mentions the Ulpian library, or that of the temple of Trajan, which was subsequently removed to the Viminal hill, to embellish the baths of Dioclesian. According to P. Victor, there existed at Rome, at the time of Constantine, 29 public libraries, of which the finest were the Palatine, restored after the conflagration, and the Ulpian.

Toads.—When mentioning in our number for April the account of a large toad which had been found imbedded in a stone in America, we inserted a remark of Professor Eaton, or, rather, a query, "might not an egg have been enclosed in the cavity?" To this a respectable correspondent, and we fully agree with him, objects, as being a most unsatisfactory explanation. The results of this gentleman's partly novel and judicious experiments, with which he has obligingly furnished us, are, that the spawn of frogs and toads will not come to maturity *without the aid of water and heat*. "The spawn is of the form of a mustard-seed, but nearly black, and surrounded by an albuminous fluid, very viscid, so much so, that the female could not detach it from her body *without the aid of water*. When ejected and in the water, it assumes the appearance of a quantity of white currants, with a black speck in each of them." (Perhaps boiled sago would furnish a more exact simile.)—"That sun is necessary to the animation of the spawn, I proved, by taking a male and female toad and making the latter deposit her spawn in a vessel, part of which I kept there with a sufficient quantity of water, but prevented it from receiving the sun's rays; the remainder I put into another pan, and placed so that the sun might shine on it all day. In the latter vessel I soon had the tadpoles, in the former none." We have frequently endeavoured to impress upon our readers the advantages that must result to science, if isolated observers of natural phenomena would communicate to the public an unvarnished statement of what they may have seen. The pages of this journal will always be open to such information, which will be thankfully acknowledged; to our present correspondent we feel much obliged, and look forward with interest to his future favours.

Schinderhannes.—At the commencement of the French revolution, and for some time after, the two banks of the Rhine were the theatre of continual wars. Commerce was interrupted, and robbery the only mechanical art which was worth pursuing. These enterprises were carried on at first by individuals trading on their own capital

of skill and courage; but when the French laws came into more active operation—in the seat of their exploits, the desperadoes formed themselves, for mutual protection, into co-partnerships, which were the terror of the country. Men soon arose among them whose talents or prowess attracted the confidence of their comrades, and chiefs were elected, and laws and institutions established. Their last and most celebrated chief, was the redoubted Schinderhannes, *i. e.* John Buckler, one of whose exploits we shall now detail. The robberies of this noted chief became more audacious and extensive every day, and at last he established a kind of "black mail" among the Jews, at their own request. Accompanied one day by only two of his comrades, he did not hesitate to attack a cavalcade of 45 Jews and 5 Christian peasants. The booty taken was only two bundles of tobacco, the robbers returning some provisions, on a remonstrance from one of the Jews, who pleaded poverty. Schinderhannes then ordered them to take off their shoes and stockings, which he threw into a heap, leaving to every one the care of finding his own property. The affray that ensued was tremendous; the forty-five Jews who had patiently allowed themselves to be robbed by these men, fought furiously with each other about their old shoes; and the robber, in contempt of their cowardice, gave his carbine to one of them to hold while he looked on.

Captain Franklin.—On the 27th of March last, the Geographical Society of Paris presented their annual gold medal of the value of one thousand francs, to Captain Franklin, as a testimony of their sense of the importance of his second expedition to the shores of the Polar Sea.

The Keith Medals.—Extract of a letter addressed to the Royal Society of Edinburgh by the Trustees of the late Alexander Keith, Esq.—"As the Royal Society of Edinburgh is the principal scientific establishment of Scotland, we hereby offer to the President and Council the sum of £600, the principal of which shall on no account be encroached on; while the interest shall form a triennial prize for the most important discoveries in science made in any part of the world, but communicated by their author to the Royal Society, and published for the first time in their Transactions. With regard to the form in which this prize is to be adjudged, we beg leave to suggest that it may be given in a gold medal, not exceeding 15 guineas value, together with a sum of money, or a piece of plate bearing the devices and inscriptions on the medal." The above-mentioned sum has been paid over to the Treasurer of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; and the prizes will be awarded at the specified periods, if any discoveries of sufficient importance be presented during their currency.

The Water of the Mediterranean.—

The late Dr. Marcet in his examination of sea water, has been unable, for want of a sufficient number of specimens of water, taken at various depths in the Mediterranean, to draw any certain inference as to what becomes of the vast amount of salt brought into that sea by the constant current which sets in from the Atlantic through the straits of Gibraltar, and which, as the evaporation of the water, must either remain in the basin of the Mediterranean or escape by some hitherto unexplained means. In the hope of obtaining further evidence on this question, he had requested Captain Smyth, R.N., who was engaged in a survey of that sea, to procure specimens of water from the greatest accessible depths. The specimens collected by Captain Smyth were, in consequence of Dr. Marcet's death, given to other persons, and applied to other objects; Dr. Wollaston, however, obtained the three remaining bottles of the collection. The contents of one of these, taken up at about fifty miles within the Straits, and from a depth of 670 fathoms, was found to have a density exceeding that of distilled water by more than four times the usual quantity of saline residuum. The result of the examination of this specimen accords completely with the anticipation that a counter current of denser water might exist at great depths in the neighbourhood of the Straits, capable of carrying westward into the Atlantic as much salt as enters into the Mediterranean with the eastern current near the surface. If the two currents were of equal breadth and depth, the velocity of the lower current need only be one-fourth of that of the upper current, in order to prevent any increase of saltiness in the Mediterranean.

Culture of Indigo in Senegal.—Indigo, which forms so material an article of commerce in France, and of which they have been such extensive purchasers in the English, or rather Anglo-Indian market, has been at length raised in the French African Colony of Senegal, and from recent accounts, it seems probable that the Indigo, which now rivals in quality the best produced in Bengal, will, at no distant period, supersede, from its quality, what has hitherto been supplied from English culture.

Extraordinary Invention.—An ingenious hat-maker has recently taken out a patent which, so far as we can judge of its meaning, far surpasses in absurdity even any that has as yet been enrolled. He proposes to recover the spirits which have been employed in dissolving the gums used in "stiffening hats, hat bodies, bonnets, caps, and divers articles of merchandize, and converting such spirits (after rectification) into use, by submitting the said old hats, caps, bonnets, &c. to a sort of distillation"!!!

Anatomical Description of the Foot of a Chinese Female.—That the standard of beauty is different in different nations is readily admitted, but that any set of men

should regard, as an embellishment, such a perversion of the gifts of nature as render these last perfectly unfit to discharge the functions for which they were designed, would, but for the evidence of the fact, be utterly incredible. Mr. Bransby Cooper has just communicated to the Royal Society an anatomical description of the foot of a Chinese female, which is much too curious to be omitted here. The foot was obtained from the dead body of a female found floating in the river at Canton, and had all the characters of deformity consequent upon the prevailing habit of early bandaging for the purpose of checking its natural growth. To an unpractised eye it had more the appearance of a congenital malformation than of being the effect of art, however long continued; and appears, at first sight, like a club foot, or an unreduced dislocation. From the heel to the great toe the length of the foot measures only four inches; the great toe is bent abruptly backwards, and its extremity pointed directly upwards; while the phalanges of the other toes are doubled in beneath the sole of the foot, having scarcely any breadth across the foot where it is naturally broadest. The heel, instead of projecting backwards, descends in a straight line from the bones of the leg, and imparts a singular appearance to the foot, as if it were kept in a state of permanent extension. From the doubling in of the toes into the sole of the foot, the external edge of the foot is formed in a great measure by the extremities of the metatarsal bones; and a deep cleft or hollow appears in the sole across its whole breadth. From the diminutive size of the foot, the height of the instep, the deficiency of breadth, and the density of the cellular texture, all attempts to walk with so deformed a foot must be extremely awkward; and in order to preserve an equilibrium in an erect position, the body must necessarily be bent forwards with a painful effort, and with a very considerable exertion of muscular power. We may remark, that in all Chinese paintings wherein a female of the higher class is represented as standing, her position is invariably such as has been described by this excellent anatomist.

Steam Navigation.—That the character of maritime war will be materially changed by the introduction of steam is universally admitted; we have already apprised our readers of the proposition of Mr. Waghorn to perform the voyage to and from India with despatches in six months, and Captain Ross, whose voyage to the northern regions opened the path in which Parry so successfully advanced, is now about to depart on a polar expedition in a steam vessel. A little more experience will soon convince the mercantile part of the British community that the greatest effect can be produced by a steam vessel when it is employed to tow, not for freight.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

A work of fiction, entitled *The Five Nights of St. Albans*, is upon the eve of publication, in three volumes, which is likely to excite some interest from the peculiarity of its plan, and the singular nature of its incidents.

In the press, *Beatrice, a Tale founded on Facts*. By Mrs. Hoffand. In 3 vols. 12mo.

Preparing for publication, under the superintendence of Mr. George Don, A.L.S., a new edition of Miller's *Gardener's and Botanist's Dictionary*, containing a complete enumeration and description of all Plants hitherto unknown, newly arranged according to the natural system of Jussieu, and comprising all the modern improvements to the present time. To be published in parts, and completed in four quarto volumes.

An Engraving, from Sir Thomas Lawrence's painting of the Hon. Mrs. C. Arbuthnot, is announced for the 55th of the Series of *The Female Nobility* publishing in *La Belle Assemblée*.

Mr. William Hosking is preparing for publication, *A Popular System of Architecture*, to be illustrated with engravings, and exemplified by reference to well known structures. It is intended as a Class or Text Book in that branch of liberal education.

The Three Chapters, to be published Monthly, under the superintendence of Mr. Sharpe, will commence on the 1st of July, with an engraving from the pencil of Mr. Wilkie.

Another portion of Mr. Booth's *Analytical Dictionary* is now in the press.

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In a few weeks will appear, the first monthly number of a work to be entitled *The Gardens and Menagerie of the Zoological Society Delineated*; being Descriptions and Figures in Illustration of the Natural History of the Living Animals in the Society's Collection. To be published, with the Authority of the Council, under the superintendence of the Secretary and Vice-Secretary of the Society.

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The Author of "The Opening of the Sixth Seal" is about to publish an Essay, suggesting a more easy and practicable mode of acquiring general knowledge, which will include instructions for a course of study necessary for that purpose.

Dr. James Clark has in the press an Essay on the Influence of Climate in Diseases of the Chest, Digestive Organs, &c.; including Directions to Invalids going Abroad, respecting the best seasons and modes of Travelling, and the general management of their Health; and Remarks on the Effects of the principal Mineral Waters of the Continent in Chronic Diseases.

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To John Davls, Lemon Street, Middlesex, sugar-refiner, for a certain improvement in the condenser used for boiling sugar in vacuo. —28th April; 6 months.

To George William Lee, Bagnio Court, Newgate Street, London, Middlesex, merchant, for

certain improvements in machinery for spinning cotton and other fibrous substances.—2d May; 6 months.

To Henry Boek, Esq., Ludgate Hill, London, Middlesex, for improvements in machinery for embroidering or ornamenting cloths, stuffs, and other fabrics.—2d May; 6 months.

To James Dutton, junior, Wotton Underedge, Gloucester, clothier, for certain improvements in propelling ships, boats, and other vessels or floating bodies by steam or other power.—19th May; 6 months.

List of Patents, which having been granted in the month of June 1815, expire in the present month of June 1829.

1. John Lingford, London, for an anatomical self-regulating truss.

— John Kelby, York, for improvements in the art of brewing malt liquors.

— Benjamin Stevens, London, for his method of making marine and domestic hard and soft soap.

6. Richard Trevithick, Camborne, for improvements on the high pressure of steam-engines, and the application thereof.

8. Julien Joret, John Postee, and Lewis Contefre, London, for their method of extracting gold and silver from the cinders of gold refines and other substances, by means of certain curious machinery.

14. Charles Whittow, London, for a process

of obtaining from plants of the genus *Urtica* and *Asclepias*, substitutes for hemp, &c.

— James Gardner, Banbury, for an improved machine for cutting hay and straw.

— William Pope, Bristol, for his improved wheel carriages, and method of making them go without the assistance of animals.

— Robert Brown, Burnham, Westgate, for improvements upon the swing of wheel ploughs, plough-carriages, and ploughshares.

— John Taylor, Stratford, for a mode of producing gas, to be used for the purpose of affording light.

17. Grace Elizabeth Lenice, Newington, for a method of manufacturing straw with gauze, net, web, &c. for hats, bonnets, &c.

22. Charles Silvestre, Derby, for improvements in the texture of bobbin-lace.

— Robert Dickenson, London, for his means for facilitating the propulsion, and for the safety of boats and other vessels through the water.

— John Taylor, Stratford, for his method of purifying and refining sugar.

— Robert Raines, Baines, Kingston-upon-Hull, for an improvement in the construction of vertical windmill sails.

24. Samuel Balden, Ridditch—and John Burton Shaw, London—for a machine or instrument for the better heating ovens.

— Samuel John Smith, Manchester, for an improved method of staining, printing, and dyeing silk, woollen, cotton, yarn, or goods manufactured of cotton.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

OUR first and most important topic, in every report, is the past state of the atmosphere, and its effect on the earth's productions. In the last we expressed our hopes of a favourable change of the weather, on the ground of those vicissitudes to which we are accustomed in this climate, those alternations from moisture to drought, from mildness to severity of temperature, and their contraries: and we have not been altogether disappointed. This fortunate change actually supervened on the commencement of the present month—the cold northern and easterly winds and April quitting us together, succeeded by mild south-western breezes, and gentle showers. This genial temperature continued during upwards of two weeks, producing the most beneficial effects upon all crops, and upon the health of animals, which is always susceptible of injury, and their progress in condition retarded by cold winds and an over-moist and chilling atmosphere. Subsequently the wind changed to its old quarter, between the north and south-east, with great solar heat by day, intermixed and alternating with a keen and chilling air, and succeeded by cold and even frosty dews at night. This weather continued with little variation, and generally so dry, that our clay lands became surface bound and cracked, exhibiting great need of warm and moistening showers, until the 23d, when we were flattered with a favourable change of the wind to the south and south-west, and a peculiarly welcome and mild state of the atmosphere. The following day brought soaking rains of some hours continuance, succeeded in the night by heavy gusts of wind from the north-east, bringing upon their wings a sharp and piercing air, appropriate rather to the month of March than to an advanced period of May.

These heavy gales must have occasioned various local mischiefs, and the repeated sudden changes of temperature, equal in degree to any hitherto experienced, must have proved injurious to vegetation, in certain respects, at present concealed from our view. To make use of an old term, an early *blight* must have taken place; to obviate the distant and ultimate effects of which, at this late period, requires an uninterrupted series of genial spring weather. However, accounts of the crops from all parts are generally favourable, the exceptions being as few as could possibly be expected. The "sare and yellow leaf" of the wheat was fast recovering its natural and seasonable bloom, during the mild part of the month, until the late check; and it is yet said, upon all good and well-managed lands, to be a strong plant, well and thickly stocked. Upon those of inferior descriptions and quality, as has been often repeated in these reports, our expectations are not sanguine: on

all lands the common opinion is, that harvest, whatever may be its success, must inevitably be late. In most poor districts, a small portion of the failing wheat has been ploughed up, and barley substituted. All the early sown spring crops are said to exhibit the fairest prospect; and, perhaps, on an average of seasons, early sowing is attended with the least risk. The forwardest of these look well and promising, perhaps oats the least so. Beans and peas have varied much in their appearance; and that portion of the spring seeds which, from the ungenial state of the weather, laid too long inert in the soil, much of them perishing or devoured by vermin, have produced thus far thin and unthrifty crops. It has proved an expensive and harassing season, particularly to the farmers of wet and heavy lands, who, in numerous instances, have been compelled to repeat the ploughing and culture of their lands to enable them to deposit the seed, a sudden change of the weather having rendered the surface, previously friable and culturable, baked and consolidated. The season has been most unfavourable to heavy and undrained lands, the surface of which appears parched and arid, whilst all below is a chilling dampness, most unfriendly to vegetation. Potatoe planting is nearly finished; and, as usual, a vast breadth of that second bread planted throughout the island. The chief spring business remaining is to get in the Swedish turnip, and mangold, or beet, for which the lands, in too many parts, are said not to be in the best state of preparation, especially those characterized as *subject* to be overrun with charlock; in which state of subjection they have been and will be suffered to remain, from father to son, by their anxious cultivators in *secula seculorum*. The culture of winter beans is spreading and successful. General opinions are always variable, and not much entitled to dependence: it is now averred that the last wheat crop was not more than half an average, and that there is less wheat, or any other grain, in the hands of the farmers, at this time, than during any former similar period. Markets are on the advance, both for ordinary and fine samples, which will bring forward large quantities of foreign corn. The apprehension of the blight insect, fly or flea, has produced some speculations and advance of price, in that hitherto unusually dull article the hop. Barking the oak took place in the beginning of the month, with a continuance of favourable weather for securing the bark. Fruit is said to promise generally, with the exception of part of the wall fruit, which has suffered from blight. Vegetation is said to be nearly three weeks later during the present, than the average of seasons.

In the forwardest lands of this county, cutting grass for green food began about the 20th of the month. The great quantities of hay remaining on hand, with the stocks of roots of those who were provident enough to store them, proved most fortunate, by enabling the farmer to support his stock until the grass lands were ready for their reception; another good effect in such a case, is the avoidance of turning cattle upon wet and poachy lands, whence the grass is sure to sustain a lasting injury. Great complaints, however, are made of the low condition of the stock from the home-fold, in consequence of the general bad quality of the hay, the best, it may be presumed, having been disposed of. The accounts from fairs and markets, in different and distant quarters, vary much. In some the sales are represented as brisk, and the prices good; in others the reverse. The rot has certainly prevailed to a very serious extent; and in Lincolnshire especially, and the fen districts, the diminution in the number of sheep is said to be enormous and alarming. In many parts, the unfavourable state of the weather occasioned a considerable loss of lambs. The season for a decline of price has arrived, and it has taken place, even in pigs, which have so long remained stationary at a high price. The scarcity of good horses prevents their decline in value; and the import of Belgian cart horses still continues, with no reduction of price. Milch cows, and heifers, to come in this season, are somewhat cheaper.

Complaints from the country are universal and incessant, at the same time urged with a sufficient quantum of passion and irritation. Effects, lamentable enough indeed, appear to us attributed to wrong causes, whilst the real and fundamental are kept, either from misapprehension or design, entirely out of view. Free trade, which, by-the-by, has never yet taken place, a contraction of the currency, and want of money, are stated as the prime operating causes of distress. There can be no real or actual want of money in a most opulent country, possessing a currency both metallic and paper, equal to every possible contingency of commercial transactions. As to a slackness of trade, such state is necessarily periodical, however prosperous the times, and a vast and increasing population possessing the means must be supplied. The state of the labouring population, both agricultural and manufacturing, is truly dreadful and appalling, and the general dissolution of morals and want of principle among them, truly lamentable to those who are most disposed to commiserate their unfortunate sufferings and privations. Great blame ought certainly to attach both to the manufacturers and the government, that timely measures were not adopted in prevention of those excesses, and that wanton and unprincipled destruction of property, which have so disgracefully taken place. Nothing, however, as is evinced by all experience, is so difficult to states and opulent bodies of men, as to take warning. Will such difficulty remain in our state, until the great crisis expected by our *seers* shall arrive? In North Britain, the rent of grass lands is said to have declined from twenty to thirty per cent.; and we have before us a letter from a tenant, who must have thrown up his lease, but for a very considerable reduction of rent to the remainder of the term, assented to by

his landlord. This rational and liberal plan, it seems, has been adopted by several Scotch proprietors, and not improbably will become general, whenever required by peculiar and pressing circumstances. It holds forth a salutary example to our landlords of the south.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 6d.—Mutton, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 4d.—Lamb, 4s. 10d. to 6s. 6d.—Veal, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 10d.—Pork, 3s. 5d., Dairy, 6s.—Raw fat, 2s. 3½d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 52s. to 82s.—Barley, 27s. to 38s.—Oats, 12s. to 32s.—Bread, the London 4lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 36s. to 84s.—Clover, ditto, 50s. to 110s.—Straw, 38s. to 46s.

Coals in the Pool, 23s. to 31s. per chaldron.

Middlesex, May 25th.

Notice.—Mr. John Lawrence, a veteran and well-known writer on the subject, has in the press a small but comprehensive work on the HORSE, in which every relative topic of importance is discussed and explained. The book is calculated for those who desire to obtain experience on a subject so generally interesting to Englishmen.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced from the 22d of April, to the 23d of May, 1829; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Horden, J. J. Wood, and J. Crosse, Lad-lane, warehousemen
Collins, F. Springfield, Upper Clapton, bleacher
Glover, T. Derby, flax-manufacturer
Holroyd, W. Old Bailey, eating-house-keeper
Edwards, W. E. Walton, Great Bedwin, mealman
Farric, A. Manchester, milliner
Lee, C. L. Leeds, stuff-manufacturer
Smith, T. Watling-street, warehouseman
McCulloch, H. and S. Stocks, sen., Watling-street, warehousemen
Serjeant, J. Weston-upon-Avon, grocer
Hale, C. Bromley, mealman
Wells, H. Bottinham, surgeon
Harris, T. Newent, innkeeper

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month, 155.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.

Ankers, S. Tarporleis, spirit-dealer. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Roberts, Chester)
Agg, G. and Gee Wingfield, Childswickham, silk-throwsters. (Wimburn and Co., Chancery-lane; Lavender and Co., Evesham)
Alder, T. Witney, tallow-chandler. (Miller, Ely-place; Looker, Oxford)
Atherton, T. Manchester, innkeeper. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Chew, Manchester)
Andrews, A. Swantea, draper. (Fisher, Walbrook-buildings)
Alday, J. Birmingham, wire-worker. (Cordale and Co., Gray's-inn; Hawkins and Co., Birmingham)
Allardice, A. Chadwell-street, corn-chandler. (Pocock, Bartholomew-close)
Backhouse, P. Liverpool, glass-dealer. (Blakelock and Co., Serjeant's-inn; Eray, Liverpool)
Barret, J. Upper Berkeley-street, painter. (Robinson, Orchard-street)
Bainbridge, W. Ryder's-court, cord-walinder. (Dover, Great Winchester-street)
Balls, T. Litchfield-street, fish-dealer. (Robins, Bernard-street)
Baxter, S. Carmarthen-street, builder. (Blunt and Co., Liverpool-street)
Badoock, R. Gutter-lane, warehouseman. (James, Bucklesbury)
Barber, C. Little Newport-street, victualler. (Vandercom and Co., Bush-lane)
Brooks, G. Town, Melling, linen-draper. (Farrar, Doctors Commons)
Beckers, G. E. Britannia-place, Old

Kent-road, late of Angel-court, merchant. (Ogle, Great Winchester-street)
Buchanan, E. R. Stowmarket, maltster. (Jones, John-street; Marriot, Stowmarket)
Bradley, J. A. Hulme, surgeon. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Higginbotham, Ashton-under-Lyne)
Brumfield, M. Croydon, coal-merchant. (Hyde, Ely-place)
Banson, J. and J. W. Wesley, William-street, coal-merchants. (Madox and Co., Austin-frars)
Blathenrick, W. Beeston, lace-manufacturer. (Capes, Gray's-inn; Wadsworth, Nottingham)
Best, W. Wolverhampton, factor. (Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Holyoake and Co., Wolverhampton)
Bennet, J. Manchester, earthenware-dealer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Wood, Manchester)
Bart, D. Hazel-Down-Farm, Hants, corn-dealer. (Ford, Great Queen-street; Frankum, Abingdon)
Baker, J. Hockwold, butcher. (Lythgoe Exeter-street; Unthank and Co., Norwich)
Bines, S. Idon, grocer. (Clarke, Basinghall-street)
Cross, J. Croydon, grocer. (Blake, Essex-street)
Collis, B. G. Colne-Engaine, miller. (Hall and Co., Salter's-hall; Daniel, Colchester)
Children, G. Tunbridge and Southwark, hop-merchant. (Pownell, Nicholas-lane)
Cockburn, J. sen. and J. Cockburn, jun. Berwick, corn-merchants. (Douce and Sons, Billiter-square)
Cartwright, G. Nottingham, commission-agent. (Taylor, Featherstone-buildings; Payne and Co., Nottingham)
Cooper, R. B. Princes-street, Lambeth, dealer. (Lawless and Co., Hatton-garden)
Cook, J. Bermondsey-street, wool-stapler. (Watts, Dean-street, Southwark)
Cocksott, W. Warrington, cotton-manufacturer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Boardman, Bolton)
Constable, M. Commercial-chambers, flour-factor. (Nicholson, Dowgate-hill)
Corfield, [C. W. Norwich, leather-cutter. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Lawter, Jun. Norwich)
Coster, R. Staining-lane, merchant. (Rushbury, Carthusian-street)
Coser, A. Lymeth, carpenter (Alexander, Clement's-inn)
Coster, J. Gosport, baker. (Minchin, Harpur-street)
Carter, P. James-street, potatoe-mer-

chant. (Davis and Co., Corbet-court)
Coe, F. H. and F. F. Moore, Old Change, printers. (Tuwaltes, Queen-street)
Child, R. Walcot, builder. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Watts, Bath)
Crosse, J. and J. Horden, Lad-lane, lacemen. (Gore, Walbrook-buildings)
Dickinson, T. Liverpool, timber-merchant. (Kearsey and Co., Lethbury; William, Liverpool)
Dixon, F. Oxford-street, upholsterer. (Brugh, Shoreditch)
Davis, B. Leominster, flax-dresser. (Lloyd, Furnival's-inn; Herbert, Leominster)
Edwards, R. Newport, Salop, grocer. Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Livett, Bristol)
Evans, W. Liverpool, grocer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Houghton, Liverpool)
Eager, E. Langley, and New South Wales, merchant. (Harrison, Bond-court)
East, G. Hanover-place, bookseller. (Burt, Mitre-court)
Fagans, J. H. Old Broad-street, merchant. (Nias, Princes-street, Bank)
Fowler, J. High Halden, victualler. (Jordan, Lincoln's-inn-fields)
Finlayson, J. Cheltenham, music-seller. (King, Serjeant's-inn; Cross, Cheltenham)
French, H. Jun. Cardiff, draper. (Brittan, Basinghall-street)
Freakley, C. Manchester, shoemaker. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Cross and Co., Bolton-le-Moors)
Featherstone, W. C. Exeter, toyman. Anderson and Co., New Bridge-street)
Gallimore, T. Burslem, earthenware-manufacturers. (Walford, Grafton-street; Hardings, Burslem)
Garner, J. G. Kyton-upon-Dunsmore, miller. (Haming and Co., Gray's-inn; Greenway and Co., Warwick)
Gribble, R. Barnstable, linen-draper. Jenkins and Co., New-inn; Clarke and Son, Bristol)
Garner, J. Woolston-mill, Warwick, miller. (Jones and Co., Gray's-inn; Jarvis and Co., Hinckley)
Hanson, G. Salisbury-square, commission-agent. (Matalne, Pancras-lane)
Hartin, W. Bridgenorth, linen-draper. (Beck, Devonshire-street; France, Worcester)
Hutchinson, S. Mary-la-bonne-lane, woollen-draper. (Tanner, New Basinghall-street)
Herrick, T. Middleton, horse-dealer. (Clowes and Co., Temple; Thomson and Son, Stamford)
Hart, J. M. East India chambers, wine-merchant. (Borden, Little St. Thomas Apostle)

- Harris, C.** Alcester, saddler. (Michael, Red-lion-square; Phelps and Co., Evesham)
- Hughes, J.** Hertford, confectioner. (Fitch, Union-street, Southwark; Coates and Co., Leominster)
- Hawkins, O. J. G.** Tuffey-house, near Gloucester, boarding and lodging-housekeeper. (Spence, St. Mildred's court)
- Harrington, T. T.** Cornhill, merchant. (Bourdillon, Bread-street)
- Hewett, C.** Sidmouth, gardener. (Lys, Tooke's-court; Stevens, Sidmouth)
- Hollingsworth, T.** Goswell-street, butcher. (Hindmarsh and Son, Cripplegate)
- Hill, R.** Shepton-Mallet, shopkeeper. (Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-lane; Gregory and Co., Bristol)
- Messey, J. A.** Fleet-street, bookseller. (Hopkinson, Red-lion-square)
- Hinton, J.** Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. (Knowles, New-lane; Hurst, Nottingham)
- Ireland, G.** Birmingham, brass-founder. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-fields; Colmore, Firmingham)
- Jarvis, T.** Chatham, builder. (Hensham, Bond-court)
- Jutting, J. H.** Bury-court, commission-merchant. (Hutchinson and Co., Crown-court)
- Janson, W.** Hayfield, Derby, cotton-spinner. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Makinson, Manchester)
- Kay, T.** King-street, Covent-garden, linen-draper. (Jones, Size-lane)
- Kershaw, E. and W.** Taylor, late of Milnrow, Butterworth, flannel-manufacturers. (Norris and Co., John-street; Wood, Rochdale; Whitehead and Co., Oldham)
- King, S. J.** Stratford-upon-Avon, upholsterer. (Smith, Chancery-lane)
- Kendrick, C. F.** Stroud, maltster. (King, Serjeant's-inn; Newman and Son, Stroud)
- Lowth, W. and J.** Wilson, Nottingham, lace-manufacturers. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Bowley, Nottingham)
- Lewis, T.** Road-lane, merchant. (Templer, Great Tower-street)
- Lazarus, P.** Maiden-lane, rag-merchant. (Mitchell, New London-street)
- Latt, W. St. Clement's,** near Oxford, builder. (Honey, Chancery-lane; Lee, Ducklington)
- Leaves, R.** Drury-lane, coach-master, (Bruce and Sons, Surrey-street)
- Lewis, L.** Cwmystychan, grocer. (Biggs, Southampton-buildings; Biggs, Bristol)
- Lister, S.** Hertford, farmer. (Batty and Co., Chancery-lane)
- Miers, W. and J.** Field, Strand, jeweller. (Zicke, Old Broad-street)
- Moulton, S.** Pilgrim-street, stationer. (Tillemard and Co., Old Jewry)
- Moore, G. B.** upholsterer. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Riches and Co., Uxbridge)
- Murch, J.** Honiton, grocer. (Darke, Red-lion-square; Cox and Co., Honiton)
- Mackellar, D.** Ely-place, wine-merchant. (Gates, Lombard-street)
- Maculloch, H.** Waring-street, warehouseman. (Richardson and Co., Foultry)
- Mathews, B.** Hooper-square, victualler. (Matanle, Pancras-lane)
- Martin, B.** Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. (Taylor, Featherstone-
- buildings; Payne and Co., Nottingham)
- Milton, R.** Storth-in-Linthwaite, cloth-merchant. (Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Peace, Huddersfield)
- Melladew, J.** Meadowcroft, fustian-manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Hitchcock, Manchester)
- Megron, S.** Oset, cloth-manufacturer. (Batty and Co., Chancery-lane; Hargreaves, Leeds)
- Meirrells, A. J.** Liverpool, merchant. (Gregory, King's arms-yard)
- Meyer, J. and W. B.** Old Broad-street, and Quebec, and Ipswich, merchants. (Borrodale and Co., King's-arms-yard)
- Ottway, R. H.** New Sarum, coach-maker. (Hicks and Co., Bartlett's-buildings; Dew, Salisbury)
- Ormond, R.** Manchester, iron-founder. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Taylor and Son, Manchester)
- Pons, C. J. B.** Regent-treet, milliner. (Walford, Grafton-street)
- Patterson, J.** sen. and G. F. Shackell, boarding-housekeepers. (Noy, Cannon-street)
- Paine, G. G. and F. Rock,** Cheltenham, builders. (Seetham and Sons, Foreman's-court; Williams, Cheltenham)
- Pryce, T.** Llanfair, Montgomery, maltster. (Edmunds, Cooke's-court; Williams and Co., Llanfyllin)
- Peonrie, A.** Manchester, milliner. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Seddon, Manchester)
- Parker, J. G.** York, wine-merchant. (Leigh, George-street)
- Phillips, J.** Bristol, builder. (King and Co., Gray's-inn; Cross and Cary, Bristol)
- Pomfret, W.** York, dealer in China, &c. (Hicks and Co., Bartlett's-buildings; Brown, Hanley)
- Phillips, E.** Bristol and Melksham, vitriol-maker. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Evans, Bristol)
- Physick, J. jun.** Bath, scrivener. (Williams, Gray's-inn; Stallard, Bath)
- Rollinson, J.** Stansfield, miller. (Dixon and Sons, New Boswell-court; Holmes and Co., Bury St. Edmunds)
- Radcliffe, J. N.** Queen-street, Grosvenor-square, coach-plater. (Darke, Red-lion-square)
- Robinson, J. W. and H. M.** Walbrook-buildings, wrought-iron tube-manufacturers. (Gale, Basinghall-street)
- Robinson, J.** Knottingley, vessel-builder. (Blakelock, Serjeant's-inn; Horner, Pontefract)
- Rawlings, H.** Surrey-street, hatter. (Constable and Co., Symond's-inn)
- Stark, J.** Kingston-upon-Hull, pawnbroker. (Bosser and Son, Gray's-inn-place; England and Co., Hull)
- Sherley, W.** Stanwell, innkeeper. (Robinson, Orchard-street)
- Sloss, B.** Bermondsey-wall, shipwright. (Jones and Co., Mincing-lane)
- Simms, R.** Simms E. Simms A. and Hamer J. jun. Mansfield, and Nottingham, cotton-doublers. (Taylors, Featherstone-buildings; Payne and Co., Nottingham)
- Simms, J.** St. John-street, victualler. (Young and Co., Blackman-street)
- Senior, R.** Manchester, and W. Senior, Glasgow, manufacturers. (Willis and Co., Tokenhouse-yard; Whitlow, Manchester)
- Smadley, T.** Warwick, victualler. (Hemming and Co., Gray's-inn; Greenway and Co., Warwick)
- Spencer, R.** Leeds, grocer. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Foden, Leeds)
- Scott, J.** Northall, horse-dealer. (Gresham, Barnard's-inn)
- Sheppard, W.** Putton, linen-draper. (Jenkins and Co., New-lane; Clarke and Son, Bristol)
- Smith, J.** High Holborn, bookseller. (Lonsdale, Symond's Inn)
- Sillitoe, A.** Newcastle-under-Lyne, silk-thrower. (James, Bucklesbury)
- Seah, R.** Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. (Knowles, New-lane; Hurst, Nottingham)
- Spencer, R.** Burton-upon-Trent, victualler. (Bicknell and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Drewry, Burton-upon-Trent)
- Townley, J.** Castle Donnington, cotton-spinner. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Fearnhead and Co., Nottingham)
- Tarrer, C.** Romsey, corn-factor. (Sandys and Co., Crane-court; Holmes, Romsey)
- Turner, T.** Liverpool, shoemaker. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Maudsley, Liverpool)
- Teague, M.** Redruth, grocer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Edwards and Co., Truro)
- Taylor, J.** Manchester, general dealer. (Mile and Co., Temple; Ainsworth and Co., Manchester)
- Tulloch, H.** Gloucester-place, Hoxton, merchant. (Burt and Co., Carmarthen-street)
- Thomas, J. J.** Blandford, wine-merchant. (Bolton, Austin-frirs)
- Taylor, R. H. and H. Walker,** Newcourt, Throgmorton-street, wine-merchant. (Watson, Austin-frirs)
- Ward, E. jun.** Buckingham, victualler. (Browning, Hatton-court)
- Wooding, G.** Eardsey, draper. (Smith, Basinghall-street; Coates and Co., Leominster)
- Warner, S.** Crayford, farmer. (Bowler, St. Thomas-street, Southwark)
- Waite, J.** Chipping Lambourn, tailor. (Haffier and Co., Gray's-inn; Rowland, Ramsbury)
- Williams, L.** East-road, Hoxton, victualler. (Vandercom and Co., Bush-lane)
- Weakes, N.** London-street, merchant. (Swain and Co., Frederick's-place)
- Wright, J.** Manchester, bookseller. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Taylor and Son, Manchester)
- Walton, J.** sen. Bromley, cloth-dresser. (Wilson, Southampton-street; Coupland and Co., Leeds)
- Wyatt, F.** Marlow, coach-proprietor. (Goodman, Tokenhouse-yard; Ashley, Walford)
- Williams, W.** Lombard-street, merchant. (Nicholson, Dowgate-hill)
- Walter, T.** sen. Wiltstone, baker. (Williams and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Williams, Berkhamstead)
- Winnall, R.** Bedwardine, miller. (Cardale and Co., Gray's-inn; Parker and Co., Worcester)
- Wild, R.** Craven-street, tailor. (Pasmore, Sambrook-court)
- Young, G.** Rochester, merchant. (Collins, Great Knight-rider-street)

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. C. R. Jones, to the Rectory of Langhor, Glamorgan.—**Rev. E. B. Sparke,** to a Prebendal Stall in Ely Cathedral.—**Rev. E. T. Halliday,** to the Perpetual Curacy of Broomfield.—**Rev. M. Bower,** to be Chaplain of Wilton Prison.—**Rev. W. H. M. Roberson,** to be Chaplain of Oxford Gaol.—**Rev. C. G. Boyles,** to the Rectory of Buriton, with Petersfield Chapel.—**Rev. H. K. Cornish,** to be Chaplain to the Dowager Baroness

Audley.—**Rev. A. J. Latrobe,** to be Chaplain to Lord Mount Sandford.—**Rev. E. S. Bunting,** to the Rectory of Datchworth, Herts.—**Rev. C. A. Morgan,** to be Chaplain to the King.—**Rev. M. West,** to the Chaplaincy of Bury Gaol, with a salary of £200, per annum.—**Rev. G. Hodgson,** to be Archdeacon of Stafford, and a Canon Residentiary of Litchfield Cathedral.—**Rev. A. W. Nare,** to the Rectory of Alton Barnes, Wilts.—**Rev. W.**

C. Risley, to the Vicarage of Whaddon, with Nash, Bucks.—Rev. T. L. Strong, to the Rectory of Sedgfield, Durham.—Rev. T. Bullock, to the Rectory of Castle Eaton, Wilts.—Rev. J. Smith, to the vicarage of Great Dunmow, Essex.—Rev. E. Mathew, to be reader of St. James's Parish, Bath.—Rev. W. A. Bouverie, to the Rectory of

West Tytherby, Hants.—Rev. T. S. Smith, to a Prebendal Stall in Exeter Cathedral.—Rev. T. Cooke, to the Rectory of Grafton-under-Wood, Northampton.—Rev. W. Allen, to the Rectory of Allhallows, London.—Rev. J. Griffin, to the Rectory of Bradley, Hants.—Rev. M. Moule, to the vicarage of Fordington, Dorset.

CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

April 24. Newspapers from Van Diemen's Land received, by which it appears the colonists have lately been much annoyed by a system of depredation and murder on the part of the native tribes. The *Hobart Town Courier* says, there can be no doubt that the depredations proceed from an organized plan to exterminate the white inhabitants.

28. The Duke of Norfolk, Lords Clifford and Dormer, Roman Catholics, took their seats in the House of Lords, by virtue of the late act.

29.—His Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood upon Captains Parry and Franklin, in consequence of their Arctic expeditions by sea and land.

May 4. The borough of Horsham returned the first Catholic member to the House of Commons in the person of the Earl of Surry.

5. At a meeting of the Middlesex magistrates held at the Sessions House, the sum of £50,000. was voted, for erecting a Pauper Lunatic Asylum.

8. The Chancellor of the Exchequer opened his budget in the House of Commons, stating that the real surplus of the revenue for the Sinking Fund would exceed that of last year; and that the country was in a situation of suspense rather than of positive ill, and required the patient rather than the active interference of Parliament; and that he saw nothing discouraging in the future prospects of the country; and when the clouds which overshadowed it should have passed away, it would exhibit an aspect of prosperity as permanent and as brilliant as at any previous period!

— Vice-Adm. Sir Pulteney Malcolm has transmitted to the Admiralty-office a letter from Commander Nias, of H. M. sloop *Alacrity*, reporting that a piratical mistico, which had plundered a small vessel under Ionian colours, and committed other depredations, was captured, on the 11th of January last, near Cape Pillouri, in the Archipelago, by the *Alacrity's* cutter, under the orders of Lieut. Chas. Frederick. The captain of the mistico, a noted pirate, named Giorgio, and one of his men, were severely wounded, and, with two others, made prisoners, and sent to Malta for trial. The rest of the pirate's crew jumped overboard, and were either drowned, or made their escape by swimming to the shore.

— A disturbance having broken out in Spitalfields, and many looms having been destroyed and their silks cut, in consequence of the reduction of prices by some of the master-weavers, a deputation met at the City of London Tavern; and resolutions were entered into by the masters, to give the wages required by the journeymen.

9. The deputies from Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Birmingham, &c., for the purpose of taking measures to open the trade of this country with India and China, had an interview with the Duke of Wellington, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the President of the Board of Trade. The Duke of Wellington promised that their representations should receive the fullest considerations.

12. The Lord High Chancellor of England acknowledged in the House of Lords (in proposing a new equity Judge!) that "a suit might, according to the present practising, be continued in Chancery for twenty or thirty years, without any of the officers being blameable!"

12 & 14. Motions made in Houses of Lords and Commons for appointment of Select Committees to inquire into the state of the East-India Company's affairs, relative to the subject of their monopoly and a free trade, when ministers declared that measures had been taken to collect the amplest information for that purpose, to be laid before the legislature next sessions.

13. The Recorder made his report to the King, of the 20 convicts capitally convicted at the last Old Bailey Sessions, when three were ordered for execution.

14. Anniversary festival of the Sons of the Clergy celebrated at St. Paul's, and at Merchant Taylors' Hall: the collections amounted to £965. 15s. 2d.

— A meeting of West-India planters was held at the London Tavern, when it was resolved to delay their petitions to Parliament till next session, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer had said his attention had been so much drawn to the Catholic Question, that he could not pay attention to them at present. Resolutions were passed expressive of the disastrous state of the Colonies.

15. Mr. O'Connell conducted to the table in the House of Commons, by Lords Ebrington and Duncannon, in order to take his seat for Clare—when the Speaker ordered him to withdraw.

16. Meeting held at Freemasons' Tavern of the subscribers and donors of the King's College, London, when it was announced that £126,900. had been already subscribed; and that Government had consented to grant the College a charter, and that it was intended to commence the building immediately on the ground east of Somerset House, which had been granted for 1,000 years, with the stipulation that the front of the building facing the river should be so constructed as to complete the original design of Somerset House.

19. Three convicts were executed at the Old Bailey.

21. Lord Eldon, on the third reading of the Suitors in Equity Bill, said that the first time Lord

Apsley took his seat in Chancery, a Peeress came into court, and was seated on the bench by his side; she came to give her consent that a sum should be paid out of court to the person who was to take some property after her decease. Lord Apsley told her he would not detain her; but she begged to stay a little longer, "wishing," she said, "to see how they proceeded in settling it, as it was only *eighty-two* years since her cause had been in court!"

— The disqualification of Mr. O'Connel, and a new writ for Clare, ordered by the House of Commons.

Want of room prevented the insertion, in our last number, of the following Petition to the Legislature, which was presented to the House of Lords by Lord Farnham (April 10), and to the House of Commons by Lord Tullamore (March 30):—

"*The Humble Petition of the Editors, Proprietors, Printers, Publishers, and others connected with the MONTHLY MAGAZINE:—Sheweth,*

"That—feeling the common interest of all free-born Englishmen in the freedom of their country, they have heard with great alarm that the Constitution of 1688 is to be broken in upon.

"That—being, in their different ranks of life, devoted to Literature and the employments therefrom arising, they look upon this danger with personal and peculiar dread; inasmuch as all experience has proved, that with the fall of a free Constitution perishes the free literature of a country.

"That your Petitioners see, in the measure of bringing Papists into the Legislature, the commencement of a system, in all its principles, practices, and progress, fatal to Protestantism—to equal law—to ancient privileges—to the whole body of those rights and liberties which were wrung by the courage and wisdom of Englishmen from Papists and the abettors of papist tyranny.

"That—they see, in its operation on the Laws, the rapid rise of that most dreadful of all governments—a *military despotism*! the substitution of might for right, and the consequent seizure, exile, or extinction of every man who will dare to lift up his voice for his country.

"That they see, in its operation on the Legislature, the introduction of an unlimited number of individuals, returned exclusively by the Romish priesthood; representing the inveterate hostility of that priesthood to the religion, liberties, and existence of the British empire; chosen expressly for their violence, prejudices, and dependence upon their masters; and certain to be the direct and united agents of all and every popish power on the Continent, that desires to perplex the councils and break down the independency of England.

"That—with still deeper dread they see, in its operation upon Protestantism, the pollution of the national faith, by the intermixture of the strange rites and unhallowed doctrines of Rome—the exaltation of idolatry—the abjuration of that solemn and high covenant, by which our forefathers pledged themselves to man and God that

they would no more for ever suffer Popery to degrade the understanding, pervert the hearts, and cloud the eternal hopes of their fellow-men;—by which they commanded that every member of the Legislature should thenceforth swear on the Scriptures that Popery was a superstition and an idolatry; and by which they laid upon the King that Coronation Oath, which bound him, as to three alike immutable things—to the 'maintenance of the Laws of God'—the 'true profession of the Gospel' and the 'Protestant Established Religion'—for ever.

"Your Petitioners, therefore, pray your Honourable House to take this their humble request into consideration, and throw out any Bill for the admission of Papists into the British Legislature.

"And your Petitioners will ever pray."

MARRIAGES.

At Titchborne, Lord Dormer to Elizabeth Anne, eldest daughter of Sir H. J. Titchborne, Bart.—At Willesden, T. Beaseley, esq. to Miss S. Noble.—At Lewisham, C. Deacon, esq. to Miss Laura Lucas.—At Brighton, R. Marriott, esq. to Sophia Lucy, youngest daughter of E. A. Stephens, esq.—At Hastings, Rev. E. Cardwell to Miss Cecilia Feilden.—At Fulham, J. A. Hammet, esq. to Miss Sybella Daniel.—At Lambeth, D. W. Barnard, esq. to Miss Ann Greensill.—At Harbury, Rev. G. A. Owen, to Anna Maria Sarah, eldest daughter of C. R. Wren, esq. Wroxhall Abbey.—At Marrybone, J. Houbton, esq. to Ann, grand-daughter of C. Dundas, esq. M.P. Berks.—At Peckham, Rev. J. Deedes to Henrietta Charlotte, sister to Sir Edward Cholmley Doring, Bart.—At St. Pancras, Adrien Joseph Verstraeten, esq. of Brussels, to Miss Anna Hamsede.—At Great Birch, Rev. H. Freeland to Georgiana Frances, second daughter of C. Round, esq.—Lient. Col. Leggatt, to Miss Grisdale.—At Charlton Kings, Rev. W. S. Phillips, to Penelope, youngest daughter of the late Commodore Boughton, and niece to Sir J. D. Boughton, Bart.—At Dover, J. Trevor, Esq. to Mrs. Haynes.

DEATHS.

At Upperwood (Kilkenny), Sir William Rynes de Montmorency, Bart., by whose death the title is become extinct.—At Wolverhampton, Mary Anson, 124.—At Knowsley, the Countess of Derby, 68.—At Bristol, W. M'Cready, late lessee and manager of the theatre there.—At Hampstead, T. W. Carr, esq.—In Argyrshire, Lord Alloway.—At Newcastle, J. Anderson, esq., 71.—In Belgrave-place, Lady Forrester.—At Pembury, Captain C. Shaw, R.N.—At Bath, Rev. G. Best, archdeacon of New Brunswick.—In Spring Gardens, Lord Colchester, 72.—At Claverley, Mrs. Skett, 100.—In Grosvenor-street, Lord Crewe, 87.—In Park-square, Dr. Thomas Young.—Lady Dalrymple, widow of Sir John Dalrymple.—At Stoke Newington, Katherine, 100, relict of Rev. U. Fetherstonhaugh.—At Kensington, Lieut. Col. Pearse, 77.—At Bristol, J. Hart, esq., 70.—At Owmley, W. Beggard, esq., 82.—At Peterborough, Mr. Goodman, 78.—At Whaddon, John Tutt, 70; his father, now in his 100th year, attended his funeral.—At Cowley, J. Curtis, esq., brother to the late celebrated botanist.—Mr. Burroughs, registrar to the Court of Chancery.—In Bruton-street, Mrs. Travers.—At Stow, Huntingdonshire, Joseph Pask,

95; he served the office of parish clerk for two generations, till the Sunday preceding his death, and, in the humble capacity of day-labourer, maintained himself to the extreme period of life.—At Little Dean Lodge, Gloucester, Mrs. Elizabeth Long, 57, leaving children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, to the number of 120!—At Terrington, Rev. D. Palmer, dean of Cashell.—At Windsor, 81, Catharine, relict of the late Lieut. Col. W. Monsell, 29th regiment, and subsequently paymaster of the Manchester district.—At Woodbridge, Lady Charlotte Onslow.—At Liverpool, Miss E. Randles, 28; her extraordinary musical genius and talents, gained her the particular notice of his late Majesty, when she was only *three* years old.—At Clapham, Rev. S. E. Pierce, 83.—At Tewkesbury, Major R. Alcock, 79.—At Cheltenham, Mrs. Baker, relict of W. Baker, esq., and daughter of the late Sir T. Roberts, Bart.—At Belmont, General Lord Harris, 83.—At Rumsey,

Mrs. Muspratt, 83.—At Hampton Court Palace, Mrs. Walker, 81.

MARRIAGE ABROAD.

At Brussels, at His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador's chapel, C. Bell, esq., to Lucy, daughter of the late K. Brasier, esq., county of Cork.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Paris, Lady Morris Gore.—At Bombay, Margaret, wife of Archdeacon Hawtayne.—At Tours, Rev. Dr. A. Richardson.—At Paris, Mr. O'Connor, son of General O'Connor, and grand-son of the celebrated M. de Condorcet.—At New York, Mr. Archibald Gracie, 74; he was, for many years, the most eminent shipping merchant in New York, and held the place of vice-president of the Chamber of Commerce.—At Antwerp, by the oversetting of the Antwerp Diligence, T. Legh, esq., of Adlington, Cheshire.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—The number of poor pitmen who have been destroyed by the foul state of the collieries is truly appalling. The following is a full and accurate account, from 1805 to the last explosion. We trust this subject will be now properly investigated, as the legislature is at present occupied on the coal trade, and that intelligence and science will be employed to produce some improvement, and to explode the ordinary excesses of ignorance and indolence, in attempting such an amelioration.—Oct. 2, 1805, at Hebburn, 35; May 25, 1812, at Felling, 92; Oct. 10, 1812, at Herrington Mill Pitt, 22; Sept. 28, 1813, at Hall Pitt, Fatfield, 30; Dec. 23, 1813, at Felling, 22; Aug. 12, 1814, at Hebburn, 11; Sept. 9, 1814, at Lee-field, Chester-le-street, 4; June 2, 1815, at Success Pitt, Newbottle, 57; June 27, 1815, at Sheriff Hill, 11; June 30, 1817, at Row Pitt, Harraton, 38; Sept. 25, 1817, at Jarrow, 6; Dec. 18, 1817, at Plain Pitt, Rainton, 26; Aug. 5, 1818, at Wallsend, 4; July 19, 1819, at Sheriff Hill, 35; Oct. 9, 1819, at George Pit, Lumley, 13; July 9, 1821, at Coxlodge, 1; Oct. 23, 1821, at Wallsend, 52; Oct. 23, 1821, at Felling, 6; Feb. 21, 1823, at Ouston Colliery, Chester-le-street, 4; Nov. 3, 1823, at Plain Pitt, Rainton, 57; Nov. 19, 1823, at Neasham's Dolly Pit, Shiftree, 11; Oct. 25 1824, at George Pit, Lumley, 14; July 3, 1825, at Juliet Pit, Fatfield, 11; Oct. 5, 1825, at Hebburn, 4; Jan. 17, 1826, at Jarrow, 34; May 30, 1826, at Townley, 38; Sept. 5, 1826, at Heworth, 4; Oct. 27, 1826, at Benwell, 2; March 15, 1828, at Jarrow, 8; Sept. 1, 1828, at New Pit, Houghton le-Spring, 7; Nov. 20, 1828, at Washington, 14;—Total, 674!!!—What a frightful list of poor hard-working men, who have been instantaneously hurried into another world, many of them leaving behind them large families to struggle in misery and want.—*Tyne Mercury*.

An explosion took place, May 14, at Killingworth Colliery; there were fortunately few men down the pit at the time, and only one person, a poor boy, lost his life.

On St. Mark's-day, thirteen young men took up their freedom of the borough of Alnwick. This privilege is obtained by plunging through a well,

called Freeman's Well, and riding the boundaries of the moor.

DURHAM.—When proclamation was made for the fair at Sunderland, the name of the Lord Bishop of Durham was not mentioned, as was formerly the case. The fair is known to be held by authority of the Bishop, and, therefore, the servants of the Commissioners, instead of only saying, "God save the King and the Commissioners under the Sunderland Improvement Act," as they do now at the close of their proclamation, ought to say, as they did in former years, "God save the King, my Lord of Durham, and the Commissioners under the Sunderland Improvement Act."—*Durham County Advertiser*, May 16.

The ship-owners of Sunderland have petitioned for the throwing open the trade to the East Indies, and China.

On the 28th of April, the city of Durham was visited by a thunder storm in the afternoon; in the evening there was hail, which was succeeded by snow in the night and part of the following day, accompanied by a very boisterous wind from the north and north-east.

The mayor of Durham has transmitted to London the sum of £182.17s., being the amount of the subscriptions entered into in that city for the Spitalfields weavers.

In the three months ending April 11, 1828, there were 163 prisoners committed to Durham Jail and House of Correction; and in the three months ending April 11, 1829, 201, being an increase of 38.

The trustees of Queen Anne's Bounty have granted £400. for the purpose of building a parsonage-house at Ryhope, in the county of Durham.

YORKSHIRE.—The criminal business of the Pontefract Easter Sessions was of unexampled magnitude. The calendar contained the names of 142 prisoners, 119 of whom were charged with felony, the others with misdemeanors of various kinds. In addition to this formidable list, there was a considerable number of persons, charged

with felony, admitted to bail, whose names, of course, do not appear in the calendar. The Bench, previous to proceeding to business, made an order for the holding of a second Court, of which a *reverend* gentleman was appointed the Chairman.

The merchants of Hull, Huddersfield, Wakefield, Bradford, and Leeds, have petitioned for the removal of the East-India monopoly.

A number of persons, emigrating, have lately sailed from Hull for America.

Martin, the incendiary, was removed from York on the 27th of April, to be confined in the Criminal Lunatic Asylum, St. George's Fields.

On the 28th of April two Jews publicly embraced Christianity, and received the rites of baptism from the hands of the Rev. J. Graham, St. Saviour's, York.

The place for the organ to be erected in York Minster, is agreed upon. It has been arranged by Dr. Camidge, and the instrument will be the largest and most complete in the world.

A number of rare organic remains have lately been discovered in Huddersfield, which are now in the possession of Mr. James Milnes, of Croland Moor. The most remarkable of these relics is that of a petrified fish, resembling the *Anguilla* species; it is about 3 feet 8 inches in length; near the head, the circumference is about 11 inches; in the middle, 6½ inches; and just above the tail, 4 inches.

On the 29th and 30th of April, the Bradford Auxiliary to the British Reformation Society held a public meeting, at which some of the fundamental errors of the Church of Rome were exposed. Henry Hall, Esq., Recorder of Leeds, was in the chair.

At the East Riding Easter Sessions, the singular circumstance took place of a boy being sentenced to 35 years transportation; *i. e.* seven years on each of five indictments.

The Directors of the York Savings Bank intend to build a handsome edifice for the purposes of the institution with the surplus fund.

On the 12th of May, a heron caught a pike weighing 4lbs. in one of the ponds at Studley Royal. It flew with it in its mouth about half a mile; when it alighted to feast upon its prey. Being frightened, however, by a party of ladies and gentlemen, it flew off, and left its prey alive, which was sent as a present to Mrs. Lawrence.

Trade still continues very bad in the West Riding; but it is not so depressed as in many other places—the woollen manufacture never having been reduced to so low a point of depression as those of silks and gloves.

LANCASHIRE.—The County Rate Committee for Lancashire have recently made their new report, by which it appears that the amount of the old assessment was £3,106,009., of which Liverpool contributed £594,687; the new assessment amounts to £4,214,634, towards which Liverpool contributes £751,126. By the last report of the Manchester and Salford Bank for Savings, it appears that the sum in hand amounted to £226,224. 10s. 11d.—that, during the last year, there had been 2440 additional depositors—that the total number of depositors, from its institution up to the present moment, is 13,647.

At Oldham, April 20, the foundation-stone of the new Blue-Coat School was laid in grand ce-

remony. It will be a splendid fabric, in the Collegiate style of architecture; its length will be 180 feet, and depth 60: it is to be composed of two stories, and both centre and wings will be ornamented with turrets and pinnacles, forming a superb ornament to the town. At the dinner on the occasion, after the usual loyal toasts, the "Manchester Courier" informs us, the following was given—"Prosperity to the industrious labouring classes of this community"—and introduced by the information that the workpeople of one house (Mr. Gee's) had subscribed nearly £200. towards completing this excellent establishment, "The Oldham Blue-Coat School"!!!

In consequence of a considerable deficiency in the funds of the Bolton Dispensary, the ladies of that place opened a bazaar for its benefit, and, by their meritorious exertions, have accumulated the sum of £716. during two days' sale and admissions.

Serious disturbances have broken out at Manchester, in consequence of the reduced price of weaving; and the rioters destroyed a vast quantity of goods, looms, &c., which they devoted to the flames. At Rochdale, affairs took a more serious turn, and much mischief was done, and several of the ringleaders committed to prison; when an attempt being made at forcing the prison, for rescuing them, the military fired, and seven persons were killed, besides a number wounded. Similar disturbances took place at Macclesfield, but not to so great an extent.

By an actual survey just made to ascertain the condition of the poor of Colne, and the neighbouring townships of Folridge and Trawden, it appears that nearly one-third of the inhabitants had, on an average, an income only of 1s. 2½d. per week, and that the weekly income of nearly another fourth did not exceed 1s. 9½d. per head!

HANTS.—By the abstract of the Receipts and Expenditure of the parish of Portsea for last year, it appears that the amount was no less than £14,361. 11s.; the article of victualling, including bread (37,834 lbs.), given to the out-door poor, was £3,407. 10s. 9d.; and that, for weekly relief alone, £4,514. 6s. 10d.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—The rate ordered at the Gloucester Sessions, last week, is considerably less than one-half of that levied at the last Epiphany Sessions, and little more than one-fifth of the rate ordered twelve months ago. This relief, it is hoped, may be still further extended.

The expenses for paving, pitching, cleansing, and lighting the city of Bristol last year, amounted to upwards of £10,000; the lighting alone reached the sum of £3,999. 11s. 3d.

Nearly £700. has already been subscribed towards the reparation and embellishment of the fine old Abbey Church at Tewkesbury; and when it is remembered that a great portion of that sum has been contributed by the inhabitants of the borough, and by a few liberal individuals in its immediate neighbourhood,—that there has been recently upwards of £2,000. collected by rates upon the parishioners, for the exclusive purpose of repairing this grand and almost sole relic of one of our richest monasteries,—and that the whole of the immense revenues which the noble founder and his pious successors gave for its support, were alienated at the Reformation,—it cannot be denied that the inhabitants have a strong

claim on the generosity of the public, to enable them to effect the contemplated improvements in their ancient and interesting church. As the dilapidation and ruin of such a magnificent religious edifice would be a national disgrace, the affluent, the great, and the good are called upon, by the strongest motives, to contribute to its restoration. Already has the cheerless whitewash been effaced from the massive walls and traceried roof,—from the Norman circular pillars and rich Gothic chapels,—and a suitable warm stone-colour, to match the original material, been substituted throughout; and the more delicate portions of those splendid specimens of ancient masonry, the tombs and shrines, have been renewed.

DORSETSHIRE.—The poorer inhabitants of Bridport are in a truly pitiable condition, in consequence of the very depressed state of the staple trade of the town. About four months ago, the manufacturers found difficulty in getting the work done, but now there is scarcely a thread of twine put out to the braiders from the beginning to the end of the week; there seems to be an entire stagnation of business, and there is no chance of a revival till next winter. The high price of potatoes is a great increase to their lamentable condition. They live principally on rice, which they buy for 2½d. per lb. Two or three cargoes of potatoes are daily expected, which we sincerely hope will be offered at a reasonable rate, which will no doubt serve to ameliorate their distress.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—A handsome and spacious apartment, capable of holding 200 persons, was opened, May 12, at the Worcester Literary and Scientific Institution, as their lecture-room; and the first lecture, on the advantages resulting from associations for the diffusion of useful knowledge, and their important bearing upon society, was delivered by Dr. Malden.

STAFFORDSHIRE.—At the late Staffordshire Sessions, the Chairman stated, that, in consequence of the vast increase in the number of prisoners, nearly £5,000. had been required during the quarter for their maintenance, and for prosecutions. Upwards of 300 prisoners had been tried at the Lent Assizes, and at the Epiphany Sessions.

WARWICKSHIRE.—A meeting of the merchants, manufacturers, and other inhabitants of Birmingham, was held May 8, for the purpose of considering the distressed state of the country, and the propriety of petitioning Parliament to adopt such measures as may be necessary for its relief, when 31 resolutions were passed for that effect. Resolution 16 states, "that in the opinion of this meeting, the lower classes of the people are no longer in a condition to pay taxes, and therefore that the taxes upon beer, malt, tea, sugar, tobacco, soap, and candles, ought to be forthwith entirely repealed, and the amount of such taxes ought to be raised by a property tax, or by some other tax which should be borne by the more affluent members of the community." Upwards of 3,000 persons were present.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.—There has been two falls of rock at Nottingham, to a very great extent; indeed, the latter, it is supposed, weighed from 30 to 40 tons. It took place about three o'clock in the morning; and the reiterated howl-

ing of a dog in an adjoining house gave such timely notice as to enable several persons to escape, who otherwise would have been crushed to death.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—The affairs of the Northampton Town and Country Bank have been brought to a most satisfactory close, by paying twenty shillings in the pound, with interest. Mr. Howes and Mr. Osborn, two of the late firm, have very handsomely presented to each of the three assignees an elegant silver cup, as a tribute of gratitude and respect for their indefatigable exertions, and most judicious conduct, in bringing the whole of the accounts to a final settlement!!!

NORFOLK.—Lately, at the Common Council Chamber of the city of Norwich, the sum of £100. was voted to the Norfolk and Suffolk Artists' Society, to assist in enabling them to enlarge their premises in Norwich, and to purchase casts and models, with a view to the further promotion of the Fine Arts in this part of the country.

At the County Meeting in the Grand Jury Room, one of the magistrates could not forbear expressing his regret at being obliged to move for so large a sum; but the proposed county levy for the ensuing quarter, he feared, must be £5,700. It was occasioned by the great expense attending the prosecution of prisoners, which, since Christmas, amounted to £2,100.; the greater portion of which (£1,370.) was incurred by prosecutions at the Lent Assizes.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—The number of Scotch vagrants on the great north road have become a severe tax on the payers of county rates, and the evil is daily increasing. At the last quarter-sessions for Stamford, 400 vagrant passes were charged in the account for 3 months; and within the last year the number was 1,400. It has become a regular trade with a numerous class of the Scotch to go twice a year by water to London, and to get passed by land to their parishes. The vagrant allowance is such as ensures a comfortable support to the vagrant and his family, and even enables them to save something handsome out of it. In this pleasant weather, the number of vagrants brought to Stamford in the pass-carriage reaches from 12 to 20 daily! —*Stamford Mercury.*

RUTLAND.—By the abstract of the treasurer's account for this county, it appears that the sum of £1,123. 6s. 4d. was expended, during the last year, for county services, most of which were "eat up," as the French say, "by the lawyers"—£2. 16s. having been paid for repairing county bridges, and nearly all the rest used in the criminal jurisprudence and its accessories.

SOMERSETSHIRE.—The crape factory at Shepton-Mallet is again at work, which has had some effect in relieving the parish-rates; but they are still heavy, in consequence of the stoppage of the silk and lace-works—the machinery of the latter, which, a few years since, was erected at the cost of upwards of £30,000., has been sold for little more than £1,400.

The new line of road between Chard and Yarrowcombe (made at an expense of upwards of £5,000, and by which more than 500 feet of hill is saved), was opened by the Devonport mail, on Saturday, the 2d instant. The labourers employed in the

work, exceeding 100, had decorated the road by wreaths of laurel and a triumphal arch, to welcome the approach of the mail, which, on its arrival, was covered with laurels and appropriate flags, and went over the 4 miles in about 16 minutes, followed by a train of carriages and equestrians.

KENT.—The committee appointed to ascertain the state of the Gate of St. Augustine's Monastery of Canterbury, have given notice that the subscriptions already entered into for carrying into effect the repairs intended for the preservation of that beautiful structure, being at present inadequate to defray the estimated expense, they solicit the aid of the admirers of this antique and elegant architectural ornament, to enable them immediately to proceed with the intended repairs.

WILTSHIRE.—The Wiltshire Society held their anniversary meeting at the Albion Tavern, May 13, when the report of the Committee was read by the Secretary: it stated that, since the last anniversary, the Committee have been enabled to confer on the objects for whom the society has been established, more extended benefits than during any preceding year since the charity has been founded; and that eight candidates had been elected for apprenticeship during the present year, five of whom have been already apprenticed to respectable tradesmen, and the remaining three are only waiting until suitable masters shall have been provided for them. A long list of subscriptions and donations were announced.

DEVONSHIRE.—It is with much concern that we send forth the announcement of the robbery of the firm of Floud and Co., of the Exeter West of England Bank, which was burglariously entered on Saturday night, or early on Sunday morning last, and property, in drafts, notes, and cash, stolen therefrom to the amount of several thousand pounds. In consequence of this event, the bank has suspended its payments for the present, with the view, it is presumed, of preventing the negotiable property getting into circulation, and so far of frustrating the anticipated booty of the thieves.—*Taunton Courier*, May 13.

CORNWALL.—At the Easter Sessions for this county, the calendar was unusually light; on which the Chairman, in his address to the Grand Jury, complimented them, as well as on the reduced expenditure of the county, and the consequent diminution of the county rates: he also was rejoiced to say, that the most beneficial effects had been accomplished by the alterations that had been so judiciously introduced into the management of the prison.

WALES.—A considerable number of workmen engaged in the iron and coal trade, in Monmouthshire, have been discharged, and a reduction in the wages of those employed is contemplated. One great iron-master in Wales has, it is reported, upwards of 40,000 tons of manufactured iron lying in one only of his warehouses at Cardiff. Indeed, the over-productiveness of the iron-trade, in consequence of new works opened, and old ones improved and enlarged, is stated to be such, that the works of Monmouthshire and South Wales are supposed to be alone capable of supplying the demand for England and Wales, home and foreign.

SCOTLAND.—On Friday week, a list of the unemployed in Paisley was taken by order of the provost and magistrates. According to the returns it appears that there are no fewer than 1,112 heads of families, and 1,099 boys and girls, wholly destitute of work. There are about 800 weavers at Kilbarchan, nearly one-third of whom are at present idle. The average of a silk-weaver's wages is from 9s. to 10s.; of a muslin weaver, from 5s. to 6s.—The distress of the weaving body seems to increase. The number of idle hands, as far as yet ascertained—some of the districts having not yet forwarded their reports—was, on Saturday, stated by the delegates' reports, at 2,200; and, if the females and apprentices are included, the total number idle will exceed 3,000.—*Glasgow Chron.*

IRELAND.—Very great anxiety was occasioned by the arrest, at Doneraile, of 22 persons, on the warrant of Lord Kingston. The rumour ran that fifty or sixty persons conspired to avenge the death of Patrick Magrath, who was convicted, at the last Cork assizes, of having fired at G. B. Low, Esq., and executed. It was further added, that one of the conspirators, becoming approver, gave informations to Lord Kingston and General Barry, of an intention, on the part of the conspirators, to murder every magistrate in the county, who rendered himself at all obnoxious to the people. The investigation took place May 9.—22 persons, several of them respectable farmers, of the surrounding parishes, were brought to the bar, when Mr. Creagh, late high sheriff of the county, addressed them on the enormity of the crime laid to their charge, and added, that they (the prisoners) were aware there was amongst them the man who fired at Dr. Norcott's carriage the shot, which was not intended for the doctor, but for him (Mr. Creagh), and that there was also amongst them the man who lay in ambush on the bridge. A dreadful conspiracy, he said, was planned amongst them—a conspiracy, which aimed at the life of Admiral Evans, for no other reason than because of his having dared to deliver his honest sentiments in the House of Commons.—Mr. Creagh then called the names of eight persons, whom he gave in custody to the chief of police, directing him, under the warrant of Earl Kingston, to convey them to the county jail.—Admiral Evans addressed a few words to the prisoners, saying it was strange they should have resolved to murder him for openly delivering his sentiments in Parliament. By conspiring to murder him for an open avowal of his opinions, they struck at the base of their own liberties. He and his family were a long time in that part of the country, and he defied any one to impeach them with an act discreditable to themselves, or injurious to society.—Of the remaining 14 prisoners, 7 were sent for re-examination to the Mallow Bridewell, and 7 others to Fermoy.

The county is now all in bustle, preparing for the registry of freeholds under the new act. The county of Clare men are bestirring themselves actively, but whether for the advantage of the member elect, or not, is as yet undetermined. The clerk of the peace for the district called the Islands, alone has been served with more than 600 notices to register £10. freeholds. Upwards of 500 notices have been served on the clerk of the peace for the county of Limerick, 800 on the county of Tipperary, and 300 on the county of Kerry.

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